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POPE.

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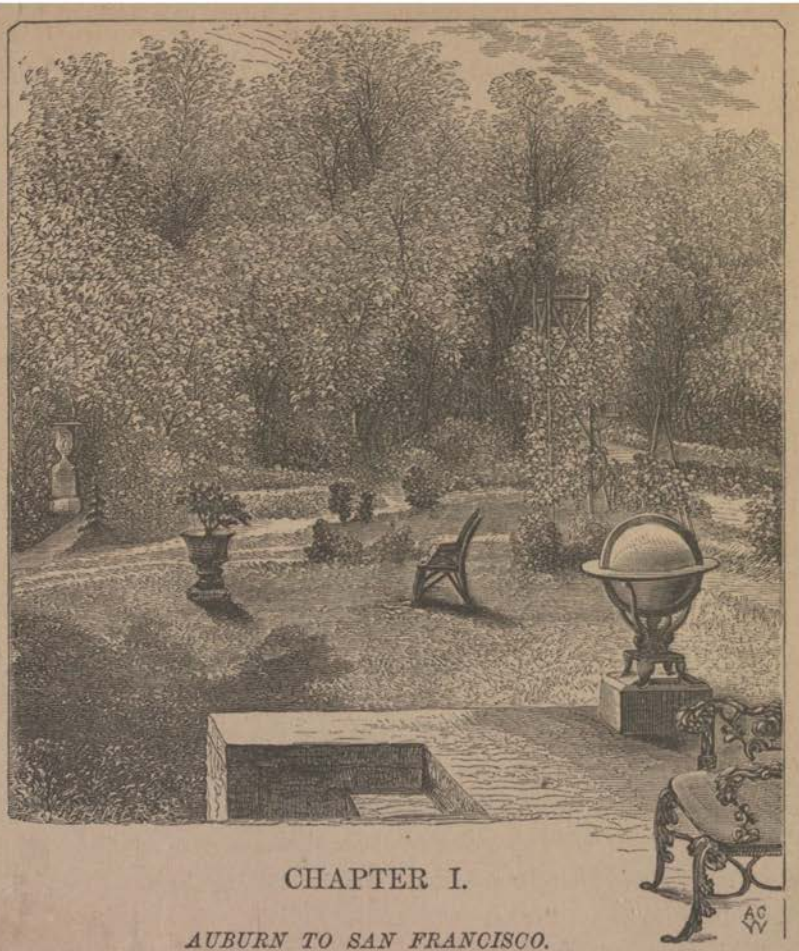
PART I.

UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND PACIFIC OCEAN.



CHAPTER I.

AUBURN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Seward's Companions.—His Farewell to his Neighbors.—Western New York.—Niagara.—Canada and its Destiny.—Influence of Immigration.—Africo-Americans.—Detroit.—Chicago.—President Grant.—Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.—Cedar Rapids.—Omaha.—New Classification of States.—Council Bluffs.—Bridges over Navigable Rivers.—Settlement of Western States.—Cheyenne.—The Rocky Mountains.—Influence of Mountain States.—Sherman.—Separation.—Mountain Nomenclature.—Weber Cañon.—Salt Lake City.—The Mormons, their Doctrines, Secular Priesthood.—Brigham Young's Sermon.—His Family.—Polygamy.—The Irrepressible Conflict in Utah.—The Shoshones.—Destiny of the Indians.—Sierra Nevada.—Reno.—Railroads Result of Abolition of Slavery.—Sacramento.—Arrival at San Francisco.—Civilization of California.—Chinese Immigration.

Auburn, August 9, 1870.—Every study must have a beginning and an end. These notes begin at Mr. Seward's embowered home,

whence our journey will begin, and they will end here, where, with God's blessing, the journey will end.

Mr. Seward is accompanied by Olive Risley Seward, his adopted daughter, and by her sister, Miss Risley. The former, in writing these notes, records his political, social, moral, and philosophical observations and reflections, in his own words. Hanson A. Risley accompanies him only to the Pacific. Mr. Alexander W. Randall and Mrs. Randall, and Mr. George F. Seward and Mrs. Seward, will join him at San Francisco.

A thousand neighbors and friends are gathered around, whose parting words are made more touching by the fears and anxieties which they express concerning Mr. Seward's impaired strength. His resolute nature suggests the encouragement they need: "Travel improves health instead of exhausting it." "The journey, though long, is now made easy by steam on land and sea." "When I come back, remember to meet me at the eastern door of the railway-station, though we part at the western one."

Niagara Falls, August 10th.—Leaving the pleasant shore of the Owasco Lake, we crossed the Cayuga, passed around the foot of the Seneca, with its beautiful village of Geneva, looked upon the Canandaigua from its encircling hills, and came to a rest at Rochester, where the branches of the Central Railroad unite. Thence, this morning, along the shore of Lake Ontario to Niagara.

The plain of Western New York, gently descending from the lakes to the Hudson, and, under a traditional policy, well improved with canals and railroads, has, from the earliest period of colonial settlement, been a national thoroughfare.

The enlightened political economy, as well as the liberal principles and elevated social sentiments for which the State of New York is distinguished, is strongly reflected in the constitutions, laws, and manners, of the new Western States.

We see, at Niagara, for the first time, the new bridge which has been built just below the great cataract. Like the old one, it is graceful enough; but, "insatiate" bridge-makers, "could not one suffice?" George P. Marsh is right. Civilization is a constant

MR. SEWARD'S HOME.

warfare of man against Nature. Nature, however, was made for man, not man for Nature.

Chatham, Canada, August 10th.—It was rather a surprise to meet a United States consul at Clifton when we were less than

NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

twenty-four hours from home. But why do we go through Canada instead of keeping our own lake-shore? Because the Canadian route is the more direct one to Detroit. Moreover, have we not come abroad to see foreign countries, rather than our own?

Canada, though no less fertile, is more thinly inhabited than the American shore. Immigration obeys political instincts. It prefers the established equality and social security of the United States. It will be long before either Canada or Mexico can realize its invigorating power. This may seem hard, but it is clear that only one great nation can be built on one continent at one time. The remedy for both of those countries is the same—accession to the United States. Canada has hesitated long, but it will see and feel this truth at last—that it is better to be an equal constituent member of a great, powerful, and free nation, than a small, feeble, and isolated state, even though equally free.

At Chatham, mainly a colored settlement, Mr. Seward has been

received with much respect and kindness by the people, who seem comfortable and respectable. They are fugitives who made their escape from slavery in the United States, years ago, on the "underground railway." Now that slavery has been abolished there, doubtless the burden of their song is, "Carry me back to ole Virginny, to ole Virginny shore." The Africo-American population is the last one that will desire to leave our country. A hundred freedmen, about Fortress Monroe, were induced by high offers and great persuasion, during our civil war, to colonize the Isle-à-Vache, in Hayti. They complained, moaned, sickened, and languished, and the government was obliged to bring them back.

Detroit, August 11th.—The interesting incident of our stop here, has been a visit to Mr. Seward of a daughter of Dr. Abel F. Fitch, a client of his who died of a broken heart, while Mr. Seward was struggling to save him from an unjust conviction for conspiracy.

In the War of 1812, Detroit was the theatre of a humiliating surrender and capitulation, which were hardly retrieved—just as Bull Run was the scene of a humiliating rout, the evil effects of which only the mighty issues involved enabled the nation to surmount during a four-years' conflict.

The city grows steadily in opulence and refinement.

Chicago, August 14th.—Without a prototype, a marvel not merely of American progress, but of all civilization. We asked an English lady in New York, who had passed two weeks here, which of our sea-coast towns she admired most. She answered, "Chicago." Though an inland, border town, it seems nevertheless a city by the sea. Built in a lagoon like Venice, it has raised itself high and dry above the flood. As mercantile as Amsterdam or Liverpool, it has neither the hoarding avarice of the one nor the unscrupulous cupidity of the other. Just now grasping, with an iron arm, the broad and fertile shores of the North Pacific, how splendid seems the destiny of Chicago!

We meet here the President of the United States. His characteristic modesty has until now been a theme of universal praise.

But mankind have always expected demonstration of power, pomp, or speech from their rulers. Will they excuse the want of it even in the great General of the Civil War?

Omaha, August 16th.

"It's over the river, and over the sea,
And it's over the water to Charlie."

It is over the Mississippi River, and it is over the Missouri River, and over a sea of prairie five hundred miles, from Chicago to Omaha. Seventy years ago, the Mississippi River divided the United States from the dominion of France. Sixty years ago Lewis and Clark found only wild Nature and savage men beyond the Missouri. Fifteen years ago, the States of the Union were politically as well as geographically classified as the Northern States and the Southern States. To-day, it is not a parallel of latitude, but an uncertain and shifting meridional line, that determines their classification.

Of the towns which have sprung up on the plains, we notice Cedar Rapids—not for its superiority to others, but as a specimen of an inchoate Western city. During ten minutes' stay there, we saw the suburban cottages, with pointed roofs, of the Norwegian settlers, surrounded by dark-green meadows, covered with flocks of geese and eider-ducks. We heard airs from "Trovatore" on a Chickering piano, in a dwelling-house not yet painted or plastered. We saw a Mansard mansion of the speculator in city lots, its lawn graced with a bevy of croquet-players. There seem to be all sorts of churches for all sects of Christians—one surmounted with a Catholic cross, and one with dome and minaret borrowed from the Mohammedan mosque. There are restless express-agents, nimble telegraph-messengers, noisy baggage-men and porters. Even the Washington City colored boy is seen there, sauntering lazily through the crowd, and repeating, "Black your boots and shine 'em up?" with the poetical variation, "A shine for a dime." Two young lady-cousins come into the cars, and soon let us into more secrets of matrimonial engagements and other interesting events

which are occurring in the "society" of Cedar Rapids than we have room to relate.

Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River, the connecting station of the Eastern railroads with the Union Pacific, is fifteen miles below the historical Council Bluffs, where the first treaty between the United States and the Indians of the plains was celebrated. Will not Congress its "canon fix 'gainst" this practice of confounding history by transposing geographical names?

There is a fierce competition here between Council Bluffs and Omaha for the transshipment of passengers and freight. The new bridge, which is being built over the Missouri, is likely to decide it by bringing the two flourishing towns into one.

By-the-way, how rapidly the construction of this "mighty maze" of railroads is breaking up the ancient idea of the sacredness of river navigation against interruption by bridges! It cost a long and exhausting litigation to ascertain whether the Legislature of a State, or even the Congress of the United States, could authorize the throwing of a bridge across the Hudson or the Ohio, or even across a boatable inlet of Delaware Bay.

While, however, they are building a bridge here, we must be content to cross the Missouri by a ferry. A huge and heavy steamboat, a double-ender, starts from a point high above Council Bluffs, and is skilfully steered first downward, then upward, through the dashing, muddy waters, to a landing-place far below Omaha. The passengers of several converging Eastern trains rush promiscuously toward the broad deck with their baggage, movables, and "things." Do you see that little wooden shanty, on the receding bank, with two bottles of whiskey in the window, and the monitory words over the door, "Last Chance?" Everybody tells his business to everybody, and everybody asks everybody his opinions and prospects. Boston, New York, and Chicago merchants, bankers, and printers, are going to establish branches, agencies, and printing-presses, along the railroads in Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and California; lithe, active, and bright, all-loquacious, and at the same time dogmatic politicians, who fasten themselves tenaciously upon "the stranger," whether lawyer, priest, trader, or farmer, to gain

an opinion on the probable result of the presidential election, yet three years distant, of the prospect of an early resumption of specie payments, or of the duration, the immediate result, and the ulterior consequences of the war which broke out only a week ago in Europe. Did not our servant, William Freeman, who has just come to his political rights under the fifteenth amendment, feel his importance when called on to expound these high mysteries? See that group of juvenile Italians, with violins and harps realizing a profuse contribution in reward for a rather doubtful performance of "Il Bacio." Hear this strong-minded woman narrate to a skeptical audience her successful achievement in establishing woman's suffrage in Wyoming and Utah. An express-agent tells Mr. Seward that he has just sent to Auburn the largest pair of elk-horns in the velvet that could be found in Nevada. That cluster standing near the wheel-house, have sold out their farms in Missouri, and are going to look for new ones in Willamette Valley or Southern California. This group of Indians, gay with feathers and paint, are Dakota chiefs returning to their tribe, to relate the wonders they saw when sitting around the "big kettle" which the "great father" hung over the fire for them at Washington. This sturdy fellow in blue is an Irish recruit of the United States Army, going to join his regiment at Laramie, accompanied by a wife, six rosy-cheeked children, a spaniel, terrier, two brindle cats, and a speckled hen. It is altogether too much to expect that the entire family will escape the perils of Indian warfare. It is a notable feature of the motley crowd that it contains not one mere laboring man or woman. Whence, then, and how is the labor to come which is to irrigate the deserts, build the roads, and open the mines? We may safely leave the question to its practical solution. American progress and civilization "know no such word as fail."

We record our thanks to General Auger for the kind attentions shown us at the garrison, and for his orders providing for our safety and comfort through his wide department; and to the judges, members of the bar, and other citizens for their public and private hospitalities.

Cheyenne, August 17th.—Onward and upward, a night and a day in a distance of five hundred miles; we have gained a height of five thousand feet on the slope of the Rocky Mountains. The country seems, nevertheless, a level plain. There is neither crag, nor rock, nor dell; and even the flow of the beautiful Platte River, though quick and free, is without cascade or rapids. We have passed almost imperceptibly from a landscape of Indian corn and wheat fields, orchards, and vineyards, to an endless slope covered with short and grayish, but nutritious blue-grass, late the pasturage of countless buffalo-herds, now replaced by scattered droves of lank

CHEYENNE.

cattle, driven here from Texas and Mexico. The gopher freely disports himself in our way; the antelope, as if under a fascination, shyly gazes upon us with his soft blue eyes; and the prairie-dogs, sitting erect at the doors of their tenements, solemnly review us from their thousand cities. We expected, on arriving here, to see the towering Black Hills, and perhaps the more distant Snowy Range; but the thermometer has fallen to 36°, and the barometer we know not how low. Heavy clouds rest on the earth all around us, and nothing can be seen beyond or over them.

The Territory of Wyoming, of which Cheyenne is the capital, has a population outside of the town not exceeding two thousand Cheyenne grew rapidly during the construction of the Pacific Railroad, but now, suffering a decline, it may number twenty-five hundred. It has, however, just been connected by railroad with Denver, and so with St. Louis. The territorial government, therefore, seems a machine prepared for future rather than immediate use. The army secures the people against intrusion by Indians, and keeps the peace. Governor Campbell, with the Secretary of State and the Surveyor-General, received us at the station, and, apologizing for the straitness of their dwellings, delivered us over to General King and General Bradley, who have cordially conferred upon us the freedom of the mess.

SUMMIT.

What is to be the political influence of these new mining and mountain States? Their founders are energetic, enterprising and persevering men. Mountaineers are always frugal and brave, as well as intense lovers of freedom. Their loyalty will never fail, if the Union shall continue to deserve it.

Sherman, August 19th.—Sherman, eight thousand feet above the sea! We have made a winding way between the crests of the Black Hills, and these are only a lower tier of the snow-clad mountains. The pass is treeless, shrubless, flowerless; the rocks on the mountain-sides massive, brown, monotonous. What were the Rocky Mountains made for? Some of their uses are obvious. A watershed, they irrigate the continent, while they stimulate human activity by obstructing movement and hiding mineral treasure. Now gently descending the western slope five hundred feet, we come upon the great grassy plain of Laramie, on which civilization is making rapid advancement. Five hundred feet lower, through beds of crumbling red sandstone, we land on a broad floor of cannel-

WAHSATCH RANGE.

coal. Prudent Nature foresaw the Pacific Railroad and the mining-shaft. Onward forty miles, downward how many feet we do not know, in the Wahsatch Valley, we come to a settlement which bears the ominous name of Separation. It is the parting between the tributaries of the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean.

LEUTZE'S "COURSE OF EMPIRE."

How odd and yet how significant is the nomenclature of the mountain scenery: "Red Desert," "Table Rock," "Black Butte," "Bitter Creek!" Now, slowly by winding grades, we climb the Wahsatch Range, only five hundred feet lower than Sherman; we stand on the eastern rim of the central basin of the continent. We

DEVIL'S GATE, WEBER CAÑON.

recognize and hail the rugged yellow cliff and far-reaching plain, which, under the light of a gorgeous sunset, Leutze has copied in his great fresco in the Capitol, "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way." Hence we hurry rapidly downward toward the reservoir

of the basin, the broad, blue Salt Lake. The face of the Wahsatch Mountains wears no resemblance to Atlantic scenery. These disjointed masses of rocks, fractured and shivered, look as if they had resisted lightning, tempest, ice, and flood, for ages. Sublime devastation! The Weber River, here only a foaming torrent, has worked out for itself an arched passage darker and more majestic than Gothic art ever designed. The mountain-dwellers call it the Devil's Gate. There are miles where a declivity, otherwise unbroken, presents at irregular intervals a high, conical basalt rock, standing like the tower of a castle whose domes and walls have been swept away, and buried in the earth. One of these bears the name of Pulpit

PULPIT ROCK.

Rock, and, though inaccessible, it is believed by the credulous that Brigham Young from its level summit rallied his hosts to repel the army of General Johnson.

In the Weber Cañon, at the foot of the Wahsatch Range, the torrent subsides into a quiet stream. On its bank is an old and solitary pine-tree, which bears a board on which is inscribed,

"One thousand miles from Omaha." Here all travellers rest and meditate; and many, proud of the great achievement, record their names. Let no one suppose that, because Salt Lake Plain is called a valley, it is therefore level, smooth, or grassy. The plain is but a table-land, broken by mountain-spurs, and hilly ranges rise from the bosom of the lake itself, affording pasturage for herds of wild-horses.

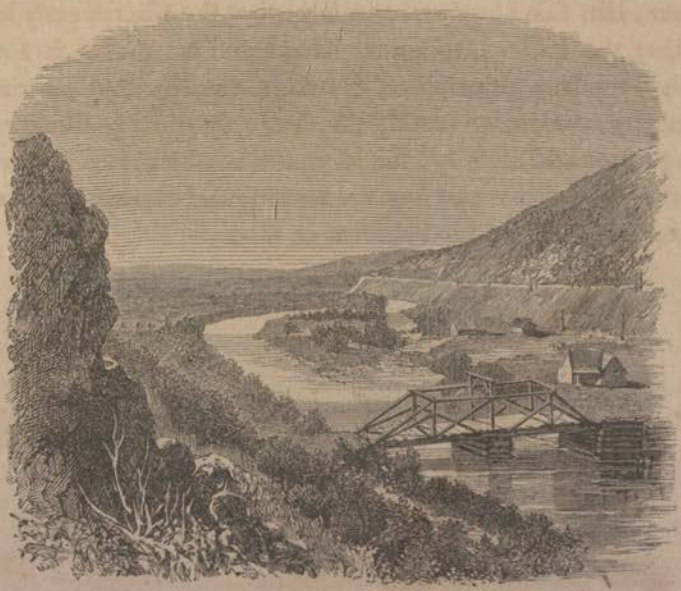
THOUSAND-MILE TREE

Salt Lake City, August 20th.—At Ogden, where the Salt Lake Valley Railroad intersects the continuous Pacific Railroad, and where many other railroads are soon to meet it, we were taken by a special train, which Brigham Young had sent for us. On arrival at the station here, we were received by General De Trobriand.

Wearied and worn with mountain-travel, a hostelry even less neat and cheerful than the Townsend House, managed by an Englishwoman, the second of four wives, would have been acceptable to us.

The town, though so unique and isolated, is full of visitors from

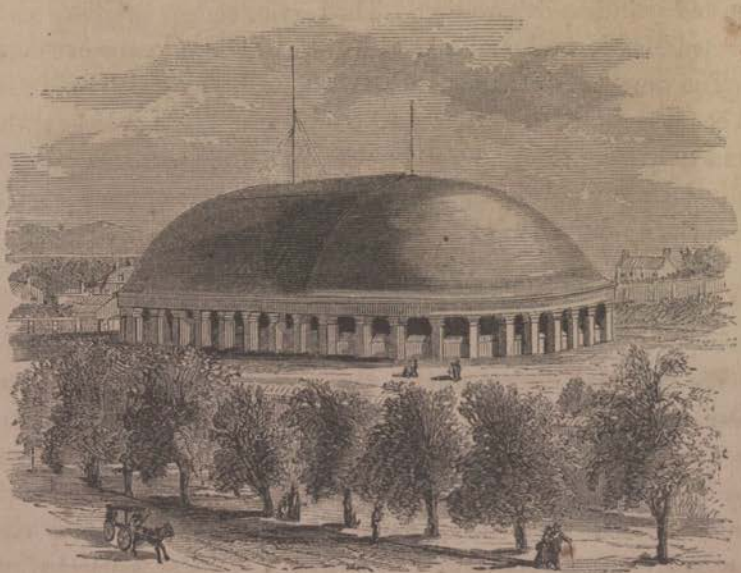
all parts of the United States and Europe, animated by a common sentiment, curiosity concerning the Mormons—how they came to be here; how they live and act; with what woes they threaten the nation and mankind, and by what means, moral, judicial, political, or military, the anomalous sect shall be brought to an end.



SALT LAKE VALLEY.

We attended divine service this morning in a small and plain Episcopalian chapel. In the afternoon, we were accompanied to the Tabernacle by Mr. Hooper, Territorial Delegate in Congress. The congregation, composed chiefly of women and children, "with here and there a traveller," must have numbered seven or eight thousand. On the platform were seated the entire hierarchy, consisting of the president, the apostles, and the high council, the seventies, the high-priests, the elders, the priests, teachers, and deacons. Among these dignitaries we recognized merchants, railroad men, mechanics, and farmers, and it is quite manifest that the priesthood is a shrewd, sagacious body of secular persons. The communion is celebrated every Sunday, every worshipper participating. The

ceremony, though attended with less solemnity, is conducted in the same manner as in the more popular Protestant denominations, with the difference that water is used in place of wine, a special prayer being offered that the substitution may be approved. The first preacher argued that, according to divine promise, the kingdom of God came upon the earth immediately after the departure of the Saviour; that this kingdom has a key; that the Church early lost it, and that the Latter-Day Saints have found it; that it is nothing less than the true principle of marriage, namely, that marriage is not merely a union for earthly life, but a spiritual bond extending through time and eternity: the Mormons having unlocked the gates with the newly-discovered key, are inviting and expecting all nations to enter and build up the kingdom of God.



MORMON TABERNACLE.

During the service thus far, Brigham Young sat a silent and meditative observer. He now rose, and a profound stillness came over the congregation. He dwelt briefly on the devotion, zeal, faith, constancy, conflicts, and sufferings, of the founders of the

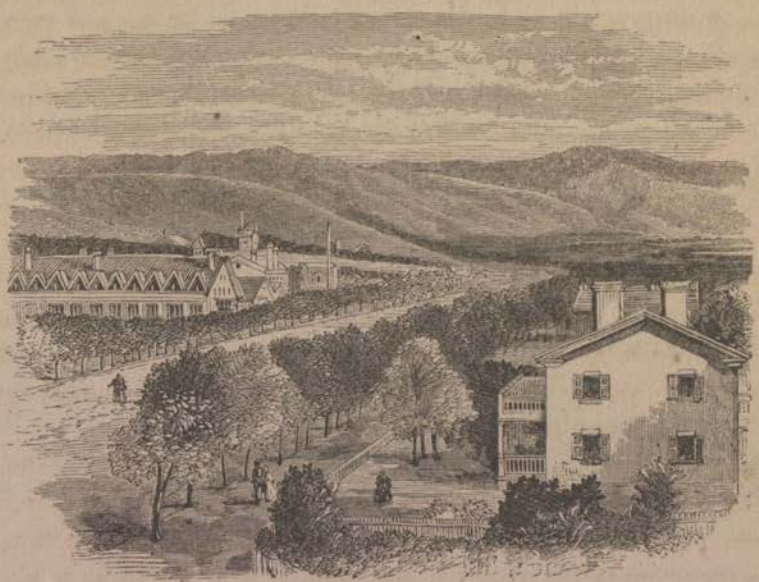
Mormon Church. From its past triumphs, and its present security, he inferred the favor of the Divine Author of the Christian religion. Like the previous speaker, he seemed to avoid the subject of polygamy, while he claimed for the new church a close conformity to the practices of the early Christians, and the enjoyment of new, special, and continuous revelations. No Christian teacher claims for the writings of Isaiah or Jeremiah, or of Matthew, Luke, or John, more divine illumination or infallibility than the speaker demanded for the attested manuscripts of Joseph Smith. After descanting, in a few glowing words, upon the certain acceptance of the new faith immediately, and throughout the whole world, he warned the saints of the danger of falling from the faith, saying, with all the vehemence of prophetic denunciation, "Hell awaits the backslider!" After a kind allusion to Mr. Seward's presence, the sermon ran to incoherent and pointless exhortation. The service ended, Brigham Young greeted Mr. Seward, and asked leave to visit him in the evening.

The veneration which a Roman Catholic, Episcopalian or Methodist congregation manifest toward a prelate of their order, at whose hand they have received a sacrament, is indifference itself compared with the awe and reverence paid to the President of the Latter-Day Saints as he retired from the Tabernacle.

Brigham Young, accompanied by four sons and three elders, passed the long evening in conversation, religious, political and secular, with Mr. Seward. At the close, with an air as free from embarrassment as the patriarch Jacob might have shown in a like case, he invited Mr. Seward to visit some of his houses the next day, and see his family.

August 22d.—The President came with carriages, and drove us first to visit his wife Emeline, a matron of fifty, with her ten children, from the ages of twenty-five downward. Thence to the house of Amelia, who seems thirty-five years. She has been married two or three years, and has no children. She invited the ladies to try her new piano. We then drove to the dwelling of the first wife. This house, the first which Brigham Young built in the city, shows him to be a skilful mechanic, with a considerable knowledge

of architecture. She was surrounded by her sons, Hiram Young, Brigham Young, Jr., and their several wives, who all seemed to regard their aged mother with proper filial affection. Thence we repaired to the "Bee-hive," a complex building, or group of buildings, in which the remaining families of Brigham Young reside. They have different suites of apartments, connected by corridors or piazzas with the garden, a common dining-room, and a saloon used as a music-hall and chapel. The furniture and appointments



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE.

of the "Bee-hive," like those of the other houses, are frugal but comfortable, and order and cleanliness prevail in them all. We were received here by eight wives and their children. The children, a large proportion of whom are girls, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, strongly resemble their father and each other. All are educated upon the academic standard of the Western country. All we saw were healthful, intelligent, sprightly, happy and mutually affectionate, without regard to the difference of mothers; equally free from boldness and awkwardness. The mothers, women of

sad deportment, are entirely devoted to their children. All the wives are uneducated, except Amelia, who was before marriage an accomplished school-teacher. If there is any jealousy among them, it escaped our penetration. The mind of the first wife is impaired either by age or by trouble. She spoke severely of Gentile censoriousness. We were served at every house with the choicest of native fruits and native wine. Except the coachman, we saw no servants. At the "Bee-hive," each mother sits with her children at table, and the several families are served in the order in which they are arranged. Family worship is conducted night and morning by the patriarch, and attended by the entire household. Brigham Young's manner toward his wives is respectful, and toward his children dignified and affectionate. In presenting them severally as they came in groups, with a kind smile for the particular mother, he spoke in this way: "This is our delicate little Lucy," "This is our musical daughter," "This is our son George, who has a mathematical genius," and so on. At the end of the visit here, Brigham Young said to Mr. Seward: "You have seen eleven of the sixteen wives with whom I live, and nearly all of my forty-nine surviving children."

"But," said Mr. Seward, "you are represented as saying that you do not know how many wives you have." The President explained that, besides the wives who are married for time, the Mormons believe in sealing other wives only for eternity, and, in regard to such women, he may have made the remark attributed to him.

Polygamy, not at first adopted by the Mormons, is an adventitious feature of their system. It was authorized by a revelation to Joseph Smith, which was posthumously published. The Church at first desired to suppress it, but it bore the requisite official attestation of the prophet, and therefore could not be rejected without shaking the foundation of the whole system. The apologies which they make for it are not altogether destitute of plausibility. It promised to stimulate population when the sect in a Territory, new and isolated, expected no accession by immigration, either foreign or domestic, except of European converts. More women than men

came as such converts. Polygamy provided shelter and material comforts for supernumerary women who might otherwise fall into neglect, want, and possible infamy. So far it has not proved incompatible with the education and training of children in public schools, nor with the maintenance of order and tranquillity among the people. Time enough, however, has not elapsed, perhaps, nor are the conditions of the community sufficiently matured, fully to develop the evils of the institution. Marriage is not exclusively a matter of religious belief. It is a social institution. To ascertain the just and needful relation between the sexes in social life has been one of the experimental studies of mankind, from the earliest ages, in all countries. The marriage of one man with one woman, constituting what we call the family relation, is the result of that great study of civilization. It is universally accepted by Christian nations, the only nations which enjoy a matured civilization. Polygamy is antagonistic to, and incompatible with, the existence of the family. When the two institutions are brought into contact in any country, an irrepressible conflict ensues. In all the nations of the East the harem has hitherto prevailed in that conflict, with the results of not merely the degradation but the enslaving of woman, and the demoralization and corruption of the entire social body. This is the conflict which is just now beginning in Utah. The end is not doubtful, and, with the rapid increase of what is called the Gentile population, coming to develop the mineral and agricultural resources of the central regions of the continent, that end cannot be distant.

The Mormons, as a religious sect, soon to cast off the heterogeneous and obnoxious institution of polygamy, may survive, and, like other religious and ecclesiastical associations, enjoy a long existence. How long, may depend upon the persecution it may provoke. The field of purely religious inquiry is infinite, and the spirit of search is eternal. It demands, and will in all civilized states henceforth command, toleration.

In the aspect of political economy, Utah is a wonderful success. A population of nearly one hundred thousand, doubling every ten years, occupying a soil naturally destitute of vegetation, has, by irri-

gation and other processes, produced an abundant granary for supplying the wants of immigrants on their way to the new mountain States and Territories on every side. Whatever may be the future of Utah and the Mormon sect, Brigham Young will have an historical character. He was originally an uneducated carpenter, in youth a townsman of Mr. Seward's at Auburn. The latter, while seeing no reason to question Young's sincerity in his eccentric religious faith and practices, deems it unjust to deny him extraordinary ability, energy, and perseverance, as a founder of an American State. His failure, however, in one of his designs, perhaps at the time the most cherished of all, will serve as a warning to future American colonizers. Leading his exiled and persecuted band from the banks of the Mississippi across the wilderness, he refused to stop until he had found an asylum outside of the territory and jurisdiction of the United States. Scarcely, however, had he discovered this land of refuge in Mexico, before the Government acquired title, and extended its authority over not only that region, but the whole country to the Pacific Ocean.

Elcho, August 23d.—Brigham Young, attended by a group of wives and children, took leave of Mr. Seward at the station in Salt Lake City; and a committee, composed of Mormon elders, came with us by special train to Ogden. There two palatial cars awaited us, which had been sent across the Sierra Nevada by Mr. Seward's friends at Sacramento. These are furnished with a dining-room, well-supplied pantry, kitchen, and sleeping-apartments.

Salt Lake, though fed by saline springs, is the reservoir of many mountain-streams, the Weber River, Bear River, Blue Creek, and others. Its waters are shallow and unwholesome; but we saw cattle feeding near it, and land-birds flying over it. Its beach is always thickly incrusted with salt, produced by solar evaporation. Large timber grows in the mountain-cañons, and the soil, wherever irrigated, is prolific of cereals, grasses, and fruits. The peach, plum, and grape, are unsurpassed, even in California. Our last sunset view of the lake, taken a hundred miles west of Ogden, was one which we are not likely to forget. The great orb, suspended

over the waters, kindled them to a dazzling blaze, while the sky was clothed in a drapery of purple and gold, which extended in broad and graceful festoons across the entire horizon.

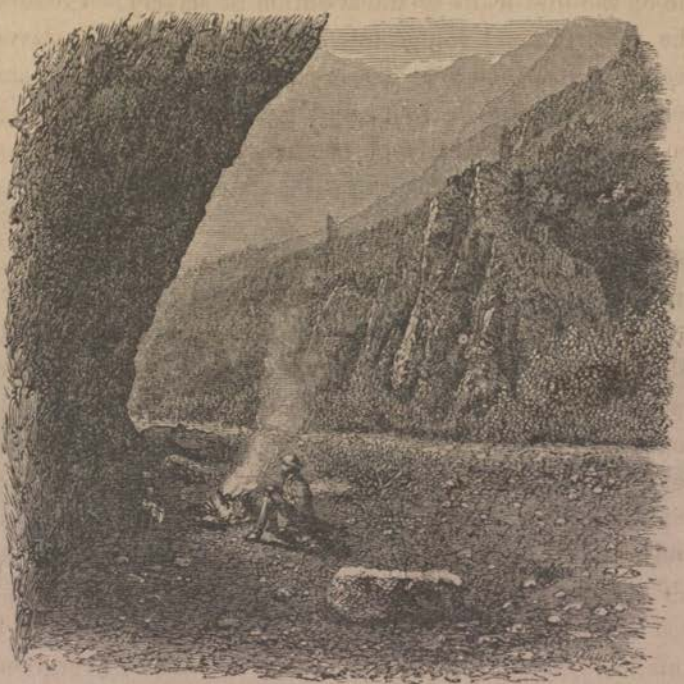
Here, at Elcho, we find a wretched and squalid remnant of the Shoshones, once the proprietors of the region we are surveying. Must these Indian races indeed perish before the march of the white man? It would seem so; they could only be saved by conversion to the usages and habits of civilization, but all past efforts to that end, from the Atlantic to the centre of the continent, have

THE REMNANT OF A TRIBE.

failed. The experiments of the same sort on the Pacific coast are no more promising. The Aztec race, though it has not increased in numbers, has not diminished under Spanish conquest and colonization. Exalted to citizenship, suffrage, and education, the Indians of Mexico may be saved; but it is noticeable that intermarriages between the pure Indians and the Creoles and European immigrants have practically ceased, and that Mexico exhibits therefore a nation divided by castes, of which the native one is the most numerous,

while the foreign one is the most wealthy and intelligent. One cannot but hope that the Aztecs of Mexico may prove an exception to the elsewhere universal process of extermination.

Reno.—On leaving Elcho, we followed a mountain-pass which is barricaded with basalt columns, more picturesque than the admired Palisades of the Hudson, and this pass brought us out on the bank of the Humboldt River. We have followed its wild and



MOUTH OF BIG COTTONWOOD CAÑON.

winding way as it flows over an alkaline bed, destitute of vegetation, two hundred and fifty miles, until it spreads its waters over a broad and sterile plain and sinks into the earth. From this plain we began the eastern ascent of the Sierra Nevada. The poisonous mineral dust, raised by the whirlwind, was excoriating as we passed over this desert of the desert, seeing neither tree nor stream after leaving the lost river.

We declined here a pressing invitation to diverge and visit Virginia City, as we had declined at Salt Lake, Ogden, Cheyenne, and Omaha, to diverge to other points of mining and political interest. The frequency of these invitations is strongly suggestive of the rapidity with which branch railroads and common roads are entwining the giant limbs of the new members of the republic.

What is the secret of this sudden and prodigious increase of national energy in the prosecution of internal improvements? It is one of the first fruits of the abolition of slavery. Conservatism of the constitutional compromises in the interest of slavery, of course in practice, became conservatism of slavery itself, and this principle, developed in 1800, and gaining strength during fifty years, has been effectually obstructive of material improvement and national progress.

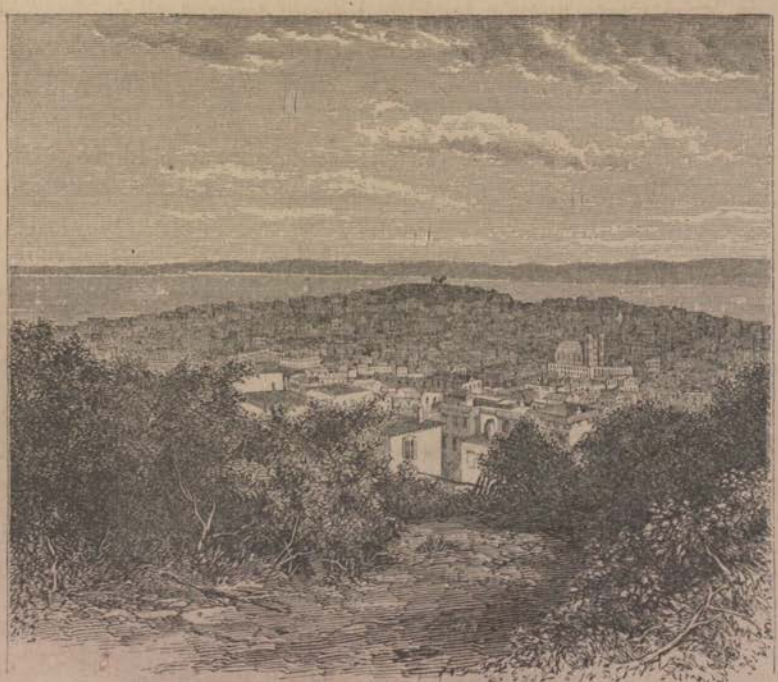
Sacramento, August 25th.—The desert is passed at Reno. The mountain scenery becomes fresh and cheerful with plentiful evergreen forests, and, where they have been removed, rich meadows.

Mr. Stanford, Mr. Crocker, and Mr. Mills, met us on the way, and accompanied us down the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, a long journey, though the distance is short. The highest engineering skill must have been employed in effecting this passage through mountains so rugged, steep and wild. This morning the engineer whistled "Down brakes!" to avoid collision with a train which seemed to be coming from the opposite direction, but which proved to be the end of our own train. We left massive brown mountains, deep-blue lakes, and cañons clothed in evergreen, and entered a broad plain, lightly shaded with groups of laurel and live-oak. Newly-harvested wheat-fields, and fields yet covered with native oats, are boundless. Although the engineer had brought us here in advance of the appointed hour, Mr. Seward was nevertheless greeted with a salvo, and it was not without difficulty that we made our way through the friendly mass who were gathered to welcome him.

A drive through city and suburbs, and over the race-course, a dinner at Mr. Stanford's, and an evening reception at Mr. Crocker's,

closed the day, giving us a pleasing acquaintance with the refined and spirited society of the capital of California.

San Francisco, September 1st.—Mr. Seward, desirous to avoid an appearance of seeking a renewal of the hospitalities extended to him here last year, on his tour to Alaska and Mexico, effected a quiet entrance into the town, and we have been the guests, since



SAN FRANCISCO.

our arrival, of his old friend and travelling-companion, Mr. Hastings. We have visited the Cliff House; and made for all, but Mr. Seward, a first acquaintance with the Seal-Rocks, their amphibious inhabitants, and the Pacific Ocean. We could not describe, if we should attempt, the bewildering land excursion of two days, and the magnificent entertainment at Belmont, which Mr. Ralston gave us, or our beautiful steam-yacht excursion around the harbor and bay.

General Scofield, late Secretary of War, now at the head of this department, and Admiral Winslow, the hero of the Kearsarge, commanding the Pacific squadron here, have entertained us generously. These and other hospitalities, all crowded into one short week, closed last night with a ball at the house of Mr. Avery.

What caprices have marked the civilization of California! Wrested from the native Indians, one hundred and fifty years ago, to enlarge the dominion of Spain; parcelled fifty years afterward, in large tracts, among bookish priests devoted to the conversion of the dispossessed proprietors—hardly had the cathedrals and

CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

schools been established, when revolution tore the territory from the hold of Spain, and the Republic of Mexico confiscated and seized the entire domain. Then came purchase, conquest, and rapid colonization, by the United States. These have left, with few exceptions, neither Mexican proprietors to occupy, nor Spanish priests to teach, nor Indians to be taught. The Catholic churches were founded chiefly in 1776–'78. How little did their builders

understand the mighty revolution that had just then broken out on the other side of the continent—a revolution that was destined to modify not only the civil but also the ecclesiastical systems of the earth!

San Francisco, though only twenty years old, already assumes the aspect, tone, and manners of an inter-continental emporium, a counterpart to the Atlantic metropolis.

The absorbing topic here is, Chinese immigration. Mr. Seward has declined an invitation given him by the anti-Chinese party to explore the Chinese quarter, and see how unfit its inhabitants are to become citizens of the United States; and also a like invitation from the Chinese settlers to make the same exploration, to see how harmless and profitable that colonization is. The Republican party have lately acquiesced in the policy of exclusion, which has been insisted upon so long and so strenuously by the Democratic party. Mr. Seward protests firmly against this, and teaches that immigration and expansion are the main and inseparable elements of civilization on the American Continent, and nowhere more needful or beneficent than on the Pacific coast. He says confidently, to both parties, that all attempts will fail to suppress or stifle either of those invigorating forces.

GOLDEN GATE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO JAPAN.

The Vessels of the Pacific Mail Line.—Our Fellow-Passengers.—"The Great Company of the Preachers."—The Chinese Passengers.—The Great Event of the Voyage.—The Moods of the Sea.—A Still Greater Event.—The Loss of a Day.—The Gyascutus.—The Beginning of the End.—The Coast of Japan.—The Ocean-Fisheries.

Steamer China, Pacific Ocean, September 1, 1870.—Our party having received its promised accessions, we embarked at noon. More kind friends could not have come on board to take leave if we had been long residents of San Francisco. If Mr. Seward had been thirty years younger, such a parting would even then have taxed his strength.

We passed the sometimes turbulent, but always majestic Golden Gate, with scarcely a disturbance of the ship's balance, and began our voyage on a calm sea and under a bright sky.

September 4th.—The vessels of the Pacific Mail Line are side-wheel steamers, and in accommodations and appointments are surpassed only by the palatial boats on the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. The China, four thousand three hundred tons burden, is the smallest of them all. We enjoy an uninterrupted promenade seven hundred feet in circuit on the upper deck. We have sixty cabin-passengers, and might carry comfortably twice that number. Among them are General Vlangally, the Russian Minister returning from St. Petersburg to Peking, and half a dozen English civil officers coming from "home" to their posts in Japan and China. "Great," it must be confessed, "is the company of the preachers:" Fifteen American missionaries with their

wives and children!—the elder families returning, and the younger going for the first time to fields of labor in Japan, China, Siam, and India; United States naval officers, on their way to join the Asiatic squadron, four English and as many American youths just emerged from college on an Eastern tour; a United States Treasury agent, going to inspect the Oriental consulates; and one American office-seeker, at least, proceeding to lay his claims before the Emperor of China at Peking. The gentlemen amuse themselves with gymnastic games, the ladies with music and books. An expert Japanese juggler entertains us in the cabin. In the steerage, are five hundred Chinese returning home. They pay less than half price, and are fed with the simple fare of their country. Knowing no use of beds, they sleep on the floor. In the middle of their cabin they have made, with canvas, a dark room for opium-smoking. When on deck, they appear neatly clad, and amuse themselves with unintelligible and apparently interminable games of chance. The annual immigration of Chinese to the United States is twelve thousand. They are invariably successful. Half the number go back to China, either on visits or to remain. Our freights consist of Mexican silver dollars, manufactured goods, agricultural machines, carriages, furniture, flour, butter, fruits, drugs, and patent medicines. These go in exchange for teas, silks, rice, and Chinese emigrants.

September 6th.—The great event of the voyage occurred this morning. All were on deck, in a state of pleasant excitement. At seven o'clock, precisely the hour which the captain had foretold, the ship America, eighteen days from Yokohama, appeared in a direct line before us, under full pressure, and with square sails set. Signals were promptly exchanged, and, to avoid collision, each ship turned slightly from its course and stopped. The America has eighty cabin-passengers and four hundred Chinese. The cabin-passengers on either vessel cheered loudly, the Chinese looking on silent and thoughtful. A well-manned gig, with an officer in the stern, came bounding over the waves, and delivered to us Chinese and Japanese (European) newspapers, with a bag of letters from her passengers. We, in return sent on board

the latest American newspapers, and a mail well charged with letters to our friends at home. The America's boat was then hoisted to its davits, the walking-beams of the two giant ships

MEETING OF THE STEAMERS IN MID-OCEAN.

gracefully bowed to each other, the wheels gently revolved, the passengers repeated their cheers, and a gun from either deck announced that the meeting was over. Each vessel resumed its course, and in a few moments not even a spy-glass could discover the waving of handkerchiefs or other signal on the deck of the America.*

If we gave to the eastern-bound travellers the first news of the European war, and of the death of Admiral Farragut, they in exchange gave us intelligence of an expected war between the European powers and the Chinese Government, in consequence of the recent dreadful massacre at Tien-Tsin. Every one is astonished that Mr. Seward persists in his purpose of visiting Peking. He says that France, in her present disabled condition, cannot make war against China, and, without the lead of France, no Western nation will.

* The telegraph from Shanghai reports that the America was burned in the harbor of Yokohama, August 25, 1872.

September 14th.—Those who would know the sea, have need to study its varying moods and aspects. They must see it in the later hours of cloudless night, when it reflects the bright stars and constellations; they must see it in the morning twilight, when its broad surface seems contracted to a small, dark lake, and then under the illumination of the dawn it resumes its illimitable expanse. Doubtless it is terrible in its more serious moods by reason of its vastness, darkness, and powerful agitation, all elements of the sublime. Happily for us, we have not yet witnessed those moods.

September 16th.—It was a mistake to pronounce our meeting with the America, on the 6th, the event of the voyage. A greater one has just occurred. Our last date is the 14th. This note is written on the 16th. The former entry certainly was made yesterday. The chronometer marked eight o'clock at night at Greenwich, at the very hour when our clock, which keeps the running time, marked eight o'clock in the morning. We are half-way around the world from Greenwich, and have lost just half a day. It is quite clear that, if we should continue onward making the same discrepancy of time, we should have lost a whole day on arriving at Greenwich. We might postpone the readjustment of our ship's time until we reached Greenwich, but the scientific world has wisely decided that this readjustment shall be made in every case by compromise on the 180th meridian, and therefore, instead of striking out a half-day here, we strike out a whole one.

If the absolute loss of one whole day out of our lives is a distressing thing to think of, we may console ourselves with Red Jacket's profound reflection. When a missionary had delivered before the Seneca nation, in council, a homily in the usual style on the shortness of life, and the necessity of improving its fleeting hours, he called on them for an expression of their sentiments on that important subject; Red Jacket, having duly consulted with the chiefs, head men, women, and warriors, responded in their behalf: "Red men have all the time there is going; they do not see that white men have any more."

September 20th.—Four thousand miles from San Francisco. The sea has come down from the long, surging swell of a few days past, and is now smooth and glassy. We have entered the outer belt of the hot circular current which warms the coasts of Japan, Siberia, and Alaska.

A brig under full sail is seen, though at a great distance, moving eastward. Everybody tries the spy-glass to make her out. When all have failed, a passenger, noted for controversialism, pronounces that the brig is the Gyascutus, from Macao, bound for Valparaiso, freighted with coolies. We all start at once, and ask, "How do you know?" "I assert it to be the fact," he replies; "let him prove the contrary who can. If this is not sufficient proof, it is at least the same form of argument that our preacher used in his sermon last night."

September 23d.—The beginning of the end! Every inch of the deck, bulwarks, stanchions, rigging, and boats, has been scoured, tarred, or painted, and the whole ship is clean as a Shaker meeting-house. Our five hundred steerage-passengers are confined within a rope-enclosure on the forward-deck—they appearing in new and shining cotton clothes, with pates freshly shaven. A dozen women are seen for the first time. All are engaged, especially the women, in dropping handfuls of rice and small pieces of colored paper into the sea, to propitiate the gods for a safe arrival. Flying-fish surround us; one white-breasted gull has come to attend us into port; and a whale, the only one we have seen on the voyage, is spouting in the distance.

September 24th.—The coast of Japan rises in a long, gray outline over the dark sea, but Fusi Yama veils his head, and refuses to take notice of our coming.

We have crossed the Pacific Ocean. How much it is to be regretted that we must make such long stretches, and yet see so little! How profitable it would be to study the North-Pacific American coast, the shores of Puget Sound, the Territories on the Columbia River, and Alaska, in a near future the great fishery, forest, and

mineral storehouses of the world!—the Aleutian chain of islands hereafter to be the stepping-stones between the two continents. We have lost a sight, also, not only of the Sandwich Islands, but of Australia, a fifth continent on which a kindred people are devel-

FUSI YAMA, COAST OF JAPAN.

oping a state that may at some future day challenge comparison with our own republic.

The Northern fisheries known in commerce are chiefly above the 34th parallel. The United States and Russia own more than half of the coast on both sides of the Pacific, north of that parallel. Mr. Seward left, as a legacy in the State Department, an inchoate negotiation of a treaty for reciprocity in those fisheries. Its importance may be estimated by recalling the controversies and conflicts between the United States and Great Britain, during the last hundred years, which have arisen out of the fisheries on the Atlantic coast.

PART II.

JAPAN, CHINA, AND COCHIN CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

YOKOHAMA AND ITS VICINITY.

The Bay of Yokohama.—Natives and Foreigners.—Native Costumes.—Japanese Barbers.—The Tokaido.—Japanese Cemeteries, Gardens, and Temples.—Monks and Monasteries.—Kamakura.—The Great Statue of Buddha.—The Daibutz.

Yokohama, September 25th.—Night closed with more than moonless darkness. With a true seaman's solicitude for the good name of his ship, Captain Freeman still promised that we should anchor before midnight. Who could think of sleeping when the lights of our first Asiatic port were so near? We walked the deck around and around, from stem to stern; we tried whist, we drew uncounted symphonies from the piano—but no consolation. The ship scarcely moved, and the equinoctial 24th day of September became the longest of all the days in the year. Time lagged more and more tediously between the hours of eleven and twelve. At last we gave it up, and went to rest. We were wakened by the ship's gun, and the slow dropping of the anchor. The morning brought an explanation. The ship's clock had been retarded, and did not announce the hour of twelve until the chronometer marked half-past two.

The bay of Yokohama is as spacious, and its surroundings are as beautiful, as those of Hampton Roads. The landscape recedes gracefully from the shore, and high above the beautiful scene Fusi Yama's sacred brow reflects the glowing smile of the morning sun. The hills and valleys wear all the freshness of spring. It is Sunday; the harbor is gay with the flags of many nations on men-of-

war and merchant-ships, and is made more animated by the quaint Japanese craft and their shouting, grotesque, native managers.

Yokohama, September 26th.—The United States minister, Mr. De Long, Captain McCrea, of the Asiatic squadron, Mr. Shepard the consul at Yeddo, Mr. Walsh, and other American citizens, came on board, and after kind expressions of welcome and congratulation conducted us to Mr. Walsh's residence.

Captain McCrea received Mr. Seward and his friends with national honors on board the United States steamship-of-war Monocacy.

Accustomed at home to the intermingling of all classes, conditions, and races, in subjection to one system of laws and tribunals, with common standards of morals and manners, we are as yet unprepared for the different constitution of society we find here: instead of one community, two, standing side by side, each independent of the other—the one native, the other foreign.

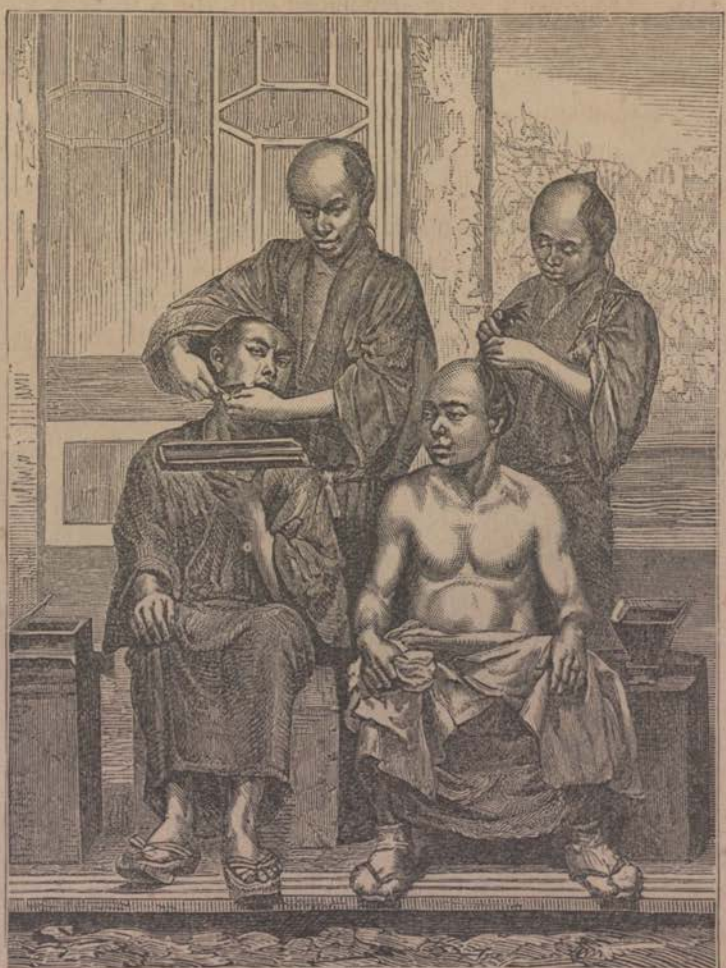
The native population of Japan is forty millions, all of the Mongolian type;* the so-called European population, five thousand, temporarily residing here from various nations, including the United States. These foreigners are gathered upon tracts of land, one, three or six miles square, called concessions, adjacent to native cities in the chief ports of this maritime empire. These foreign settlements are corporations, regulated and protected by the several foreign nations, and are copied in all respects from Western models, while the unpaved native cities, built of firs and cedars, thatched with bamboo and cane, are as perfectly Japanese as if a European had never touched the coast.

It may be conceived that it is difficult for the transient traveller, who always sojourns among his countrymen, and speaks with the natives only through an interpreter, to study Japan or its people. The Japanese, however they may have been heretofore, are not now jealous or suspicious. They labor cheerfully on the wharves, serve faithfully in foreign families within the concessions, and manufacture, in their own districts, articles of furniture and fancy goods for foreign markets. They are polite, sagacious, and skilful traders.

* The Prime-Minister informs Mr. Seward that the census recently taken gave thirty-five (35) millions, but that it was erroneous. He estimates the population at fifty millions.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

September 27th.—The representations of native costumes on the Japanese porcelain and lacquer-work, which are found on our tables and in our parlors at home, are not less accurate than spirited. The coarse, black hair is a chief object of pride and care. The



JAPANESE BARBERS.

barber with his scissors, combs, razors, and pomatum, is seen at all hours of the day in the most public places. The women brush the

hair away from the temples *à la Pompadour*, and gather it up under a small smooth puff at the back of the head with gilt and vermilion pins. The hair of the men is shorn entirely off the crown, leaving enough at the sides and back to be drawn upward and fastened in a graceless and meaningless knot. The effect is simply shocking. The barber-work being performed only three times a week, care is taken to prevent disarrangement in the intervals. They use, instead of a pillow, a wooden block adjusted to the shape of the neck. The pomatum so lavishly applied is extracted from an herb, which, growing in the eaves of the houses, makes a pretty green fringe for the brown thatched roofs. They say that one of the emperors, for sumptuary reasons, forbade the cultivation of this plant in the fields. Thus the people, while evading the law, beautify their dwellings.

Here, as in Alaska and in ancient Mexico, civil economy re-

JAPANESE GIRLS.

quires that the married and unmarried women shall wear distinguishing badges. The girl, with full hair tastefully arranged, with white teeth, and with the free use of cosmetics, and a scrupulously modest costume, is attractive; when married, her eyebrows are immediately shaven off, her teeth are stained jet-black, the ornaments are removed from her hair, and she becomes repulsive.

Wherever a city of the living is, there is also a greater city of the dead. The Japanese bury on the hill-sides. Though cremation

JAPANESE CEMETERY.

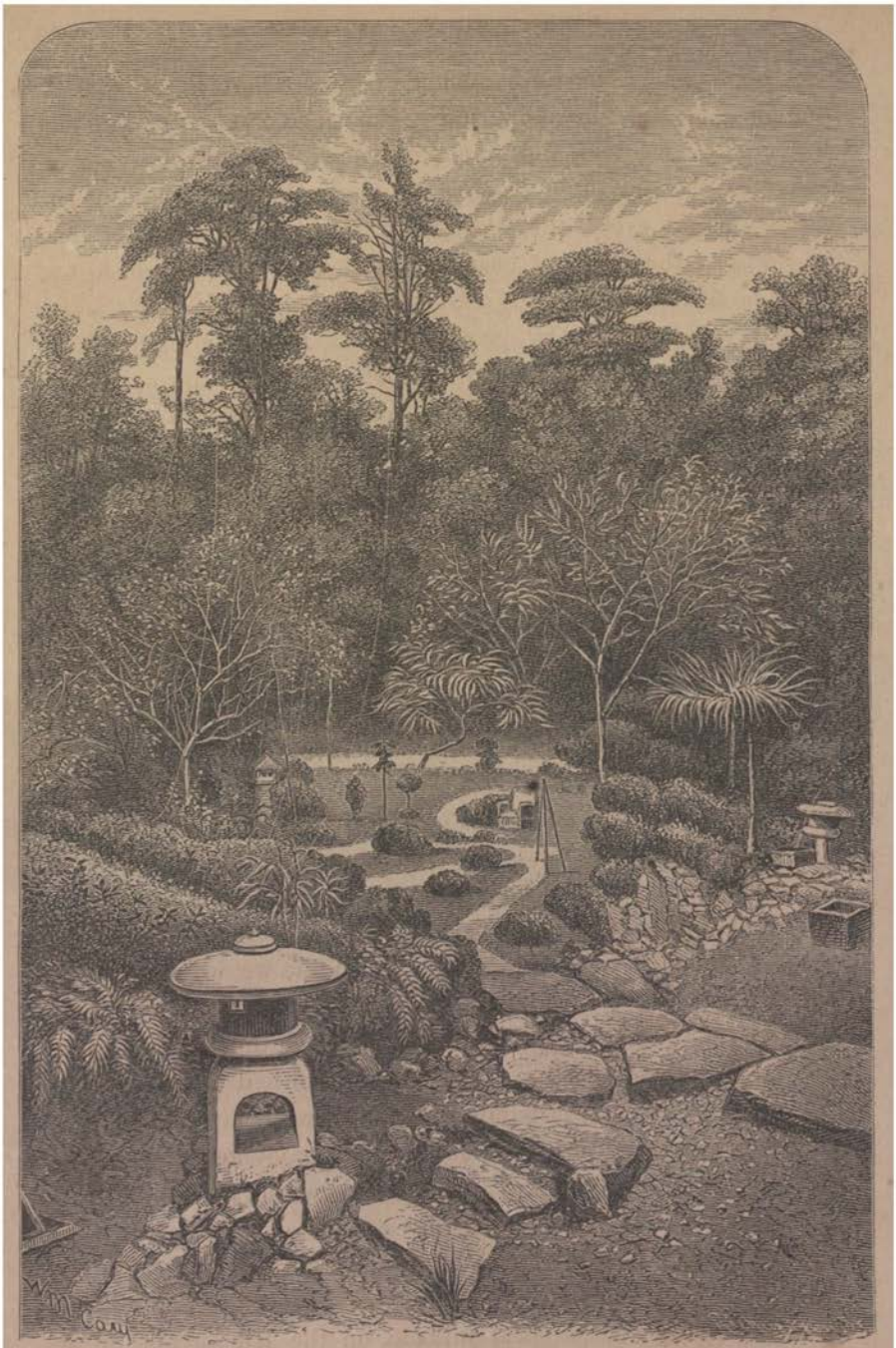
is sometimes practised, the body is more generally interred in a sitting posture, cramped within a plain, white, square box, borne to the grave on men's shoulders. All who attend, wear white mourning-badges. Women do not appear in the processions. Burial is without pomp and pageantry. A black or gray stone obelisk is raised over the grave.

All the cemeteries are crowded, but doubtless this is due to the economy of land required by so dense a population. They are, however, always shaded and green.

September 28th.—We made an excursion, by boat, to-day, on the bay of Yeddo, to Kanagawa, and its precincts. The Tokaido, the high-road which traverses the island of Niphon, passes through the town. A crowd of both sexes and all ages gathered and stared at our landing. The architecture of Japanese towns and villages is monotonous. The buildings, public and private, are small and huddled together. It was a pleasing surprise to find the railroad to Yeddo in process of construction. It is undertaken by a native company, using only Japanese capital, credit, and labor. By-the-way, the projectors are becoming timid in prosecuting the work, under an apprehension that, when it shall be completed, foreigners will base extortionate claims on any accidental injuries they may suffer.

Ascending a high hill, just beyond the town of Kanagawa, we enjoyed our first interior view of Japanese rural scenery. Thence-forward we had a path only five or six feet wide, which winds across the plains and around the hill-sides, not on any principle of road-making, but simply for the convenient use of the soil. The hill-tops are covered with majestic cypresses and yew-trees, intermingled with the chestnut, holly, pine, persimmon, and camphor. At their bases are thick groves of the slender bamboo, which, besides being highly ornamental, is the most variously useful of all the woods in the East.

The althea, the lily, the japonica, the arbor-vitæ, the wisteria, the passion-flower, and many other shrubs and creepers, which require so much care and labor in our gardens and greenhouses, are luxuriant here. There is no waste, either by rock, marsh, or jungle; every hill is terraced, every acre irrigated, every square foot of land covered by some tree, cereal, or esculent. Instead of farms, there are small plots, and each is tilled with cotton, flax, wheat, barley, sugar, beets, peppers, sweet-potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables, by a single family, with care equal to that which is bestowed on our flower-beds. No allowance is made for even accidental waste of the crop. The individual wheat-stalk which is bent down by the storm is restored and supported. Each head of rice, each particular boll of cotton, is kept in its place until care-



A JAPANESE GARDEN.

fully removed by the husbandman's hand. There is no loss of time in gathering the crops into garners; as fast as the product ripens, it is harvested and immediately prepared for the market. Despotism, though often cruel, is not always blind. A law of the empire obliges every one who fells a tree to plant another. In the midst of this rich and beautiful landscape, within an enclosure of two hundred acres, stands a Buddhist temple, with an adjoining monastery, surrounded by groves such as Downing might have designed. We came upon the base of the temple by successive flights of steps, each reaching from a platform below to a more contracted one above. The edifices are constructed of wood, which is generally used in Japan, for greater security against earthquakes.

The temple has an overhanging roof and portico, which are unique and graceful. The columns, architraves and cornices are elaborately, though grotesquely carved. The bonzes received and conducted us through the sacred edifices with ceremonious politeness, requiring us to leave our boots at the door, not as a religious observance, but as a regulation of domestic economy. These priests are vowed to celibacy and temperance, and in their tonsure and habit they resemble Carmelite friars, except that their spotless white raiment is not of wool, but of soft silk. The monastery is divided into numerous apartments by sliding paper doors, but all these were thrown open to us. A fine, clean bamboo mat, two inches thick, is spread on every floor, and serves for "bed and board." There is no other furniture. While we were enjoying our collation in one apartment, the bonzes were taking tea and smoking in the next one. Each bonze, before lifting his teacup or bringing his pipe to his lips, brought his head half a dozen times to the floor by way of compliment to his several companions. We inferred that some of the party were pilgrims, enjoying the hospitalities of the house. The temple is a square enclosure, with an open corridor on every side. Nearly the whole floor is covered with a dais, in the centre of which is a large altar, with a smaller one on either side. Over each a carved image—the middle one, Buddha; on his right, the mythological mikado, on the left an apostle or lawgiver. No space is allowed for worshippers. They prostrate

themselves at the porch, and are content with throwing small coins into the treasury just within the door. A cemetery near the temple is crowded with monuments of pilgrim princes and saints. Take away from this temple its pagan devices and emblems, and the whole place would seem to be pervaded with the very spirit of religious devotion. It combines seclusion, repose, and silence with solemnity. The good monks dismissed us with many blessings, after having obtained Mr. Seward's leave to visit him at Yokohama. On our return, we found the bay highly agitated. Discarding the life-boats of the Monocacy, we crossed in a native craft, rowed by a vigilant and active though excited and vehement crew.

September 30*th.*—A second excursion, this time overland to Kanagawa, southward on the Tokaido. A hundred years ago, no part of the United States, perhaps few countries in Europe, afforded a road equal to this in firmness and smoothness. At intervals, hot

TEA-HOUSE ON THE TOKAIDO.

tea in tiny cups, with cakes and sugar-plums, was brought out to us by pretty girls, *artistes* in dance and song. The beverage might not be declined, though we were not allowed to pay for it. In many places we found circular benches arranged under trees five hundred

years old. This frequent provision for rest and refreshment is due to the circumstance that travel in Japan is principally performed by pedestrians, with the occasional use of chairs. Daimios have always used horses, and recently foreigners have introduced vehicles.

GROUP ON THE TOKAIDO.

The Japanese are a busy as well as a frugal people. Thickly-clustering houses, booths, and work-shops nearly close the road on either side, making it difficult to distinguish where a rural district begins or ends. Occasionally a vacant space opens a beau-

tiful vista. At the end of twenty miles we sent our carriages back to Yokohama, and proceeded in chairs by a narrow path over a lofty hill, and then came down on the ocean-beach. The feet of our coolie bearers sank deep in the sand, but we enjoyed the refreshing spray which dashed in our faces. Then leaving the shore, and following a rugged mountain-path, we came upon a high plain, where once stood the renowned ecclesiastical capital, Kamakura. Practically speaking, Japan has no ruins. An extensive and hand-

TEMPLE AT KAMAKURA.

some temple, which still maintains its prestige, is the only monument of the ancient city. A few miles beyond this temple, we left our chairs, and, diverging from the road, we confronted a high wooden arch, fantastically painted with bright green, blue and yellow colors. On either side of the arch is a carved bronze demon, fifteen feet high, protected by an iron railing. These figures, designed to be terrific, are simply hideous. They are plastered over with moistened paper pellets, which have been cast on them by passing pilgrims. The adhesion of the pellet is taken as an assurance

that the monster is appeased, and consents to the visit of a votary. Trusting that the missiles which our bearers had thrown upon the demons had propitiated them in our favor, we boldly entered the gate. Ascending a solid flight of steps, we reached a paved court, three sides of which are graced with monumental shrines of stone and bronze. On a pedestal six feet high, in the centre of the square, is the gigantic statue of Buddha (famous as the Daibutz), sitting with crossed legs, on a lotus-flower. Though description by measurement is not poetical, we must use it to convey an idea of this colossal idol. It is fifty feet high, a hundred

DAIBUTZ.

feet in circumference at the base, and the head is nine feet long; the hands are brought together in front, with thumbs joined; the head is covered with metallic snails, which are supposed to protect the god from the sun. Some travellers find in the face an expres-

sion of sublime contemplation; to us it seems dull and meaningless. The statue being made of bronze plates, is hollow; the interior is shaped and fitted as a temple. We are inclined to believe that the Japanese have lost their early reverence for the Daibutz; we find the walls covered with the autographs of pilgrims and travellers. The bonzes invited us to register our own names, and they offer to sell the god to any purchaser for the price of old copper.

JAPANESE BONZES.

CHAPTER II.

VISIT TO YEDDO.—INTERVIEW WITH THE MIKADO.

Interview with the Japanese Prime-Minister.—Tremendous Storm.—Some Points of History.—The Mikado and the Tycoon.—Japanese Foreign Office.—Minister Sawa.—The Question of Saghalien.—The Tombs of the Tycoons.—A Speck of War.—The Delmonico of Yeddo.—Sketches of Yeddo.—The Interview with the Mikado.

On board the Monocacy, Bay of Yeddo, October 1st.—On Mr. Seward's arrival at Yokohama, the Japanese Government at Yeddo invited him to a banquet in the palace of the Hamagotên. The Japanese ministry, with other official persons, in all six hundred, were to be present, and the prime-minister was to preside. Mr. Seward excused himself on the ground that the condition of his health and his habits oblige him to forego large assemblies. He wrote, at the same time, that he intended visiting the capital in a private manner, and that it would afford him pleasure if allowed to pay his respects to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This morning, we set out on the excursion thus proposed, in the Monocacy, accompanied by Mr. De Long; we arrived at the anchorage before Yeddo, at five o'clock, expecting to land immediately, under the ship's salute.

Since our arrival at Yokohama the weather has been intensely hot, and everybody has been predicting some fearful convulsion of earthquake or tempest. A wind with heavy rain gave us a rough voyage; but the sea has now calmed, though the rain continues. Mr. Seward, protesting against delay, asked for boats when the anchor dropped. The ladies shrank from exposure; even the

United States minister became demoralized, and Mr. Seward was overruled; so here we are, lying five miles from Yeddo, under the guns of a long line of Japanese forts, built on shoals, midway between our anchorage and the city. The naval officers are to give up their quarters to us for the night, in expectation of a calm sea and cloudless sky to-morrow; an expectation which Mr. Seward desires it to be distinctly understood he does not share. In the mean time they are entertaining us with music and conversation.

Yeddo, October 2d.—Mr. Seward was right. We retired at eleven o'clock, to the very narrow "regulation berths," imprisoning ourselves with close mosquito-nets, in the smallest of state-rooms, looking through the open ports at a very silvery moon, bright stars, and a smooth sea, the ship drawing nine feet on an anchorage of three fathoms. Between us and the forts, the harbor was covered with vessels, including a large number of Japanese steamers and other boats, as well as Chinese junks. Some of these lay quite near to us. There was no sleep. At four o'clock in the morning, a phosphorescent wave, pouring through the open ports, deluged our state-rooms. At this juncture, the order came down the hatchway, "Close the ports." The steward informed us that there was "something of a high sea." Wrapping ourselves in our now thoroughly-wetted garments, we rushed into the dark cabin, and there overheard low conversation on the deck, which expressed apprehension of a fearful storm.

We were on deck at break of day. The sky wore a copper hue; the air grew intensely hot; the barometer fell from 30° 50′ to 28°; a violent wind seemed to come from all quarters, and, in the midst of a deluge of rain, blew the sea from underneath the ship, causing her continually to bound and rebound on the sandy bottom. It was the typhoon! Nevertheless, we remained on deck, lashed fast in our seats, preferring the open tempest there to the close and nauseating cabin. The captain was self-collected; he ordered the top-masts down, and every spar well secured. Three anchors, the ship's entire ground-tackle, were thrown out; every vessel, and every other object on sea and land, now disappeared from our view.

With confused fears that some ship might be driving against us, or that we might be dragging toward a lee-shore, we put our engines in motion, to keep the Monocacy up to her anchors. The more juvenile officers, of whom, of course there were many, enlivened the dark and dreary hours by whispered accounts of all the ships which had been wrecked, or escaped wreck, in all the typhoons, and all the tidal waves, and all the earthquakes that have raged in Asiatic waters, or in any other seas, within the memory of man.

At twelve o'clock, we were driven from the deck by alarms that the guns were breaking loose from their fastenings, that the bulwarks and stanchions were giving way, and the bending masts and spars would crush us. We took refuge once more in the cabin, uncertain whether the ship was parting her anchors, or breaking to pieces in her berth. All the hatchways being closed, excluding air except through a convoluted funnel, a lethargy came over us, which made some helpless, and nearly all hopeless. About two o'clock, an officer, anxiously and carefully consulting the glass, said in a low voice, "It is rising," and, after a few seconds more, he exclaimed, "It is the end!" And so it was.

In half an hour we were on deck again. The sky was bright, and the sea, though yet rolling, had lost its violence. But the vessels which had been moored in such dangerous proximity were no longer there. The lee-shore was so near that we wondered at our presumption in having anchored there. At five o'clock, a full boat's crew manned a prize-gig, and with bright and merry oars rowed us around the forts to the wharf of the consulate at Yeddo. On the way we passed a crowded steamer, broken directly in the middle, and hanging across the rampart of the upper fort; while a dozen vessels were seen half out of water in the shallow and treacherous bay. When we saw the broken walls, overturned trees and fallen buildings on the shore, we were convinced that our anchorage in the bay was the safer refuge, notwithstanding all its terrors. The Monocacy had neither parted a rope nor started a nail, while the consulate had been beaten and shattered on all sides and in every part.

Sunset came on; while there was no rainbow, all the prismatic

colors and hues were painted on the broken and rolling clouds, as brilliantly and as distinctly as they are ever seen in the "arch of promise" itself.

With what grateful emotions did we reflect that the tempest which so often breaks and destroys the stanchest of ships in the Eastern seas, had been in this instance withheld, not only until we had crossed the great ocean, but even until we had found an anchorage from which we had beheld the terrific phenomenon without disaster!

Monday, October 3d.—The Monocacy having done her best to rouse the sleepers of the capital by a salute to Mr. Seward, returned down the bay to Yokohama. Thanks to her brave officers and noble crew, with earnest wishes for their health and promotion.

The damages of the consulate have been repaired sufficiently for our comfortable accommodation. We are guests of the minister and the consul. At an early hour an officer came from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to learn when Mr. Seward would make his promised visit. He appointed ten o'clock, to-morrow.

Before we go to the foreign office, it may be well to recall some points of history, in order to make our observations on Yeddo intelligible.

The people of Japan, whether indigenous here or derived from Siberia, assumed political organization, according to their own records, about twenty-four hundred years ago, in the two islands of Niphon and Kiusiu. They were governed by an emperor, who, being descended from the gods, was divine and absolute on earth, and when he died was worshipped. Not only was his person too sacred to be looked upon by a stranger, but even the sun must not shine on his head. It was sacrilegious to touch the dishes from which he ate. At his death, his twelve wives and all their attendants committed *hari-kari*. These attributes are still popularly conceded to him. As vicegerent of Heaven, he wears the title of Tenno; as sovereign in temporal affairs, he is the Mikado or Emperor.

Miako, some thirty miles inland, was his ancient capital, and

AMERICAN LEGATION AT YEDDO.

Osaka its seaport. The Emperor by divine right owned the lands in the empire, and in time graciously divided them into provinces; retaining five or more of these for himself, he parcelled out the others among great lords or princes, called daimios. In the thirteenth century, a rebellion arose in the empire, and the Mikado, remaining at Miako, committed the defence of the state to the richest and strongest one of these daimios, who wore the title of "Tycoon." This military commander, after a short time, absorbed the temporal sovereignty and reigned absolutely. Yeddo thus became a third capital of the empire.

The Tycoon, nevertheless, paid homage to the Mikado, who retained his titular rank, and unquestioned spiritual authority and preëminence. Besides the proper revenues of his own five provinces, the Mikado enjoyed, for the support of his dignity, an annual allowance made by the Tycoon, out of the general revenues of the empire. As he cultivated religion and such science as the age allowed, Miako became the centre of intelligence and learning. It still retains this distinction. Osaka being an alternate residence of the Mikado, it partook of the sanctity of the capital.

By degrees the Mikado, free from all responsibility for administration, grew in the affections of the people, while the Tycoon, exercising his power despotically, and held responsible for all national disasters and misfortunes, became an object of public jealousy and hatred. It was at this juncture that the United States, through Commodore Perry, and the European powers afterward, made their treaties with the Tycoon, in ignorance of any pretensions on the part of the Mikado to temporal power. It was the Tycoon who sent two successive embassies to the United States, one in 1860 and the other in 1868. In 1865, the ministers of the Western powers, residing at Yeddo, wrote alarming accounts of popular discontents with the Tycoon's administration, and of frantic appeals made to the Mikado to resume the sovereign power, annul the treaties, and expel foreigners from the empire. For this object, a party was formed by powerful daimios and fanatical ecclesiastics.

While matters were in this situation, a young daimio, son of the powerful Prince Satsuma, was improving an academic vacation

in England, to visit the United States. He went to Mr. Seward, in the Department of State. He inquired of the prince to which of the local parties in Japan he belonged. To Mr. Seward's surprise, he answered, "to the Mikado's." "What," said Mr. Seward, "is the cause of the civil war, and what question does it involve?" He replied: "The Tycoon, who has no title to the throne, but is only a general in the imperial service, some time ago usurped the government, and claims to transmit it to his heirs. This usurpation is intolerable." "How long," said Mr. Seward, "since this usurpation was committed?" "Oh, it is very recent—it is only six hundred years since it occurred."

The revolution was successful, the dynasty of the Tycoon was abolished, and the heaven-descended Mikado in the year 1868, leaving his spiritual seat at Miako, repaired to Yeddo, and fully resumed the throne of his ancestors. He promptly confirmed the treaties, and of course was duly recognized by the Western powers.

October 4th.—At nine this morning a cavalry-escort was placed at Mr. Seward's command. It is attentive and orderly, although, according to our Western ideas, not particularly well mounted or disciplined.

After a diligent exploration of the two or three European livery-stables in the city, the consul succeeded in procuring three well-worn English carriages, drawn by native ponies, like those of our escort. Taking no heed of the suggestion that women are forbidden in Japanese society, and unknown at court, Mr. Seward proceeded to the foreign office with the ladies, the minister, Mr. Randall and the consul. (Mr. George F. Seward and Mrs. Seward have gone forward to Shanghai.) As we drove through the streets, we found them filled with gayly-dressed and merry crowds, and thus learned that Mr. Seward's appointment had fallen on one of the numerous national holidays.

The foreign office is in the centre of a paved court, which is enclosed by a stone-wall twelve feet high. The gates were wide open; Mr. Seward and his friends were received by hundreds of

official persons, with profound demonstrations of homage. The inner building is of wood, one story high, surrounded by a broad corridor. The corridor itself is separated from the court by sliding sash-doors, with oiled-paper and silk instead of glass. On the inner side the corridor opens into a succession of chambers constructed like those of the monastery we have before described; the apartments small, the ceilings low and the partitions movable panels. The floors are covered with matting.

We were conducted through the corridor to a room a little larger than the others, perhaps eighteen feet square. Some furniture had been extemporized here. There was a European centre-

JAPANESE OFFICER OF STATE.

table covered with an ornamental cloth, a small Brussels rug spread under the table, and upon it a lacquered box filled with cheroots, and a rich bronze brazier containing live charcoal. We sat on stools in the order indicated by the Japanese usher, Mr. Seward being next the seat reserved for the host. Presently, with great rustling of silks, Sawa, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, entered. He bowed many times very low. He then gave his hand to Mr. Seward in the American fashion, and afterward to the other visitors, as they were formally presented, manifesting, however, some slight embarrassment in exchanging this form of courtesy with the ladies. Well he might, for "be it known unto all to whom these presents shall come" that they are the only women, of whatever nation or race, who, within the memory of man, have been received in an official circle in Japan. The Japanese Government is not behind the ancient court of Haroun-al-Raschid, in the opinion that "women have little sense and no religion." The porch of a temple in the interior has this inscription: "Neither horses, cattle, nor women, admitted here."

Sawa is five feet ten, and stout. He has the features of the Mongolian, with its complexion a little relieved, clear, mild eyes, and an expression at once intelligent and amiable; his hands and feet very small and delicate, his hair gathered up from all sides, elaborately oiled, and brushed and fastened in a knot. On the top of his head rested a curiously-carved jet-black lacquered cap, which by its shape reminded us of a toy-boat. This ornament was fastened under the chin and behind the head, by heavy purple silken cords with tassels large enough for modest window-curtains. His dress was double—an under-tunic and trousers of dark silk reps; the upper garments, of the same cut, though more full and flowing, were of gold and white brocade. He wore spotless white shoes and stockings—the shoe and stocking of each foot being of one piece; at his side a single sword, highly wrought, with hilt and scabbard of ivory and gold. Some show of awkwardness gave us an impression that he found his magnificent toilet, on this occasion, inconvenient and uncomfortable. Looking at Mr. Seward, Sawa, in a very low voice, pronounced, in the Japanese language, what

sounded like not one speech, but a succession of distinct sentences. The interpreter Ishtabashi, kneeling at his side, at the close of each sentence signified his understanding of it by the aspirate "Hi! hi! hi!" Sawa having finished, Ishtabashi gathered

JAPANESE INTERPRETER, IN COURT DRESS.

up the sense of these fragmentary speeches, and rendered the whole into English, as follows:

"Mr. Seward, all the ministers of Japan proposed to receive you on your arrival at Yeddo, at such a time as you would appoint. But this is a holiday in our country. It is our custom that at this hour, on every holiday, all the ministers repair to the castle, and pay their homages to his Majesty the Tenno. The other ministers have gone there for that purpose. I have obtained from

his Majesty the indulgence to remain here, and receive you in behalf of my associates."

Mr. Seward thanked the minister, and expressed regret that he had unwittingly chosen so unsuitable a day for his visit.

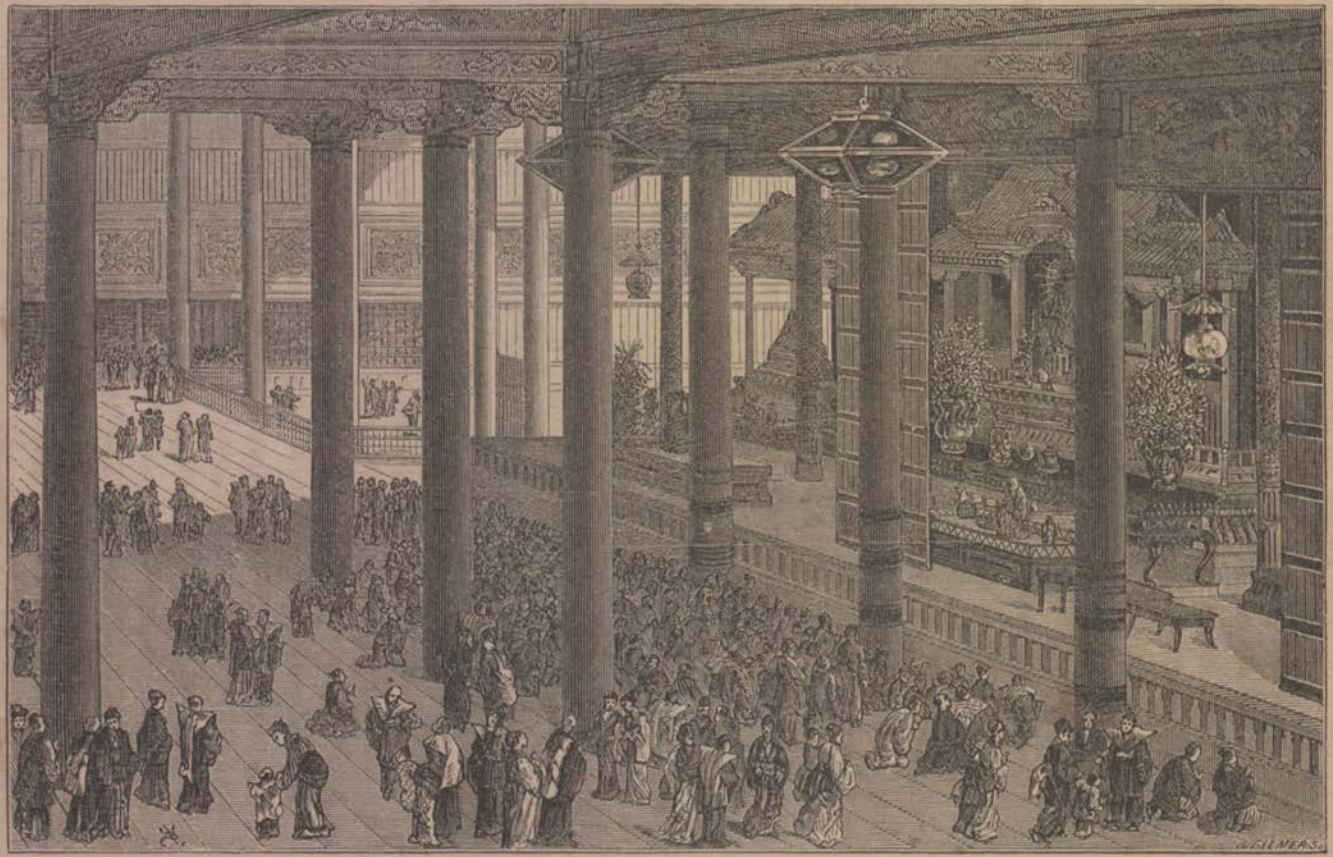
Sawa resumed: "I have heard of you much, and I know you by character. I see your face now for the first time, and I am happy to see it."

Mr. Seward answered, that it afforded him great pleasure to see Japan, and become acquainted with its government.

The Minister: "I am happy that you have arrived safely after so long a journey. I see that you are very old and very handsome. You show high resolution in making so great a voyage. All of us will be glad to avail ourselves of your large experience as a statesman."

We are not a practical reporter, and therefore cannot detail the long and interesting conversation which followed. It was highly deferential on both sides. Some parts of it showed that the profession of politics is the same in Japan as in other countries. Sawa was asking Mr. Seward's good offices to obtain a mediation by the United States Government, to effect an adjustment with Russia of the boundary-question which involves the title to the island of Saghalien. Mr. Seward, hardly willing to assume so grave a responsibility, tried to divert Sawa's attention from it, saying that the United States and Russia were once near neighbors on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, and that a dispute arose between them concerning the right of American seamen to take fish in Russian waters. The controversy, just at the moment when it was becoming serious, was happily brought to an end by the United States purchasing the entire Russian possessions on the American Continent. "What would you think," he added, playfully, "of a suggestion that Japan shall, in the same way, purchase Saghalien?"

The minister hesitated, cast his eyes on the floor, and meditated; then, looking up with a smile of conscious satisfaction, he answered: "All our histories agree that the entire island of Saghalien belongs to Japan now. We could not buy from Russia territory which we own ourselves!"



INTERIOR OF SHEBA.

"That is so," replied Mr. Seward, "and, if the people of Japan are like the people of the United States, you will very soon find out that you can no more sell your own territory to others than you can buy it from them."

During the conversation, tea and cigars, and afterward champagne and cakes, were served by attendants who crouched on the floor whenever they received or executed a command. After an hour and a half passed, Sawa mentioned the places of special interest in Yeddo which he thought Mr. Seward ought to see, and explained the arrangements which had been made for that purpose; then, stipulating a private interview with Mr. De Long for the afternoon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs rose and took a graceful leave by bowing and shaking hands cordially with the whole party.

Yeddo is a singular combination of compactly-built and densely-inhabited districts, with intervening gardens and groves, appropriated to civil and religious uses. When in one of those populous districts, it is difficult to conceive that the whole vast city is not built in the same way; and when in one of the deeply-shaded parks, it is impossible to realize that you are in the heart of a great city.

As Sawa had suggested, we proceeded first to Sheba, the spacious grounds which contain the colossal tombs of the Tycoons who ruled in Japan so many centuries. Some of the tombs are of granite, others of bronze. They surpass, not only in costliness, but in impressive effect, any imperial or royal modern cemetery in the West. The sarcophagus, the obelisk, and the shaft, forms familiar in Western monumental architecture, equally prevail here. The monuments bear no epitaphs, but each is surrounded with many lantern-bearing votive shrines, covered with inscriptions commemorative of the virtues and achievements of the dead, and expressing the affection and gratitude of the princes by whom the tributary structures were erected. The domain is planted with great taste. Each particular tree and shrub has been formed and trained into a shape suggestive of religious sentiment.

By the side of the cemetery stands the Temple of Sheba. What with hideous devices of the great red dragon of Japan, with his forked wings, flaming mane, and powerful claws, the monstrous

TOMBS OF THE TYCOONS.

transformations of Buddha into lions rampant and roaring, peacocks proud and strutting, and sagacious storks stalking and prophesying, the interior of the temple is a weird combination of the mythic and the terrific.

Though we have experienced neither menace nor insult, our guard is nevertheless indispensable to protect us against intrusive curiosity. The crowds gather around, and follow us wherever we alight and wherever we go. Perhaps the escort might be needed in case of sudden excitement or tumult, such as is liable to happen in every great city.

That was not only a seasonable but a pretty and pleasant breakfast which Sir Harry and Lady Parkes gave us at the British legation. It did not need the after *divertissement* of native legerdemain. The zeal and efficiency of Sir Harry Parkes, as minister, are well known. Lady Parkes is not less distinguished for the spirited manner in which she sustains him in his diplomatic studies and labors.

We left the British legation in compact procession, as we had entered it, Mr. Seward and Mr. De Long leading in a pony-carriage,

NIPPON-BAS, YEDDO.

Mr. De Long driving. Three other carriages followed, attended by the consul, and the whole surrounded by the escort. For a time the carriages in the rear had the forward one in full view, while its occupants, frequently looking back, exchanged greetings. Mr. Seward and Mr. De Long at length reached the high stone bridge, built

BRITISH LEGATION, YEDDO.

across one of the canals, and famous in Japanese history as the Nippon-Bas. There they became aware that the other carriages had fallen out of sight. The street which intervened was filled with holiday crowds, drawing huge, painted idols, mounted on low

trucks. These crowds were rapidly moving in the direction of the missing carriages. The guards who surrounded the forward carriage gesticulated, in a manner betokening alarm. Mr. De Long, a Western gentleman, becoming excited, said to Mr. Seward, "There is a fight; the ladies are attacked!" With this exclamation, he sprang from the carriage and rushed back at the top of his speed, his long whip in his left hand and a Colt's revolver in his right, determined to effect a rescue. Mr. Seward remained sitting in the little pony-carriage on the Nippon-Bas, attracting a constantly increasing native crowd. Mr. De Long, scattering the natives right and left, found the carriages in the clear, open street, a hundred rods distant from the bridge and vacant, while, upon the matted floor of a silk-merchant's "go-down," he found the ladies with the consul, sipping tea, a ceremony always introductory here to the cheapening of Japanese crapes and gauzes. Without saying a word, the minister pocketed his revolver, and, lowering his whip in the most pacific manner, walked quickly back to Mr. Seward, whom he found safe on the bridge. Even at this hour of writing, it remains uncertain what was the sentiment which overpowered Mr. De Long at this discovery, whether it was one of satisfaction at finding his *protégées* in safety, or of mortification at having so impulsively yielded to groundless alarm. Neither the advance-guard, nor the main body of the procession, has been able to discover what was the occasion of the Japanese excitement which produced so much trouble.

October 5th.—A busy day, but less eventful. We have visited the Hamagotên and its palace, where Mr. Seward was to have been feasted. The palace, built and ornamented in Japanese style, is luxuriously furnished in the European. One of the saloons is appropriately called the Cool-room, its walls and ceilings being decorated exclusively with huge pictured fans, in many different positions, and so well executed that you might fancy that you feel the air stirred by their motion. The grounds are as extensive as those of Central Park in New York, and not less elaborately embellished. There are quaint bamboo summer-houses, with pretty scroll roofs,

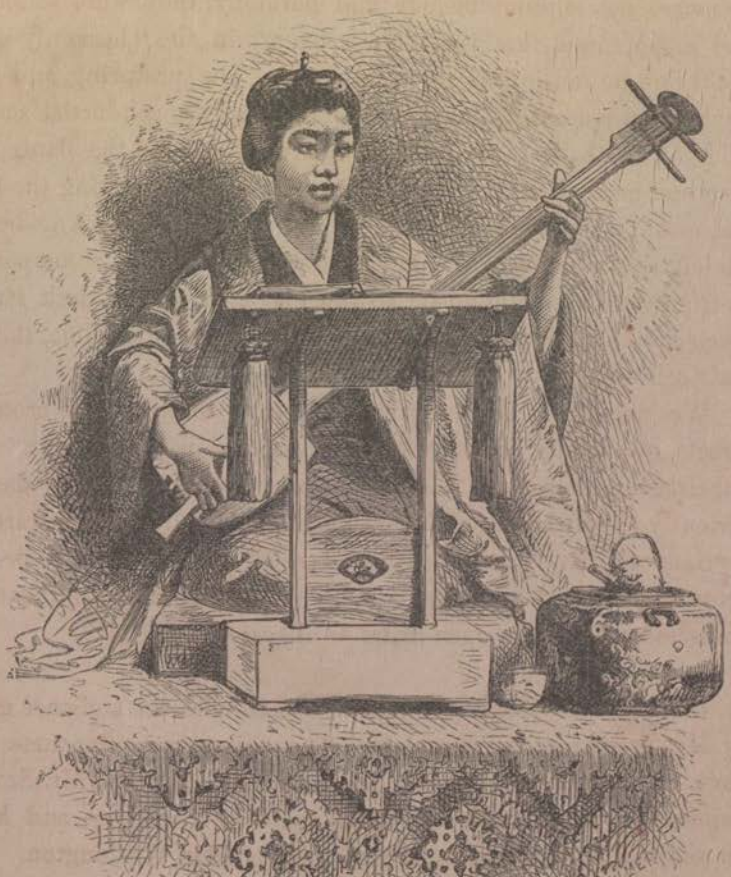
HAMAGOTÊN.

covered with hundreds of creepers, known to us only in our green-houses, standing in the midst of lakes well stocked with gold-fish. There are groves of mulberries, chestnuts, persimmons, and oranges. Stately shade-trees, cut and twisted into the shapes of animals, castles, and ships, crown hundreds of high knolls which overlook the smooth bay of Yeddo.

From the Hamagotên, we drove to old Osakasa, where we wonderingly examined a temple which surpasses all the others we have seen. Superstition, though abating in Japan, is nevertheless far from being extinct. They show at Sheba, in the court of the temple, a bowlder, in the top of which a deep, smooth, circular basin has been made, which is filled with water, and kept carefully covered with a stone lid. It is an accepted belief that this water rises and falls with the ocean-tide. At Osakasa we were required to look with reverence upon two native ponies (one cream-colored, the other brown), both nicely trimmed and groomed, and superbly caparisoned, occupying apartments neat as a parlor. They remain in perpetual readiness for the equestrian exercises of the gods. The beasts are maintained by pious contributions of pilgrims. Ecclesiastics in Japan, as sometimes they do elsewhere, resort to questionable expedients for raising money. The highly-ornamented grounds of Osakasa are rented for tea-houses, theatrical exhibitions, jugglers' entertainments, and other popular amusements.

A dinner was ordered for us at a tea-house—the "Delmonico's" of Yeddo. Leaving our carriages with the escort in the streets, and our boots at the door, we were ushered up a very steep, but highly-polished wooden staircase into a chamber, or rather a dozen chambers divided by sliding-doors. Here we sat down on the clean matted floor. A lacquered table was set before each person. It was eight or ten inches high, and large enough for two small covers. Tea in little cups without saucers was served, clear, and piping hot. After the tea, *saki*, a liquor distilled from rice, fiery and distasteful, was poured from a porcelain vase into such small, shallow, red, lacquered vessels as we sometimes mistake for tea-saucers. Our hostess, a middle-aged matron, was assisted by eleven pretty girls, their ages varying from twelve to sixteen.

These attendants, by the elegance of their costume and abundance of white cosmetics, had enhanced their beauty to the degree that, in Oriental speech, it would be said that "every one of them was a temptation to the servants of God." One of them went down on her knees beside each guest, and remained there until it was time to bring on, with the tiniest of delicate hands, a new course. Their actions were graceful and modest, their voices bird-like. They manifested childish delight at every compliment we gave them, and their pleasure seemed to rise to ecstasy when permitted to examine our watches, fans, parasols and other articles of dress or ornament.



JAPANESE MUSICIAN.

The dinner, however, was rather a self-denying ordinance. There was a vegetable soup flavored with *soy*, raw fish in thin slices with horse-radish, petty bits of game, various preparations of rice, and many dishes whose composition was unascertainable. These courses were intermingled with sweetened fruits and confectionery. *Saki* was offered with every course, and always with great ceremony. All the dishes had one common flavor, which we could not analyze. Even the sugar had this raw, indescribable taste. After the entertainment, the girls, sitting on the floor, each with a rude instrument, in form a compromise between the banjo and the guitar, played and sang, and at intervals rose and danced. Though the airs were not without melody and harmony, they were so crude and monotonous that the highest expert in the "heavenly art" could find no musical meaning in them. The posturing and gesticulation were artistic, though the dancing was conducted on no rules of the ballet. Great skill was displayed in the dance, the long and heavy dresses of the performers always covering the feet, and most of the time even the hands. Night overtook us before we left this "haunt of delight," and the performers accompanied us from the banqueting-floor to our carriages in the dark street. Their grateful gestures and speaking smiles were intelligible, though their soft and gentle words were not.

We needed to drive with much care through the crowded streets, now dimly lighted with an occasional paper lantern. But our dragoons were men "dressed in brief authority;" they dashed furiously forward, and, with shrieking shouts and screams, startling myriads of bats from the thatched roofs, they drove the people, returning from their daily occupations, or listening to theatrical amusements, into the open doors or alleys.

October 6th.—The day began at Yeddo with an audience given by Mr. Seward, at the consulate. The visitors were Japanese who have acquired some knowledge of foreign nations. Mr. Seward inquired for the Tycoon's ambassadors, Ono Tomogoro and Matsmoto Judaiyu, with whom he had negotiated in Washington. But there has been a revolution. The Mikado, then only a nominal

sovereign, is now absolute at the castle. The Tycoon is a prisoner of state; Ono Tomogoro is also a prisoner, nobody knows where, and Matsmoto Judaiyu is a fugitive—some say at Shanghai, others at San Francisco. It seems to surpass Japanese comprehension that a new administration of the Government of the United States has come in, and that Mr. Seward has gone out of place without losing his head or public consideration.

While Mr. Seward was holding his audience, the ladies shopped. The Japanese artisans contrive to produce exquisite articles of taste and *vertu* from cheap materials, and with an infinitesimal proportion of the precious metals. Their modern porcelain is inferior to the Chinese, but they excel in ornamental lacquer-work and fans of all sorts. Their designs in bronze are exceedingly curious, but their execution inferior to that of Europeans. In painting they are unsurpassed in the imitation of all forms of animal life. With a keen sense of the ludicrous, they may yet come to be employed as caricaturists in our presidential elections!

There is no special manufacture at Yeddo. It is an emporium for the whole empire. We have found it impossible to ascertain the districts in which particular classes of articles are made. The shops are small and closely packed with wares. The indifference assumed by the merchants would be provoking, if it were not for their extreme politeness. If the buyer means to obtain a fair bargain, he must affect equal reserve and indifference. The entire family look on, half a dozen men and three or four women busying themselves in every sale. Indeed, the house and the shop are one. Four feet square of matting in the centre of the shop is the common dining-room and bedroom. Must they not eat and sleep by turns?

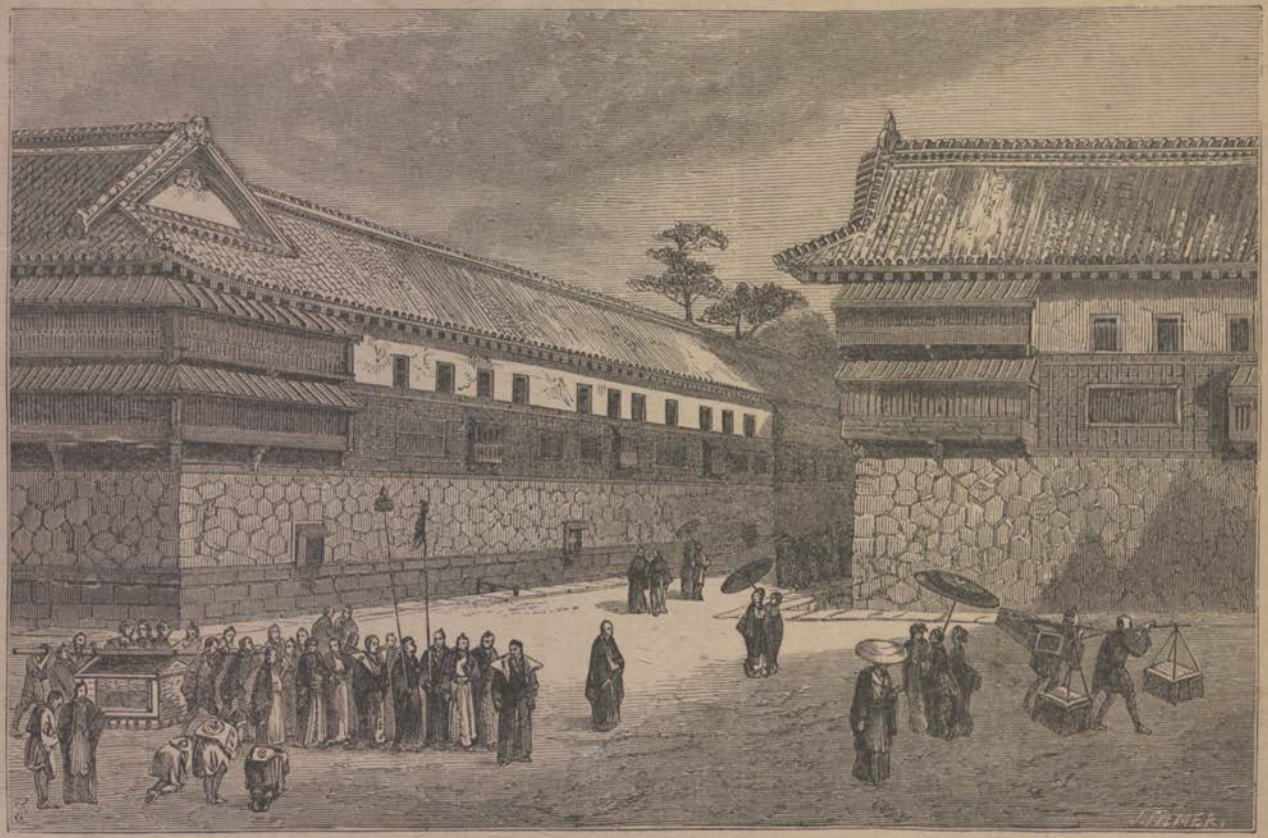
The United States minister was recalled to Yokohama last night. Captain Bachelor put the reins of two fine American horses into our hands, to drive in a light New-England phaeton down the Tokaido to Yokohama. Mr. Randall conveyed the other ladies in a carriage drawn by Mr. De Long's mottled native ponies. Each carriage was attended by two *bettos*, quick-footed boys, whose service is to run like coach-dogs by the side of horse or carriage, warning everybody out of the way, and they are ready to seize and hold

A BOOK-STORE AT YEDDO.

the horses at every stopping-place, or in any case of alarm. The road was literally crowded, and hilarity and merriment displayed themselves on all sides. The crowds were labyrinthian. The activity and songs of the *bettos*, and the ejaculations and imprecations of our mounted guard, with the clangor of their arms, made our rapid drive a very exciting one, while a bracing air with genial sunshine was exhilarating. But all pleasures have their drawbacks. Neither the *bettos* nor the dragoons were capable of understanding our requests or remonstrances. They wanted rest at every tea-house, or, what was the same thing, they sought favor at the tea-houses by bringing us up at the doors. The guard dismounted, and, with the *bettos*, took the refreshments profusely offered them, while we, though declining any, were obliged to wait. When we had made twelve miles, half the distance to Yokohama, we brought up at a hostelry, with a stable. Our horses were taken out to be fed and groomed. From open windows in an upper chamber we saw in the court a huge brass caldron sunk in the ground over an oven. The horses were brought to it. Four grooms took possession of each horse, and rubbed him thoroughly from head to hoof with wisps of straw dripping with hot water, and afterward dried him with as much care as the human patient receives when he comes out of a Turkish bath. We improved the time by a Japanese dinner, which, when we were completely surfeited, we left unfinished, very much to the disappointment of the music-girls. Once more on the road, we indulged a faint hope of reaching Yokohama before midnight. We came, after three or four miles, to the bank of a river twenty rods wide. There was one rough flat-boat on the other side, worked by an endless chain. We awaited its tedious arrival and delivery of passengers multitudinous and various. Then our beasts were led separately into the boat and crossed. It returned to our shore, and, as in the riddle of the fox, goose and peck of corn, took the dragoons and the carriages. "Last came joy's ecstatic trial." We hurried on board, and, reaching the opposite bank, found the vehicles there, but not the horses. We were obliged to walk forward a quarter of a mile, to a place where the *bettos* and cavalry were taking tea and smoking, as if they

had fasted the whole day. Then they went back and brought up the impedimenta. A brilliant, full-orbed moon expanded into majestic size every object that we passed, and lit up the waters of the bay as we approached Kanagawa. Mr. De Long's native ponies, after frequently giving out on the way, fell in climbing the sharp, high hill, and it taxed our own horsemanship to get over this difficult part of the road. The other carriage was drawn over the hill by the *bettos* and dragoons, and the ponies were then reattached. Meantime *bettos* and dragoons lighted each his variegated paper lantern. They made the suburban streets of Yokohama resound with vociferous shouts, thus exciting the astonishment and perhaps the fears of this inoffensive people. We arrived at Mr. Walsh's hospitable gate, much to the satisfaction of our friends within, who, owing to the lateness of the hour, had become apprehensive for our safety.

Steamship New York, off the Coast of Japan, October 8th.—We have embarked, without having had time on shore to record the latest and most striking incidents of our visit at Yokohama. Mr. Seward was not allowed to leave Japan without a marked demonstration from the government, as well as an expression of respect from the foreign residents. On our return from Yeddo, on the 6th, he received an invitation to an audience of the Mikado. This ceremony is usually distinguished by procrastinations and formalities even more tedious than in European courts. The time being shortened, however, in this case, the invitation was accepted. Yesterday morning, we were awakened from sleep, which was quite too short after our drive on the previous day, by an infinite clatter of mechanics, upholsterers, and decorators, who were engaged in constructing with canvas, all around Mr. Walsh's very large house, a broad suite of saloons, dancing-halls. waiting-rooms and supper-rooms. The whole was completed during the day, decorated with flags and tropical shrubbery, and flowers, and softly lighted by fanciful lanterns. The band of the German naval squadron played "Hail Columbia," and the ball was opened at ten o'clock. All the diplomatic and consular corps were present, as well as the naval



DAIMIOS' QUARTER, YEDDO.

officers of the United States and other nations, and foreign residents. Of course, not one Japanese of either sex was there, for, as we have before intimated, there is no social intermingling of the two populations. Caste and race are unrelenting antagonists to universal civilization. This beautiful ball crowned most gracefully the generous hospitalities of which we were recipients during our sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. Walsh.

At two o'clock yesterday morning, while the merry dance was yet going on, Captain Bachelor brought to the wharf, in front of Mr. Walsh's compound, then so highly illuminated, a little steam-yacht and received Mr. Seward on board, who, against all remonstrance, persisted in keeping his engagement, although in the midst of a driving wind and rain. He was accompanied by Mr. De Long, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Walsh, and at six o'clock, after grounding three or four times on the way, they were safely landed at Yeddo. At eight o'clock, Mr. Ishtabashi appeared in rich official Japanese costume, and, profoundly bowing, said, with measured words: "I am waiting for the honor of conducting Mr. Seward to the great castle, where he will be received by his Majesty the Tenno; not in the customary official manner, but in a private audience, as an expression of personal respect and friendship. I am particularly commanded to make this explanation of the character of the proposed audience."

At nine o'clock the party proceeded in two carriages, with an enlarged mounted escort. They were conducted, whether by design or not, through streets bordered by immense walled enclosures, which are the strongholds and barracks of the several daimios who, under the Tycoon's administration, were required to reside during alternate periods, with their armed retainers, at the capital. The discontinuance of this usage, since the restoration of the Mikado, is a singular illustration of the same advance toward a more popular system of government which was made by the kings of Europe when they reduced the feudal barons to subjection. The barracks vacated by the daimios' soldiers are now occupied by imperial battalions. The feudal soldiers of the Tycoon must have been a ferocious crew, if they were more savage than these rough

and ill-looking guards of the Tenno. The citadel, called "The Great Castle," crowns an eminence in the centre of the city. It is a triple fortification, nine miles in circumference, consisting of three concentric forts, each by itself complete, with rampart, inner embankment, ditch, bastion and glacis, parapet and double gates. The outer fort stands on a level with the plain, the next higher, and the central one higher still, overlooking the country and the sea. The walls of each are fifty feet high, built of granite blocks, more massive than those of the Rip-Raps, off Old Point Comfort. The imperial palace is in the centre of the inner fort. It is a low structure, differing from the temples and monasteries which we have before described, not in material or style of architecture, but in the arrangement of its apartments. The area which surrounds it is tastefully planted and adorned with lawns, winding gravelled walks, small lakes, and what we would call summer-houses, and tenements for attendants and servants. The areas of the other two fortifications are similarly embellished. In any past stage of military science, the citadel must have been impregnable. We cannot learn its history.

When Mr. Seward and his friends had reached the gates of the outer fort, they were received with a salute at each of the double portals, and were permitted to pass through in carriages to the gates of the second. They were received here with similar honors, and passed to the gates of the third. Entering these with salutes as before, they were received by one of the eight Ministers of Foreign Affairs, who, having requested them to dismiss their carriages, conducted them, with much obeisance, across the lawns to a sheltered place, where they rested on lacquer stools. Here a second Minister of Foreign Affairs joined the party, and, making new compliments, led them to seats on the shore of a small lake. Here the minister informed Mr. Seward that Mr. Walsh, being an unofficial gentleman, could proceed no farther, and that the same rule excluded Freeman. They stopped. At this juncture Sawa, chief Minister of Foreign Affairs, met Mr. Seward, and conducted him to a summer-house more spacious than the others, which overlooks a larger and deeper lake. On the way thither, he obtained a

view of a part of the imperial stud. A rail twelve or fifteen feet long is fixed three feet above the ground, on supports. Several iron-gray Japanese ponies, unattended by grooms, stood at this rail, in readiness for his Majesty's use at the close of the proposed audience. When the party had arrived at the summer-house, the prime-minister, the Chief Minister of Finance and the heads of the other departments, were found waiting, and they were severally presented by Sawa to Mr. Seward. The whole party then sat down at an oblong table, the prime-minister presiding, and Mr. Seward and the other visitors on his left hand, the Japanese ministers on his right. The prime-minister first, and after him each of his associates, addressed Mr. Seward in words of courteous welcome, to which he briefly replied. A pleasant conversation now ensued, during which tea, cakes, confectionery, cigars and champagne, were successively brought in by attendants, who prostrated themselves on the ground at every offer of their service. The prime-minister then, in a very direct but most courteous way, said to Mr. Seward: "It is the custom of his Majesty the Tenno to receive official visits upon business affairs in an edifice which is built for that express public purpose, and called among us a court; but his Majesty on this occasion recognizes you as a special friend of Japan, and a man devoted to the welfare of all nations, and he therefore proposes, by way of showing his high respect for you, to receive you, not at a public court, but in a private lodge of his own, to which he will come down from his palace to meet you."

Mr. Seward answered that he appreciated his Majesty's condescension and kindness. While this conversation was going on, Mr. Seward, looking through an open window, saw at a long distance his friend Mr. Walsh, and Freeman, walking within the precinct which had been appointed them. Presently, an officer came hurriedly into the presence of the grave international council at the summer-house, and announced an intrusion. The prime-minister, upon Mr. Seward's explanation, directed that the supposed eavesdroppers should not be interfered with, but they must come no farther.

When half an hour had passed, a chamberlain announced his

Majesty's arrival at the summer-house. Sawa and Ishtabashi remained with Mr. Seward; all the other ministers took leave to join the Mikado. A final summons came to Sawa; he rose and conducted the party some distance along a smooth, narrow walk, till they came to a high, shaded knoll, conversing by the way. The minister and Ishtabashi now stopped, and, making low genuflections, announced, in subdued and almost whispering tones, that his Majesty was to be in a summer-house directly behind this hill. After this, there was no word spoken. When they had gone round the knoll, the lodge which now contained the heaven-derived Majesty of Japan came to view. It stands five feet above the ground, is one story high, and consists of four square rooms of equal size, with sliding partitions, the ceilings six feet high, and the whole building surrounded by a veranda. All the rooms were thrown open, and were without furniture. The visitors entered the apartment, which was at their left, and, looking directly forward, saw only Ishtabashi surrounded by a crowd of official persons, all crouched on the floor. Having reached the exact centre of the room, Mr. Seward was requested to turn to the right. He did this without changing his place. The United States minister and the consul stood at his right hand. In this position he directly confronted the Mikado, who was sitting on a throne raised on a dais two feet above the floor. The throne is a large arm-chair, apparently of burnished gold, not different in form or ornament from the thrones which are used on ceremonial occasions in European courts. All the cabinet ministers and many other officials had arranged themselves below the dais, and behind and around the throne. The Mikado was dressed in a voluminous robe of reddish-brown brocade, which covered his whole person. His head-dress differed in fashion from that which was worn by Sawa in our audience with him, only in this, that a kind of curved projecting prong was attached to the boat-shaped cap, and bent upward, the corresponding appurtenance of the minister's cap being shorter, and bent downward. What with the elevation of the dais, and the height of his elongated cap, the emperor's person, though in a sitting posture, seemed to stretch from the floor to the ceiling. His appearance in that flowing costume, surrounded

by a mass of ministers and courtiers, enveloped in variegated and equally redundant silken folds, resting on the floor, reminded Mr. Seward of some of the efforts in mythology to represent a deity sitting in the clouds. His dark countenance is neither unintelligent nor particularly expressive. He was motionless as a statue. He held a sceptre in his right hand, and at his left side wore one richly-ornamented, straight sword. What the Mikado and his court thought of the costumes of his visitors, with their uncovered heads, square, swallow-tailed dress-coats, tight white cravats, tighter pantaloons, and stiff, black boots, we shall never know. Who shall pronounce between nations in matters of costume? The Mikado raised his sceptre, and the prime-minister, kneeling, then announced to the United States minister, by the aid of Ishtabashi, also kneeling, that he might speak. Mr. De Long advanced a step or two, and, bowing three several times, said: "I hope I find your Majesty in good health."

The prime-minister, kneeling again, presented to the Mikado a written paper, open, and as large as a sheet of foolscap. The Emperor, after looking at its contents, touched it with his sceptre. The prime-minister read it aloud in Japanese. Ishtabashi, again kneeling, brought his head to the floor, and, then raising it, read, from a translation which lay before him on the floor, his Majesty's gracious answer: "I am very well; I am glad to see you here."

Thereupon Mr. De Long, thus reassured, said in a distinct voice, worthy of a Western orator as he is:

"I have the honor to present to your Majesty, William H. Seward, a citizen of the United States. Your Majesty having been pleased to invite him to this audience, it is unnecessary for me to speak of the achievements or of the character of this eminent American statesman."

The interpreter, having rendered this speech into Japanese, Mr. De Long resumed his place. In accordance with an intimation from the prime-minister, Mr. Seward now advanced, and said: "I am deeply impressed by this gracious reception by the sovereign, at the capital of this great, populous, and emulous empire. I desire to express earnest wishes for your Majesty's per-

sonal health and happiness, and for the peace, welfare, and prosperity of Japan."

The prime-minister held before his Majesty another paper, which, being read by him, was then rendered by the interpreter as follows:

"I am glad to see you now for the first time. I congratulate you on your safe arrival here, after the very long journey you have made. The great experience which you have had must enable you to give me important information and advice how to promote the friendship that happily exists between your country and my own. If you would please to communicate any thing in that way, you are requested to make it known to my prime-minister, and I invite you to express yourself frankly and without reserve."

Mr. Seward replied: "I thank your Majesty for this gracious permission to confer with the prime-minister on international affairs. A citizen of the United States, I am visiting Japan and the adjacent countries on the Pacific coast, as a traveller and observer. I wear no official character, and I bring no message. The President, however, and all my countrymen, will expect me not to leave any thing undone which I can do, to promote a happy understanding between those countries and the United States, as well as also the advancement of civilization in both hemispheres. With this view, I shall, with great pleasure, avail myself of the privileges which your Majesty has granted me."

The Emperor, with his entire court, remained in place until the visitors had retired, after an exchange of salutations. They were conducted back to the summer-house. All the Japanese ministers soon entered and resumed their places around the table. Refreshments were served, and Mr. Seward was informed that his audience was the first occasion on which the Mikado has completely unveiled himself to a visitor. Not only the prime-minister, but all his associates, discussed with Mr. Seward at much length the political relations of Japan with foreign powers. The minister desired him to take notice that the government, in dealing with the vanquished Tycoon's party in Japan, at the close of the late revolution, had copied the example of toleration given them by the United States.

They carefully inquired concerning the machinery employed in the United States in taking the decennial census, and also the details of the system of collecting and disbursing public revenues.

They wrote a letter on the spot, addressed to their ambassador at Peking, and, delivering it to Mr. Seward, solicited his aid of their interest at that court. Mr. Seward was deeply impressed on two points: First, that although the administration of justice in Japan is conducted in a manner widely different from that of the Western nations, yet that the public mind entertains not the least distrust of its impartiality. Second, that the administration of the Mikado is sincerely emulous and progressive. Again, if there is any danger in the near future, it will arise, not from a retarding, but from a more rapid acceptance by the government of Western ideas and sentiments, than a people so rude can at once understand.

The ministers had assigned the whole day for the high consultation. They expressed much regret when Mr. Seward announced that he was obliged to depart at the earliest moment for Yokohama, where the steamer was waiting. Waiving invitations to examine the citadel and the imperial palace and grounds, Mr. Seward returned to the Consulate, and thence proceeded down the bay, directly to this steamer, bound for Hiogo.

A box followed him which contained all the cake, fruit, and confectionery, which remained from the entertainment at the Castle. The ladies noticed that the varieties of cakes were not merely colored externally, but through and through—crimson, yellow, purple, and indigo. The supply sufficient for the voyage to Shanghai.

It ought not to mar the effect of the Mikado's courtesy, if we state that the audience, in its minutest details, was projected and perfected in the Japanese cabinet, with the concurrence of Mr. De Long. All European governments, and even that of the United States, adopt a similar precaution in regard to official executive audiences.

Japan has especial reasons for prudence. The empire is a solitary planet, that has remained stationary for centuries, until now it is suddenly brought into contact with constellations which, while they shed a dazzling light, continually threaten destructive collisions.

CHAPTER III.

FROM YEDDO TO SHANGHAI.

Hiogo.—The Place of Massacre.—A Japanese Steamer.—The Gulf of Osaka.—A Harem on a Pic-nic.—The City of Osaka.—The Tycoon's Castle.—Japanese Troops.—Nagasaki.—Beautiful Scenery.—Christians of Nagasaki.—Japanese Character.—Departure for China.—Concluding Reflections on Japan.

Hiogo (*Kobe*), *Monday*, *October* 10*th*.—A voyage of thirty-six hours, in which night and rain have prevented all observation, has brought us to this southeastern port on the island of Niphon. The United States Consul, Mr. Stewart, and the agent of the Pacific Mail Line, came on board in the early morning. They were surprised when Mr. Seward pointed out to them with minuteness and accuracy the several places of interest in the port. "This," he said "is the European settlement, that place behind it the native town of Hiogo: the road which divides them is the one on which the Mikado's army was moving northward at the time when it fired upon and massacred the foreigners in 1864: this is the field through which the foreigners were pursued by the Japanese soldiers on that occasion: it was in the bay here on our right that the natives massacred the French naval surveying party in their boats: was it not in the building which I see on that hill that the Mikado's officers, who were condemned to death for those atrocious outrages, committed *hari-kari*, and that the foreign ministers interposed after seventeen such self-executions, and said, 'It is enough?' On this knoll is the place where the offenders were buried."

The official reports of those painful transactions which Mr. Van

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, HIOGO.

Valkenburgh, the United States Minister, made to the Department of State, had left this distinct and ineffaceable impression on Mr. Seward's mind. It is five years since those massacres occurred. We now find that the people, obeying the instinct of nationality, have erected a monument over the grave of each of those victims, and on that monument have recorded his voluntary death as an act of civil and religious martyrdom. So true to country and to God are the impulses of our common nature everywhere.

Hiogo is twenty miles distant from Osaka, and bears the same relation to that great southern metropolis of Japan that Yokohama bears to the central one of Yeddo. Hiogo, opened quite recently to foreign commerce, is not especially successful. Since the opening of Japan, the population of Yeddo has been reduced from three millions to one million, chiefly by removals to Yokohama. On the contrary, Osaka has not materially declined, nor has Hiogo considerably increased. The foreign population of Hiogo is at most two hundred. The importance of its harbor is due to its double advantages as a port of Osaka and a gateway to the Inland Sea of Japan.

October 11*th.*—We dined yesterday with Mr. Senter's amiable family, and slept in the Japanese bungalow, now occupied as the Consulate, by the side of its pretty lotus-garden. Although the lotus has been held sacred from time immemorial as a divine symbol throughout the whole East, it is nevertheless indigenous only in tropical and semi-tropical climates. We now for the first time see in perfection on its native soil this magnificent flower, of which, "whosoever eateth wishes never again to depart, nor to see his native country, if it groweth not there."

Here the intelligent Japanese governor passed two hours with Mr. Seward, explaining the system of provincial administration, which seems very effective. He learns also that education of all classes is compulsory, and that the schools are maintained by taxation, which is remitted in behalf of the poor.

We went, this morning, on board a small coasting steamer, which was built in the United States for Japanese owners, and is managed exclusively by natives. The gulf of Osaka has pictu-

resque shores, thickly studded with villages, clustering at the water's edge. The sloping hills are terraced and irrigated, and their summits are planted with forests. The Temple of the Moon, standing on the highest peak of the mountain, reflected the morning sunlight

TEMPLE AT OSAKA.

from gilded roofs, resting on snow-white columns. The moon in Japan is a masculine deity. Is this exceptional idea due to the native jealousy of the gentle sex? Or is it owing to the fact that

it is a man's face and not a woman's that is seen in that benignant orb? *Quien sabe?*

It is the bar at Osaka which forces the ocean-trade to a harbor so distant as Hiogo. Our countryman, Admiral Bell, lost his life two years ago, in sounding it. Our steamer could not cross, though drawing only four feet.

Osaka, as early as the sixteenth century, became a great commercial city. Its temples, surpassing those of Yeddo in number, vie with those of spiritual Miako. As we approached the bar, we saw a gay Japanese yacht, of perhaps two hundred and fifty tons, moving slowly out to sea under a light wind. The sails were quaint, like the form of the vessel they impelled, which was brilliant with scarlet and blue paint and gilding. A daimio sat at the stern on the upper deck, gorgeously arrayed in silks and lacquer, surrounded by numerous retainers and a bevy of highly-painted and elegantly-dressed young women, who were entertaining him with a concert of guitars, flutes, and drums. Manifestly the daimio was giving his harem a picnic.

We were transferred here to a small, neat, flat-bottomed bamboo barge, with a canopy overhead and a deck covered with mats, in which we floated over the bar, and up to the great sea-wall of the city.

The confluence of two rivers with the sea makes the harbor of Osaka, like that of Charleston. The rivers are formed into canals, and connected at convenient intervals by cross-canals. Venice is not more noticeable for its gondolas and barges, nor Amsterdam for its pleasure-boats, than Osaka for its picturesque shallops covered with bright awnings of various colors. It is perhaps from the amusements of the regatta that the women in Osaka have acquired the fame of being the prettiest in the empire. Time served us to traverse only three or four of the thirty or forty canals, but sufficient to enable us to reach the more important monuments and institutions of the metropolis, to notice the regularity of the streets, the grace and lightness of the hundred cedar bridges, and to wonder at the immense traffic carried on by families who dwell in the vessels they navigate. The wealth and enterprise of Japan being

in the southern part of the empire, Osaka is the domestic main emporium.

While, for centuries, state policy required the daimios to reside a part of each year with their armed retainers at Yeddo, the political capital, the same daimios made their metropolitan homes in commercial Osaka. Here, on the banks of the canals, they erected palaces, with storehouses and wharves and offices. Here they received their rents in kind, and exchanged them in trade.

Between these palaces the canals are lined with cheaply-built dwellings, two stories high, with a veranda around the first story.

STREET IN OSAKA.

The lower story is a mercantile convenience, being washed with the tides and floods. The people seen in the streets here, as well as elsewhere in Japan, wear wooden shoes and dress coarsely. The nudity, so frequent at the north, becomes here more common and offensive. Crowds followed us with a curiosity which shows that few foreigners visit Osaka. Notwithstanding the mean appearance of dwellings and people, the city contrasts favorably with

Yeddo, in show of prosperity and affluence. Some of the temples are built within the areas of the princely palaces. More commonly, however, they are independent and spacious, and, like the palaces, accessible through canals and basins. They are on the same model with those at Yeddo, but more lavishly ornamented with allegorical carving, and statuary in granite and bronze. Men are seldom seen in or about the temples in Japan, but woman, poor, meek and ragged, though forbidden, steals in there, reverently paying her devotion to the gods and pitifully asking alms. How could woman endure existence anywhere on earth without the solaces of religion?

"From all ancienty to the present time," as a stump-orator, we once heard, expressed it, the Japanese have made their irregular and grotesque coins with the use only of the hammer. The government has just now established a mint at Osaka, with machinery of the latest invention, and equal, it is claimed, to the Philadelphia Mint. Here they are making new coins similar in form and device to those of the Western nations, the value being based on subdivisions of the Mexican dollar.

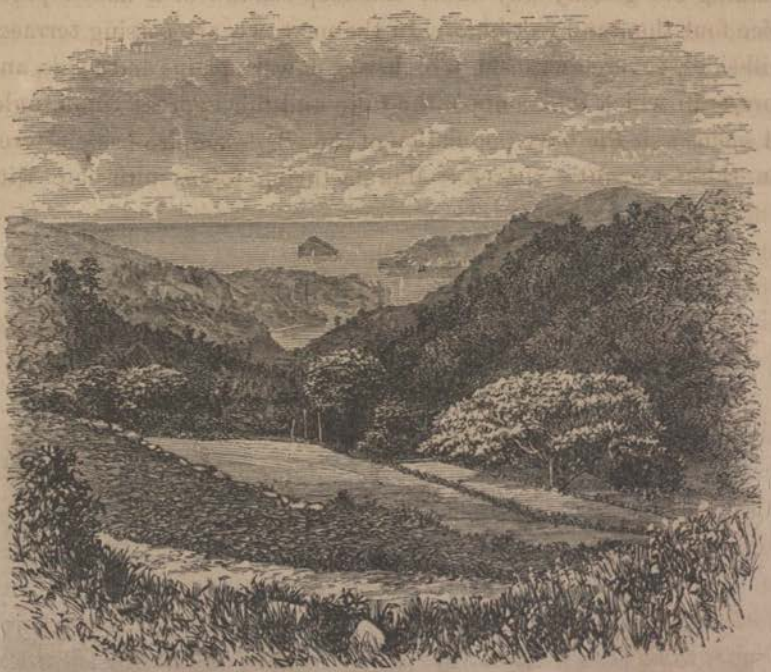
Livy has given us what he says was the speech of Romulus when he had founded Rome: "If all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts or the depths of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built." The Japanese might be excused if they should reverse this sentiment, and speak with great confidence of the security of the empire derived from ramparts and ditches. As with Yeddo, so with Osaka. Its boast is its castle, an imperial residence and fortress of mikados and tycoons. We tried ineffectually to obtain a measurement of some of the granite blocks of this structure. We think it safe, however, to say, that one of them is thirty feet long, fifteen feet high and five feet thick. No one knows where, when or how, such immense stones were riven at the quarry, and brought to the summit of the lofty hill, which overlooks the city of Osaka. The Tycoon in the late civil war, however, took possession of the castle with his forces, only to find it a prison, and insecure at that. He was dislodged by the Mikado's army, and made his escape on a United States steamer. Before leaving the citadel, he destroyed its defensive

works, so as to render it unavailable to the conqueror. Now used as a camp of instruction, it is as jealously closed against visitors as the castle at Yeddo. Instructions having come down from the capital to the Governor here, as well as to the one at Hiogo, to show consideration to Mr. Seward, we were conducted through the castle, and allowed to witness the drill, and at the same time were honored with a serenade from the trumpeters, which consisted of European artillery and cavalry calls jumbled together on French horns. The din and discord may be imagined. The bronze-faced native Japanese troops, lower than European in stature, and bow-legged, but dressed in French uniforms, recalled our recollections of the first organization of negro troops in the late civil war. The Japanese are not less docile and orderly, and they went through evolutions and drill, according to French tactics, commendably.

The Japanese umbrellas are the best as they are the cheapest in the world, but they could give us no protection from the rain-storm which overtook us in the dilapidated castle. Captain Kinder's family being the only European one in Osaka, took us in and dried our clothes, and gave us all we had time to take, "a hasty plate of soup." When we reached our yacht, black night with high winds shut out from us the beautiful gulf-shores, and so passed away Osaka, to be seen no more by us, for we have taken care not to eat of the "fruit of destiny," the lotus. The heaving of the steamer on the now roughened sea was uncomfortable, but the tossing and pitching of the small boat which conveyed us from the yacht to the side-ladder of the New York was dangerous and frightful.

Nagasaki, October 13th.—As Hiogo commands the southeast, so Nagasaki commands the northwest entrance of the Inland Sea. That sea is a tortuous passage, flowing between the North Pacific Ocean on the east and the Yellow Sea or Straits of Corea on the west coast of Japan, separating the northern island of Niphon from the southern islands of Toksima and Kiusiu. How and when was this channel made? Were the three mountain-islands which it separates once compact land, and did the ocean force its passage through? Was all Japan once submerged, and were the islands

thrown up in their present form? Who can say? Not we. Perhaps Agassiz might. We must content ourselves with writing that,



ENTRANCE TO NAGASAKI.

like most inland seas, this of Japan is marvellously beautiful. Four hundred miles long, of varying width, everywhere deep, it washes the shores of the main islands in some places, while in others it is broken into twenty narrower channels which break on the shores of uncounted lesser islands. In this the Inland Sea resembles our own Lake of the Woods, which takes its strange name from the fact that the island-surface enclosed within its shores exceeds in area the water-surface of the lake. These islands of the Inland Sea are said to be three thousand, but we are inclined to think that islands in groups like these are never accurately counted. Everybody speaks of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, without remembering that they are reckoned at eighteen hundred.

The channel twists around and among the islands in all directions, so that the headlands which we pass seem as fleeting as the clouds, producing ever-varying scenery. During one hour, we are making our gloomy way under the deep shadow of a naked precipice four thousand feet high. In the next, we are passing terraced hill-sides, covered with sunlit orchards, flowery plains and fields, and forests in which the bamboo, the tulip and the cypress commingle. It seems as if the busy population of the whole empire has clustered on these romantic shores. Manufacturing towns alternate with

NAGASAKI HARBOR.

fishing-villages, and every nook is filled with quaint and miniature shipping.

Night set in, and the bell summoned us to dinner as we were beginning to round a jutting promontory of the western shore. Shall we ever forgive Mr. Randall for beguiling us with his humorous stories until we were brought suddenly to our feet, by the

dropping of the anchor, and the firing of a gun, which announced to us that we had arrived in port?

A moonlight view of Nagasaki; fitting sequel of a two-days' voyage through the Inland Sea. We forgive Mr. Randall; the first view of Nagasaki ought to be by moonlight. The bay is small; we almost know, without being told, every object around us. These vessels on the larboard are Japanese ships-of-war. This steamer directly before us is a German man-of-war; this ship on our starboard quarter, with its black funnels and its stubbed masts, is the British admiral's flag-ship; and this long, narrow steamer is a Russian corvette. Beyond the area thus occupied by armed vessels are two American merchant-ships and forty awkward but seaworthy Chinese junks. On encircling hills, which rise two thou-

TEMPLE OF BUDDHA AT NAGASAKI.

sand feet out of the sea, are the temples and groves of Buddha. Those dark shades below them are hanging gardens in which the consulates and the merchants' residences are embowered. This ravine which stretches from the shore upward on the hill-side is the ancient native town; this quay on our right is the seat of active trade; this island just before us, hardly broader than a flat-boat, is the famous Decima, for two hundred years the mart and the prison, the boast and the shame of the Dutch traders in Japan; those terraced hill-sides opposite the town are the city of the dead; and this

VIEW OF DECIMA.

high, conical rock, which seems to close the passage to the sea, is Papenburg, memorable as the scene of the martyrdom of the early Jesuit teachers and converts in Japan.

What does this scene want to perfect its magic? Only music! Instant with the thought, the band on the German frigate delivers its national hymn, "Des Deutsche Vaterland;" then come swelling forth from the British flag-ship the inspiring notes of "God save the Queen;" and these only die away, when the solemn

national anthem of Russia, "Thou pious and gentle leader, shield of the church of believers, God be the protector and defender of our great Czar," grander than all, rolls over the sea.

Is not this glorious concert, under the flags of these great Christian nations, in these distant and lonely waters, suggestive? Mr. Seward answered, "Yes, but deceptive." The German is here lying in wait for his French enemy; the British admiral is here to intimidate the semi-barbarous races; and the Russian admiral is guarding the eastern gate of his master's empire, which towers behind and above Asiatic and European states on both continents. So it is that jealousy and ambition breathe in the notes of this majestic serenade.

October 14th.—It is because we cannot swim that we fear the deep. It is because we delight in climbing that we admire the high. While the flat is dull, the circle is our chosen form for the beautiful. Thus the amphitheatre, with its circular and lofty walls, was adopted for the Pantheon as well as for the Coliseum; though it has since been sometimes discarded from the temple, it remains nevertheless universally associated with the stage and the hippodrome. If we must live in a town, give us one which, like Nagasaki, is an amphitheatre, whose base is the sea, and whose towering walls are green and terraced mountains. It was under an inspiration like this that Peter on the mount said: "Master, it is good for us to be here. Let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." The preaching of Christianity here by St. Francis Xavier, in 1549, was followed by such success that, within fifty years afterward, Nagasaki was surrendered by its native prince to the Portuguese, and became at once the see of an episcopate, and an emporium of Portuguese trade. But Xavier little apprehended that the Order of Jesus, which he was introducing, would become so arrogant and ambitious as to contest with the native sovereign absolute dominion within the empire. The Portuguese Christians thus becoming obnoxious to the government, all foreigners were within the first hundred years excluded from Japan, under pain of death, while persecutions more cruel than those of Nero

were visited on the teachers and converts alike. A few Protestant merchants from Amsterdam, renouncing their religion, joined the government in the persecution of the Christians, and were permitted, under humiliating surveillance, to replace the Portuguese at Nagasaki. This truly pitiable colony was found here on the arrival of the United States squadron in 1853. It was understood, at that time, that the Christian faith had been effectually extirpated by the massacres at Papenburg. The world was astonished, however, in 1867, by a discovery that the Christian religion was still living in the province of Nagasaki, and that a large number of natives were condemned to death or servitude for their clandestine adherence to that faith. The Western nations interposed in their behalf. The government contented itself with forcibly deporting twenty-seven hundred of the offending Christians from their homes, and distributing them through the more distant provinces of the empire. This new persecution being thus arrested, it is manifestly the intention of the government now to adopt the principle of universal toleration.

It would be pleasant to dwell on the hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Mangum, and on the courtesies of the foreign fleets.

Yellow Sea, October 15th.—Leaving Nagasaki yesterday morning, we carefully examined Coal Island and the other islands which close the magnificent harbor. Nor did we omit to notice that marvellous rock, which, having been dropped nobody knows how or from where, is lodged like a wedge between two naked natural abutments. Our parting view of Japan was a sunset glimpse of the Goto Group, the western outpost of the Island Empire.

It is hardly more satisfactory to quit Japan after a residence of only twenty days, than it would have been to leave it altogether unvisited; nevertheless, there is Peking before us, "a bourn from which no traveller" can "return" later than November, and so we must onward. Let us set down our memories, such as they are, while they are fresh.

Although society in Japan is divided, as it is in every other country, into high classes and low classes, classes wearing two swords,

classes wearing one sword, and classes wearing no swords at all, yet the people are universally docile and amiable. We saw not one act of rudeness, and heard not one word of ill-temper, in the country. Heaven knows that, in the arrogant assumption by foreigners of superiority among them, the people have provocations enough for both! One of the Japanese ambassadors to the United States in 1867 was robbed at Baltimore of a richly-mounted sword. Neither he nor his government made any complaint. Mr. Seward fortunately recovered and restored it, with a national apology. Foreign residents in Japanese cities are often timid, jealous, and suspicious. Some are prone to exaggerate inconveniences into offences. Others are dogmatic and contemptuous. Even one of the most generous of American citizens, when driving Mr. Seward through the streets of Yeddo, could not forbear from cracking his whip over the bare heads of the native crowd. Mr. Seward endured this flourish silently, but he vehemently and earnestly implored his impetuous friend to spare a litter of sleeping puppies which lay in the way. Women and children shrieked as they caught up the mangled brutes behind the carriage-wheels, but the relentless charioteer only said: "It will never do to stop for such things; let them learn to keep their streets clear." Intimidation and menace naturally provoke anger and resentment. European and American fleets are always hovering over the coasts of Japan. Though the eye of the Japanese is long and curved, it sees as clearly as the foreign eye, which is round and straight. Human nature is the same in all races. Who could wonder if the Asiatics fail to love, where they are taught only to fear?

It would be manifestly unfair to judge the Japanese by the standard of Western civilization. Measured by the Oriental one, it cannot be denied that it excels the Asiatic states to whose system it belongs. The affections of family and kindred seem as strong here as elsewhere. There is no neglect of children; there is no want of connubial care; no lack of parental love or filial devotion. Nor is it to be forgotten that, in regard to domestic morals, we are giving the Japanese some strange instructions. On this very ship on which we have embarked, there is a German merchant who, after a

short but successful career in Yokohama, is returning rich to his native land; with him his child, a pretty brunette boy, two years old. The father brings him to us to be caressed. We ask, "Where is the Japanese mother?" "I have left her behind; she would not be fit to bring up the boy, or to be seen herself in a European country."

No one denies that the Japanese have both the courage and the politeness which belong to an heroic people. They are accused of practising fraud, cunning, and cruelty in war. Are they more vicious in this respect than other pagan or even Christian nations? Do not the records of war on our own soil contain a melancholy catalogue of similar crimes? Are not the pages which record Napoleon's great campaigns sullied by deeds alike unworthy of our race? The Japanese are sanguinary in civil war. Are they more so than the French were in their first great Revolution?

The painstaking culture which extends from the water's edge to the mountain-verge; the tedious manipulation practised in mechanism; and the patient drudgery of the coolies in the cities, in labor elsewhere performed by domestic animals, show that the Japanese are industrious. Though the empire has, from its earliest period, been isolated from the civilized world, yet the silks of that country were found among the richest freights of Venice. A Japanese bazaar is seen in every modern European city; and there is no drawing-room, museum, or palace in the world, which is completely furnished without Japanese fabrics.

They have no legislature, yet they have uniform laws, and these laws are legibly inscribed on tablets at every cross-road and market-place. Although science and literature in the West have borrowed little or nothing from these islands, the Japanese are nevertheless a reading and writing people. We hardly know whether Boston, Philadelphia, or New York shop-windows display greater number or variety of maps, books, charts and pictures, than the stalls of Yeddo, Osaka, or Miako.

Japan is populous, whether we allow it twenty millions, as some of our missionaries do, or fifty millions, as the prime-minister

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claimed in his conversation with Mr. Seward. Nevertheless, mendicity, though unrestrained by law, is less offensive than in Naples, or even in New York.

It would be a curious study to inquire how and when the severe feudal model of the middle ages of Europe obtained a place in Japan, or how it has continued so long among a people so mercurial, and yet so thoughtful. While in theory the Mikado is sovereign proprietor, the whole domain practically belongs to the daimios, who are rich. The revenues of many of them are not less than the public revenues of some of the States of our Federal Union. Though the peasantry are poor, we nowhere heard a complaint against rents or taxes, or the price of labor. Moreover, the Japanese, while they encourage immigration, never emigrate. We infer from these facts that, if not a happy people, they are at least a contented one.

They were a religious people when they accepted the Mikado, and gave him their reverence. They must have been a religious people, when they accepted from the Mikado the teachings of the Sintu sect; they must have been a religious people, when the doctrines of Buddha supplanted so generally the dreamy mysticisms of the earlier faith. Xavier found them a religious people, willing to accept the teachings of Christianity. But the religious age in Japan has passed. Confucian philosophy has undermined all mythological creeds, and left the Japanese a nation of doubters. Government now makes no provision for the support of religious orders. Their revenues, derived from ancient foundations, are diminishing. The priesthood is as inoffensive as it is poor. It may be expected that under this toleration the Christian faith will now, for the first time, come into public consideration in Japan in the way it ought to come, that is to say, in connection with the science, literature, and art, and the political, moral, and social institutions of the Western nations.

The Japanese are less an imitative people than an inquiring one. They are not, however, excitable concerning the events of the day, but rather diligent in studying what is useful. All their dramatic representations are didactic; and, though they have a fondness for

legerdemain, they enjoy it not because it is amusing, but because it makes them think from power to product, from cause to effect.

The most unpropitious feature of Japanese society is the grossness of the popular sense in regard to woman. Among the common people neither sex maintains decency in dress, and they use the public bathing-houses promiscuously. In Japan, as elsewhere throughout the East, there indeed is marriage, but it is marriage without the rights and responsibilities of that relation. This debasement of woman has tainted and corrupted the whole state. We are obliged to conclude that domestic virtue has not a prominent place in the morals of Japan, although some glimpses which we have had of life in the upper classes have inclined us to believe that among them vice is not altogether free from restraint.

Japanese history derives many of the institutions and much of the science, literature and morals of the country, not from China, but from ancient Corea, which seems to have taken precedence of China in civilization, as the Pelasgian civilization took precedence of the Grecian. The Japanese may, however, be considered as a distinct and independent Mongolian race, which has matured its own civilization, without having been deeply affected by intrusion from any quarter. In this respect the Japanese seem to have enjoyed a fortune like that of the Aztecs of Mexico. That people had developed a unique civilization, and were maturing it, when they came into conflict with European nations. The Mexican nation went down under the violence of the shock, and altogether disappeared. The Japanese had in like manner effected and were maturing a civilization of their own when they were reached by the Western nations. More advanced than the Aztecs, they more clearly apprehended the danger of the contact, and with great promptness and decision they effectually resisted and defeated European intervention. Having thus isolated themselves, they remained so nearly three hundred years. If they did not advance during that time, they did not fall back. That isolation, however, has at last come to an end; steam, the printing-press, and the electric telegraph, have brought the Western nations on all the shores of Japan. 'It is manifest that the two distinct and widely-

different civilizations cannot continue in such near contact. The great problem now is, whether the European civilization can be extended over Japan, without the destruction, not merely of the political institutions of the country, but of the Japanese nation itself. The Japanese are practically defenceless against the Western States. If they are to be brought completely into the society of those nations, it must either be by the application of force, or by that of persuasion and encouragement. The interests of both require that the latter mode should be adopted, but it yet remains to be seen whether Western civilization has reached such a moral plane as to secure its voluntary and peaceful adoption.

There is much of discouragement in the prospect. Few stationary or declining nations have been regenerated by the intervention of states more highly civilized. Most such have perished under the shock. On the other hand, there are some reasons for hope. Mankind seem at last to have risen equally above the theory that universal conquest is beneficent, and above the theory that it is possible. Commerce has largely taken the place of war, and it is now universally felt that interest and humanity go hand in hand. It is the distinction of the United States, and we may hope fortunate for Japan, that they have come to the front of the Western states as tutors of the decaying Asiatic nations.

If the tutorship of the United States in Japan is to be made successful, it must be based on deeper and broader principles of philanthropy than have heretofore been practised in the intercourse of nations—a philanthropy which shall recognize not merely the distinction of strength and power between nations, but the duties of magnanimity, moderation and humanity—a philanthropy which shall not be content with sending armies or navies to compel, but which shall send teachers to instruct, and establish schools on the American system, in which philosophy, politics and morals, as well as religious faith, are taught, with just regard to their influences in social and domestic life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COAST OF CHINA.

Woosung.—U. S. Ship Colorado.—Shanghai.—European "Concessions."—A Mandarin Procession.—Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen.—European and Chinese Civilization.—Foreign Prejudices against the Chinese.—The Shan Tung.—The Yellow Sea.—The News from France.—Chee-Foo, the Newport of China.—A Rough Voyage.

Woosung, October 17th.—A respite from politics, philanthropy and morals. Why should we not allow ourselves to see things in the natural way, not to say that there is little more to be learned of the nature of the millstone, by looking into it, than there is by studying its surface?

A great ocean-sight was reserved for us on the Yellow Sea. Just at sunrise this morning, unnumbered whales appeared off the larboard bow, first throwing up glittering fountains of spray, then rolling their great, glossy, black backs upward, then with their huge forked tails waving adieu as they plunged under the waves. The shoal waters of the Chinese coast have the hue of the Missouri, and give the Yellow Sea its name.

We have crossed the great estuary of the Yang-tse-kiang, and arrived at Woosung, the outer haven of Shanghai, fourteen miles below that city. The country is on all sides a low plain, without landmark. Only three days ago, we left Japan, green as if it were June; here the fields are dry and brown. We have October without its mellowness, and yet Shanghai is only one degree south of Nagasaki. Are islands always warmer and more genial than continental shores? Did Sancho Panza understand this when he

WOOSUNG.

stipulated for an island instead of a government on the mainland?

Many American and European merchant-ships are riding at anchor around us, while the river near its banks is crowded with native junks and fishing-smacks, not to speak of a fleet of thirty or more high and awkward, lazy-looking, small Chinese sloops-of-war, in all carrying two hundred guns. They display at their mast-heads figured and ornamental yellow bunting enough to cover their decks. How pleasant it is to us to recognize the United States flag-ship Colorado, sitting gracefully in the midst, as if calmly surveying the naval array! We have counted her guns, though we have no need to count her stars and stripes—we know that they are all there. Our glasses have failed to discover our old friend Admiral John Rodgers, but we know that he must be there. Who else could have ordered that double line of seamen in dark blue to cheer Mr. Seward as we are passing, and that band to strike up the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia?"

Shanghai, October 18th.—Consul-General Seward and a dozen other Americans, with kind consideration, took us from our anchorage, and brought us by steam-yacht to the "Bund."

Let no one, however, infer from this date that we have arrived in China. Shanghai, as we have thus far seen it, seems to us less like an outpost of the Central Flowery Kingdom, than a town on our native shores. This hospitable mansion of Russell & Company, all the other houses, this quay, this street, all the streets, this bridge, these churches, these banking-houses, warehouses, and steamers, these carriages and horses, these men and women, all that we have seen on the river or on shore, are European; for so they call here whatever is foreign, whether it has come from one side of the Atlantic or from the other. This is, in short, the "Concession."

We have enjoyed our first drive in the country, that is to say, an excursion of six miles through the "Concession." Is the air of constraint which the natives here wear in presence of foreigners due more to fear than to hate? These contracted concessions, made

by the government to foreigners, remind one of "the liberties," so called, which were drawn round jails in Europe and the United States before the abolition of imprisonment for debt. "You are safe within them; we guarantee nothing outside of them." Neither party looks with pleasure on "the Concession." The foreigner wants it enlarged; the native dislikes it altogether.

While writing these not very profound reflections, we were summoned to the great gate of "the Compound," to see for the first time a mandarin procession.

MANDARIN PROCESSION.

It is the custom of a mandarin, when he moves abroad on social or official visits, to be attended by as many retainers as he has, or can hire. He proceeds, dressed in silken robes, in a sedan-chair,

with a square, glaring, scarlet canopy, borne by coolies, over his head. Fantastic groups go before and behind the chair, dressed in faded finery, carrying umbrellas of all forms and colors, huge gilded maces and staves, banners, flags, and pennons, incomprehensible, but fiery red and ragged. A straggling company of musicians leads the procession, while others mingle with it promiscuously, all beating and banging on noisy gongs, clattering sticks, and deafening drums. The procession in the present case was of double dignity and importance: it conveyed two mandarins instead of one. Falstaff's "tattered prodigals," although he had "misused the king's press," were less grotesque. We thought that as the mandarins approached they appeared unbecomingly eager to show themselves. We did them injustice. Leaning from their chair-windows they bowed low and gesticulated reverentially as they passed us. To our surprise, we recognized in their persons Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen, survivors of the late lamented Burlingame in the great Chinese embassy which visited the United States in 1868, and which took final leave of Mr. Seward at his residence in Auburn.

"Wot I look at," said Samuel Weller, "is the hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence." Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen, since they parted with us, have spent two years in accomplishing their eastern voyage around the world, and they have reached Shanghai on the very day we have arrived here in our western circumnavigation!

The pageant passed quickly by, and we returned to our chamber. How absurd this exhibition had seemed; how differently it made the ambassadors appear here, from the show they made abroad! "Yes," said Mr. Seward, "it is even so; it is an evidence of the decay of the empire. States, like individual men, retain their pride long after they have lost the means to support it."

Somehow it happens that, wherever we go, the resting-places of the dead attract our attention before the homes of the living. The peculiarity of burial here is, that the tombs rise in great hillocks, everywhere in the cultivated fields, and even in the gardens. So far as we have observed, the monuments are few, cheap, and inelegant.

Shanghai, October 19th.—Shanghai is immensely agitated concerning the recent massacre at Tien-Tsin. We find European volunteers, a hundred strong, drilling for defence against an apprehended Chinese invasion of "the Concession." Mrs. Seward, the consul-general's wife, has just presented those volunteers with a standard of colors. Everybody is astonished at Mr. Seward's rashness in going to Peking at the very moment they understand that all the foreign legations there are coming to this port for protection, under the guns of their respective nations. Admiral Rodgers, with his staff, called upon Mr. Seward to-day. Although it is impossible for the Colorado to ascend the Pei-ho to Tung-Chow, he considers it his duty to visit the capital personally. He has arranged to accompany Mr. Seward there next week.

Mrs. Warden, our hostess, last night had the entire foreign society of Shanghai at a ball, which, although given in honor of Mrs. Seward, the bride, had been postponed until our arrival.

Gentlemen largely predominate in European Shanghai. The recent arrival of so many American ladies was deemed a social event. Our lady-friends at home will be interested in knowing that all China furnishes not one mantua-maker or milliner. The dresses for the ladies come on orders from Paris, London, or New York. Native women have no need of European costumes. The work here of the seamstress and tailor is done exclusively by men. They come to your house and execute your commands quickly, patiently, and cheaply, and in doing so they faithfully copy every pattern you give them, and omit nothing. We are inclined to think that the story of the American merchant who ordered a dozen pairs of yellow nankeen pantaloons, and, sending as a pattern a pair which had been torn and patched, received twelve pairs similarly patched in execution of his order, is not altogether an invention.

The contrast between European and Chinese civilization was presented sharply to us this morning in our passage from open European Shanghai, with its population of three thousand, to the native town of Shanghai, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, shut up within a circular wall twenty-five feet high, and two

CUSTOM-HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

and one-third miles in circumference. We do not think that any youth of our own day, however vigorous his arm, however strong the sling or heavy the pebble he might use, could reduce that wall, which was built doubtless in the time of Kublai Khan, but we would not answer for its standing against such an arm or weapon as that which brought down the giant of the Philistines. The town was easily captured by the English in 1843. When we had passed within the gates, and saw the narrow streets, and the crowded structures, built of the most combustible materials, we wondered what can be the Chinese idea in keeping up the wall, which, in case of conflagration, must render escape impossible. Native Shanghai, like the foreign settlement, is built on an alluvial soil, and is insalubrious, though reclaimed many centuries ago. This city is the seat of an immense inland trade, in which the tropical products of Southern China, with the hardier ones of Central China, are exchanged over the Yang-tse-kiang and the Imperial Canal for the timber, cattle, cereals, wool, and other products of Northern China, Mongolia, Mantchooria, and Russia. The annual exports of the town exceed in value the whole mineral production of the United States. It need not be said, therefore, that its merchants are shrewd, industrious and prosperous. It is marvellous how they have crowded so small an area with warehouses, manufactories, shops, gardens, theatres, dwellings, and temples. All these are built on a scale so small and mean, that, though each structure proves adequate to its purpose, it is only a miniature model or a toy. Nevertheless, the people of the town manifested much pride in showing us their contracted dwellings built or exquisitely ornamented with cedar and other fragrant woods, their miniature lakes filled with dwarf mountains which sometimes rise to the enormous height of thirty feet, and which the Chinese imagination magnifies into a range of Himalayas. We found there, besides tea-houses vastly finer than any in Japan, numerous guildhalls elaborately ornamented, in which boards and other associations of merchants and manufacturers daily congregate to discuss matters of trade, and such politics as they have. With all this, there is not one street accessible by carriage of any kind. The visitor is even obliged to leave his sedan-

chair at the gate, and make his way through crowded lanes at most six or eight feet wide. Surface drainage is used, and the streets are so offensive and disgusting that every European in the "concession" warns the stranger against going there.

Contrary to what we saw in Japan, the native Chinaman shows not the least emulation or imitation of Western customs and manners. All his ways manifest a spirit of self-assertion and independence, if not a contemptuous one. We now comprehend the puzzle of the Chinaman in San Francisco. The scenes which the European avoids here by taking refuge within the "concession" are continually present with him wherever he moves in San Francisco. It is probable that the contact will work an improvement in Chinese morals and manners there, sooner than the separation will bring out that result here.

But we eschewed philosophy for to-day, and here we have fallen into it again.

Shanghai, October 20th.—A renewal to-day of yesterday's Chinese procession, but with a sequel. Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen visited Mr. Seward, and announced to him the success of their diplomatic labors in Europe, condoled with him on the death of Mr. Burlingame, thanked Mr. Seward over and over again for the aid they had received from him in their mission, and dwelt long and gratefully on the hospitalities which they had enjoyed in the United States. Mr. Seward inquired their lodgings, and expressed his intention of returning their visit. They thanked him, but insisted that he should not do so. They said, "We are living in a Chinese inn, in the old city. Neither the tavern nor the city is worthy or fit to receive you." When he persisted, they replied: "No, no, we will come to you here, but we are unable to entertain. Even when we were with you at Auburn, and you promised to come to China, we thought how unworthy we were to receive such a visit. Now, since we have compared so much that we have seen abroad with what we are at home, we know this better."

It is a disappointment to us. What we want to do is to study China and Chinese ways. This study is the last one that can be

made among the foreign population of Shanghai. In that circle, Chinese affairs are generally ignored. With the exception of an occasional philanthropic observer, they talk in that society chiefly of French defeats and German victories, of London fashions, Oxford boat-races, and American inferiority to Europeans in diplomatic and consular etiquette. If they talk at all of China, it is against the Burlingame Treaty, with asseverations that it is an utter absurdity to expect any good thing to come out of China, except through blockade and bombardment. Possibly, this is an exaggeration resulting from the massacre at Tien-Tsin, and represents the transient rather than the settled opinion of the foreign population.

Happily this distrust of the Chinese does not affect or disturb trade. A large part of the coasting-trade of China is in foreign hands, and is conducted chiefly by the Shanghai Steam-Navigation Company. That company has built wharves one thousand feet long, which are covered with warehouses, here called "go-downs." From these wharves the company dispatches eighteen coastwise steamers, an average of one per day. These are chiefly American-built, and they enter all the treaty ports of the empire. How miserable the prejudices to which we have adverted seem to us, in view of the fact that this immense development of foreign navigation and commerce is not only permitted by the Chinese Government, but is encouraged by it! It seems the more unreasonable when we reflect that now, after more than twenty years of international intercourse, the United States have not one grievance against the Chinese Government unredressed, or one demand unsatisfied.

It is pleasing to meet, here, "John Brown's soul marching on." At Mrs. Warden's ball, a colored man named Butler was received on a footing with the other guests. This Mr. Butler, who is equally modest and intelligent, is a native of Washington, and was born a slave of Commodore Rodgers, the father of the present admiral. He is here superintendent of the "go-downs," and charged with the entire freighting business of the Shanghai Steam-Navigation Company, receiving for his services a salary of four thousand dollars.

Steamship Shan Tung, October 22d.—"Situated as we are and circumstanced as we are," it seems to us that we are out on a picnic, which, though it threatens to be long, promises much of interest. We have left Mr. and Mrs. Randall at Shanghai. At eleven o'clock last night, Mr. Warden, whom we have found as wise as he is kind, drove us to the "Bund," where we were received by the aforesaid superintendent Butler, who had set ship and shore ablaze with an illumination of Chinese lanterns in honor of Mr. Seward. With this magnificent display, we were brought on board this pretty steamer which remains still attached to the wharf. It is one hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-four feet across the beam; its state-rooms and cabins are more spacious than those usually found on our rivers and lakes at home, and we enjoyed in them a sounder sleep last night than the excitement and hilarity at Shanghai had before allowed us.

At six this morning—

> "The ship was cheered,
> The harbor cleared,
> Merrily did we drop—"

down the river to Woosung, where a friendly summons from the Colorado brought us to, and Mr. Seward received her salute of fifteen guns. Under this friendly fire, Admiral Rodgers came on board the Shan Tung with an attendance of seven officers, a guard of twenty-seven marines, and the brass band of his flag-ship. With this gallant accession, we have crossed the bar at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang, here thirty miles wide, and are once more afloat on the Yellow Sea, bound for the now much-dreaded colder regions of the north.

Taking up the Shanghai newspaper, we read the news of the overthrow of the Second Empire of France, and the establishment of a provisional government at Paris.

Everybody asks Mr. Seward, "Will France now restore the Orleans dynasty, or will it be the elder branch of the Bourbons?" He answers, "I think France will henceforth be a republic, not because the country is prepared for it, but because it has at last

both sufficiently tried and exploded monarchy and imperialism." "This," said one of our friends, "is a bold prophecy to make under the shadow of an empire which is five thousand years old, while the

MOUTH OF THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

republic is only an experiment of one hundred years in America and in Switzerland." He replied: "The first Napoleon predicted that, within fifty years, Europe would either be Cossack or republican. Monarchies and empires are of the past. The republic is the institution of the present and future."

"By the deep, twenty-four fathoms." Deep water this, though the waves still glisten with the yellow sands of the great river. The ship rocks, and we rest.

Yellow Sea, Latitude 34° 30′, *Sunday, October* 23*d.*—Although we certainly did lose one whole day on shipboard on the Pacific, and although it seems to us that we waste much time on shore, we find nevertheless, on counting the weeks, and measuring the distances, that we are moving rapidly. Only last Sunday, we entered the Yellow Sea from Japan. To-day, after a week of observation and festivity at Shanghai, we have made one-third of our long

projected voyage to Tien-Tsin. Who can reckon on the seasons? We came on board, prepared with furs and blankets, and shrinking with fear of tempests. Nevertheless, the heavens are smiling, and the Yellow Sea is smooth as Owasco Lake. The band, perhaps because we are travelling in the hemisphere of the heathen, has brought no sacred music. Happily, it has not forgotten its lessons from the opera. So we were awakened and brought to the deck this morning by the "Dies Iræ" chorus from "Faust." For evening we have stipulated for the prayer in "Der Freischütz." Although we have no missionaries on board, we have come to regard Sunday at sea as a day of rest, even more privileged and happy than at home. We have offered from the deck thanks for our own preservation as grateful, and prayers for friends at home, we trust, as fervent, as those which may be made there to-day, "for persons going to sea." We have just passed the mouth of the Hoang-ho—the Yellow River—the second of the two great rivers of China.

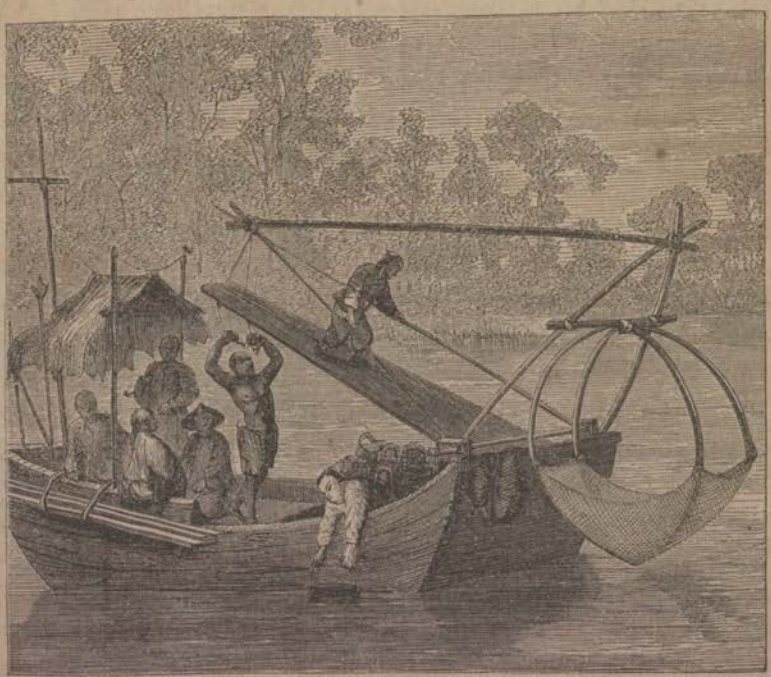
Steamer Shan Tung, October 24th.—We rounded this morning the noble granite promontory Shan Tung, which is the most eastern landmark of China proper, and gives its name to one of the most extensive of the eighteen provinces which constitute the empire. It is the water-shed between the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee and the basin of the Yellow River. It is across the western end of this promontory that the Imperial Canal bears the exchanges of Southern and Central China with those of the metropolis and the outlying provinces of Mantchooria and Mongolia. Besides some fishermen's huts on the beach, we saw only one structure on the promontory, a Buddhist temple. The whole coast of the promontory is held sacred in China as pertaining to the birthplace of Confucius.

The appearance of a troop of soldiers winding down the mountain-side reminded us that the Tien-Tsin massacre has been followed by profound apprehensions of foreign war. A lonely, basaltic rock towers above the sea at the foot of the promontory—a monument that the land once came there, and that the wasting ocean has cut it off. But this monument, like all those erected by human hands,

PROMONTORY OF SHAN-TUNG.

is not destined to endure. It is already broken, and the sea is flowing through it. Fishing-smacks flock like gulls around the base of the promontory.

The junk is an odd-looking affair. It lies low in the water. All its timbers are quaintly carved, and it is painted as gayly as if designed for a regatta. Practically speaking, it is a double-ender, and its awkwardly-rigged and ill-shapen rudder distinguishes it



CHINESE FISHING-SMACK.

from all other sea-craft which have been built since Noah's ark. On either side of the bow there is never wanting a huge eye. We asked a Chinese seaman the significance of that ornament. He promptly replied, "Junk no have eye, no can see!" It is a remarkable coincidence that not only the boats but the houses of the Alaska Indians are furnished with eyes. Although China has never been a maritime power, and is not likely soon to become

one, it has an internal navigation which has never been and never can be equalled elsewhere.

Personal coincidences thicken. This morning, one of the marines communicated to Admiral Rodgers, through the offices of William Freeman, that he was not unknown to Mr. Seward. The admiral promptly instituted an inquiry, which resulted in the marine's coming to the quarter-deck, and being recognized there by Mr. Seward as a soldier who served on the escort which attended him through Alaska last year, and that his knowledge of Mr. Seward had begun in his having been put on guard at his house in Washington, on the night of the President's assassination. Need we say that he was glad to renew his acquaintance with one who had been a defender on two such memorable occasions?

Steamer Shan Tung, October 26th.—Bearing westward from Shan Tung, we after some hours entered the harbor of Chee-foo, nearly surrounded by hills. Thus far we have seen nothing sublime, nor even any thing picturesque in China. The northern shores are only more pleasing than those about Shanghai, because they are slightly elevated and slightly undulating. Naked and barren at this season, one might well mistake the region about Chee-foo for the California coast.

The United States war-steamer Benicia saluted us as we entered the harbor, and her officers came on board. Chee-foo is one of the last-opened ports of China. The foreign settlement numbers only one hundred. The native population is variously estimated at twenty-five thousand to eighty thousand. The agent of the Steam-Navigation Company received us on a well-constructed stone wharf, and has entertained us in the kindest manner. We have made an excursion in chairs to an eminence that overlooks the town and harbor, and found there a ruin, but were unable to determine whether the structure was a temple, an observatory, or a watch-tower. From its dilapidated walls we counted two hundred vessels of all sorts and sizes anchored in the bay, although Chee-foo confines itself exclusively to the coast-trade. In this trade, pressed tea prepared for the Russian market in the form of bricks, and

scarcely more nutritious, is the chief article. A large and delicious native grape cultivated here is highly esteemed in all the cities of China, but no wine is made.

Descending the hill, we enjoyed the walk on the smooth sand-beach. Chee-foo is a summer resort of foreigners—the Newport of China. The bungalows, however, are now vacant. One of them, which was built by a missionary, cost ten thousand dollars.

The gentlemen of our party, having recovered their land-legs, and been furnished with stout native ponies, made a scrub-race on the beach. The admiral, "who carries weight for age," was distanced by the consul-general. Our friends at home will be pleased to learn that the whole party furnished themselves here with pongees, suitable for wear in the tropics, at twenty-five cents a yard.

We left Chee-foo at eight in the evening, and at eleven o'clock we "caught it." As we kept near the coast, the sea was shoal and sand-colored. A strong land-wind arose and blew the water into ridges thirty or forty feet high, and our course obliged us to travel continually in the trough. The wind increased to a gale, and the steamer rocked. How she did rock! Those two of our naval friends who were left in a condition to do any thing, declare that they counted twenty-four rollings of the steamer from one side to another in sixty seconds. It must be confessed, however, that Lieutenant Wheeler and Mr. Pillsbury are somewhat suspected of waggery. But it must also be remembered that, at the time they made this solemn declaration, they supposed themselves to be very nearly *in articulo mortis*. Only the admiral kept his feet, Mr. Seward, with feet braced, being lashed in his chair to strong iron stanchions at the centre of the middle deck. The ladies were packed, wedged, and wadded in their berths. "Admiral," asked Mr. Seward, "is this rolling and tumbling a customary experience of yours?" "No," answered the admiral with not less than his usual gravity, "this vessel has a motion entirely unknown to me." "Captain," said Mr. Seward to the master of the Shan Tung," is this rolling a chronic habit of your ship?" "No," replied the captain, "she only practises it in the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee." Most of the Colorado's marines, and all the musicians except two, were

helpless. Nothing that was loose remained in place; furniture, trunks, bags, and boxes, bundles of pongee and baskets of Chee-foo grapes, went sliding and jamming and punching, backward and forward, and every way, until our pretty dancing-room gave a heterogeneous clattering worse than a *séance* of the Davenport brothers. In all this noise, confusion, and danger, it may well be imagined there was no sleep at night, no breakfast in the morning, and no lunch at noon. The storm abated and the sea began to subside at three o'clock. At four, the good admiral required such of the musicians as were sound or convalescent, to play selections of Offenbach, by way of enticing sea-sick passengers from their state-rooms. But even "La Belle Hélène" and "La Grande Duchesse" alike failed in this sad and trying emergency. There was neither talking, nor dining, nor wining, until we dropped anchor at nine o'clock in the open roadstead of Taku. Here in that roadstead we are now, waiting for the tide to carry us over the bar at the mouth of the Pei-ho River.

There is little show of commerce about us. As yet we see no land, and only a dozen vessels, like our own, riding at anchor. We are having a first experience of cold. The mercury has fallen to 50°.

Ten o'clock.—We have dined. The pilot has come on board. The musicians are playing their notes, and we are writing up ours. We hope that the dance which we have left for that purpose will keep on till the tide changes.

CHAPTER V.

UP THE PEI-HO RIVER.

Mouth of the Pei-ho.—Chinese Forts.—American Guns.—The Most Crooked and Mean of Rivers.—Chinese Dogs.—A Misunderstanding.—Captain Wang.—Our Flotilla.—The City of Tien-Tsin.—Aspect of the Country.—Our Boat Life.—Absence of Animals.—A Messenger from Peking.—A Chinese Trader.—Tung-Chow.

Pei-ho River, October 27th.—We passed the bar at three this morning, having only twelve feet water, while the Shan Tung draws twelve feet four inches. Thanks to the sandy bottom, we have come safely over. With the exception of our peeps into the native cities of Shanghai and Chee-foo, we have so far only seen Europe in China. Now China and the Chinese have opened themselves to us. Taku is the outer port of Tien-Tsin, and is fortified. Though the works are not remarkable for construction, they have proved very effective defences by reason of the marshes which prevent the near approach of an enemy. We counted one hundred and fifty guns in position, some of which are of American make. The forts seem not strongly garrisoned. It was impossible for us to ascertain whether the wide-spread settlements through which we passed after crossing the bar, and which contain a population of half a million, are one great city, or a hundred or more busy villages. But we learn that, statistically regarded, Taku consists of three villages, Taku, Siku, and Sangku. A leading business is the trade in salt, which is made on the sea-shore, and deposited in large quantities on the banks of the rivers. The channel is crowded with junks, while only one, two, or three for-

eign vessels ascend or descend it daily. We might well know that we have attained a higher latitude. The dwelling-houses here are built, not of wood, but of adobe walls, with chimneys; the streets as narrow as those of old Shanghai. As we advance up the river, we can distinguish farms, with spacious and comfortable dwellings and out-buildings. The Pei-ho seems the most crooked and mean of all rivers. Only such a people as the Chinese could have made such a stream a channel of continental commerce. It is about as wide in most places as our steamer is long. It flows over alluvial sands; the water is used for irrigating the flat plain. To us, who are novices here, the cultivation seems successful, and even marvellous; nevertheless, we are informed that this is the most barren region of the empire. The cereals and vegetables are not different from those of New York and Pennsylvania, though more various. They have white, tulip-shaped cabbages, turnips of many kinds and sizes, peas, lentils, wheat, Indian-corn, oats, millet, beans, lettuce, and onions; occasionally rice, potatoes, and sweet-potatoes.

Approaching Tien-Tsin, we find the old familiar obstruction of the "overslaugh" near Albany. The boat goes around every five minutes, and sometimes, at a bend in the river, suddenly converts itself into a bridge. It is doubtful whether we shall reach Tien-Tsin until another flood. To increase our discomfort, it began to rain at one o'clock at night, and it still pours, and the mercury in both thermometer and barometer is falling.

Tien-Tsin, October 28th.—Persevering all night, through all obstacles, we reached and grappled "the Bund" of the foreign settlement at noon. Here steam-navigation ends. We must stop and see what next. Tien-Tsin seems worthy to be the entrepot of foreign commerce, as it is at the head of inland navigation. To estimate its trade, one has but to look at the flags of all nations on the merchantmen and men-of-war, in the crowded and contracted harbor. These flags were successively dipped and our own national steamship, the Ashuelot, saluted us as we worked our way to the wharf. The French naval commander and the British and Russian consuls have already come on board with friendly greet-

ings. The foreign settlement is small, but, contrasted with the native suburbs, makes a very respectable appearance.

October 29th.—We have had a jar in our party. With dismal, cold weather, and with muddy streets on the land, we necessarily remain on board.

A Strauss waltz, suggestive of a dance, was struck up by the band after dinner, probably at the request of the younger officers at the foot of the table. Reflecting on the excitement produced at this moment, not only in China, but throughout the world, by the recent massacre of Christians in this very place, Mr. Seward remonstrated against the festivity. The young people reluctantly acquiesced, but they are consoled this morning by his admission that we had a *noche triste.*

We have had a busy day. The gentlemen have secured a fleet of flat-bottomed sail-boats with crews, in all numbering one hundred men. All the party have been engaged in preparing stores and packing, intending to embark this evening. Meanwhile, Mr. Seward, with the admiral, has been entertained with an inspection of the Ashuelot.

CHINESE DOGS.

The foreigners in China have not forgotten, among the humanities, their interest in the canine race. Dogs of every kind have come on board, as if appreciating the sympathies of civilization—the Newfoundland dog, the Australian hound, the Russian blood-hound, and the universal black-and-tan terrier; but, far prettier than all those very familiar friends, are a pair of spaniels, purely bred from Chinese stock, which have come in the staff of the Russian consul-general. They are small, and of a pinkish-brown, without a black hair. There is a tradition that Charles I. received the progenitor of this race, in England, as a present from the Emperor of China. It is that identical dog lying on the hearth-rug that Horace Walpole describes as a "plumy wreath."

Ten o'clock at night.—

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft aglee."

The boats did not come to time. This afternoon a chair was provided for Mr. Seward, and a Mongolian pony for each one of the suite who chose. This animal, like our Canadian pony, has great strength and endurance. Supposing that the plan for the excursion was fully understood by all, Mr. Seward went ashore and sat down in his chair, on "the Bund." At this moment, some one asked Mr. George F. Seward if he were going to ride. He answered, "No." On this, the inquirer informed Admiral Rodgers that Mr. Seward was engaged, and would not ride. The whole party at this moment galloped off, leaving Mr. Seward sitting in his chair, surrounded by his eight coolie bearers, not one of whom spake or understood a word of English. They waited for orders in Chinese, which, although Mr. Seward could give in English, there was no person to interpret.

At the first turn in the road, the equestrians looked back for their chief. He was not there. Inquiry being made, the admiral answered that Mr. Seward was not coming out. This satisfied them for the time, but on further reflection a doubt arose whether he had so capriciously changed his purpose. So the whole party,

under apprehensions for his safety, returned on their track for a rescue. They found him at a distance of half a mile from the Bund, pressing on with his eight coolies and a mounted guide. After this *faux pas*, we passed over a broad plain covered with crumbling tombs and neglected graves, and then came to a high outer wall, which stretches across from the Chinese city to the bank of the river. The wall was erected during the last combined British and French invasion. It is an earthwork with a narrow, shallow moat, a glacis twenty feet wide, and a frail parapet with frequent embrasures, which impart to it an ornamental effect. The admiral says that the work would be of no use as a defence, but he has not a high estimate of Chinese military science. However that may be, the glacis furnished us a delightful ride, with beautiful vistas, through the parapets, across the bastions and under the crowning martello towers.

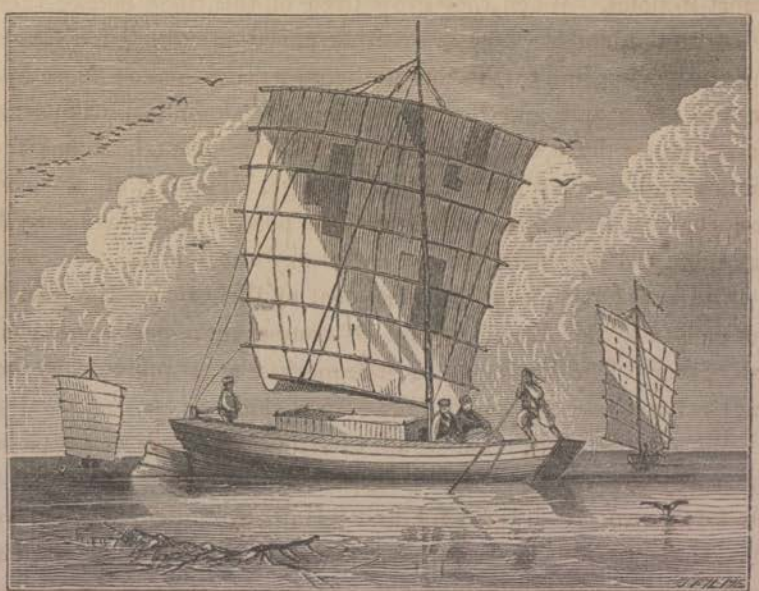
The Chinese know as well how to utilize their temples as we know how to improve our churches for hospitals in time of war. Attracted by massive portals and high outer walls, we crossed the plain to examine a Buddhist temple, standing on a slight elevation and overlooking the river. We found it had been long ago converted into a powder-magazine. Certainly the place is a fitting one. Miles around it is one vast suburb of the dead.

Adieu, Shan Tung, with your morning martial promenades, your *recherché* dinners, your quiet card-parties, your evening concerts and balls, your rollings, your pitchings, and your groundings and your tumblings! When shall we see another seaman like Captain Hawes?

Hail to thee, flat-bottomed boat number four of the Pei-ho squadron, with thy single main-sail, thy four poles, and thy one tow-rope! Hail, Captain Wang, and your meek and patient four! Whatever perils await us under your conduct, we are insured at least against a watery grave.

Shall we describe the flotilla? The admiral has numbered and registered the vessels, one, two, three, up to fifteen. They vary in dimensions, and, though coarsely, are all strongly built. Each has one cabin, less than five feet wide at the floor, and one raised bunk

behind it for sleeping-room. It has cost some care to distribute among the boats a party so large and so very much mixed. Number one leads. It bears the Stars and Stripes, and carries the United States consul-general, Mrs. Seward, and their Chinese servants. Number two, without colors, bears the two other ladies; and number three is the flag-ship of Admiral Rodgers, his secretary, and servants, and floats the national ensign taken from the Colorado. Number four, under a broader flag, carries Mr. Seward and the



BOATS ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

faithful Freeman. It is the largest ship in the fleet, thirty feet long, and twelve feet beam. Of the whole fleet, only number four has a stove, and this is borrowed from the Ashuelot. Its cabin, therefore, is our writing-room. Wang tells us this boat is an inheritance from his father, and has been in constant use fifty-four years. Number five carries Mr. Middleton and Mr. Rodman; numbers seven and eight, officers of the admiral's staff; number nine is the dining-room of the party; numbers ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,

fourteen, and fifteen, have on board, the band, the marines, stores, and baggage.

Each boat has its sunken cabin with a dark hold under the forward deck, which is occupied by the crew. The cabins are enclosed with upright slabs, removable at pleasure. They are old and full of crevices, and exclude neither the rain nor the cold. The boat has a single mast forward of the cabin and before the cabin-door, on which a small cotton sail is rigged with a single reef, upon a bamboo-spar. When the wind does not serve, the boatmen resort to poles. When they grow tired of this, they betake themselves to the banks, which are neither paved nor graded. Attaching the towing-line to the top of the mast, they make a loose knot on the other end, and throw it over their shoulders. Thus harnessed, they draw the boat up the stream. Each boat has four coolies, and we pay for the whole voyage, including all the costs and charges, six dollars a day for each boat, if we travel only by daylight, and nine dollars if we travel day and night.

Our naval friends have a mess-boat of their own; the rest of the party use the dining-room. Of course, these parties entertain each other. The musicians and the marines are supplied with their navy-rations, and the coolies take care of themselves.

We started with a fair wind this morning, and, as we passed the shipping, our band made the acknowledgments we owed to the foreign vessels, by playing first "Hail Columbia," then "God save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," and all the other national anthems. The friendly ships and the consulates on shore lowered their flags, and gave us cheers and encouraging salutations. It was not doubtful that the gallant officers regarded our ascent to Peking, at this painful juncture, as an adventure not altogether free from danger.

The serpentine voyage of three miles brought us to the Chinese city of Tien-Tsin, enclosed within a stone-wall forty feet high, surmounted with watch-towers, and four miles in circuit. Suburbs, densely inhabited, crowd the river on both sides. The population is stated to us here at a million and a half. Travellers generally estimate it at half a million. We may well accept the higher figure,

for such a scene of crowded though silent activity we never saw. Except the charred walls, broken towers, and shattered battlements of the Roman Catholic cathedral and convent lately destroyed, there is not one massive or pretentious structure. Narrow streets divide monotonous blocks of one story and two story buildings. Every small space is filled with countless, moving multitudes. There is no ferry, but the bridge of boats is crowded with a mass of men and boys such as "Fulton Ferry" presents on a holiday. Chinese boats choke the channel. We thought we never should get through the town, but we did. We saw an army of ten thousand men, infantry and cavalry, enter the city as we passed the western gate. At a distance the array was imposing, but, as we neared it, we discovered a woful lack of uniformity, as well in dress as in arms and equipments. The infantry arm varied from a wooden club of three feet long, to a matchlock with a seven-foot barrel; the music thoroughly discordant, but the yellow banners were frequent, gay, and gorgeous.. The march was as straggling and disorderly as the return of the troops from Bull Run to Washington. It is notorious that, since the massacre, the Chinese have been gathering a large army at Tien-Tsin. Foreigners say it is a preparation for war; Chinese official persons, on the contrary, assure us that it is a precaution against further outbreaks here. It is too early, however, for us to speak on this exciting topic. On the west side of Tien-Tsin, as on the east, the plain presents a vast and cheerless field of sepulture. Leaving this behind us, we come through cultivated fields, with vegetable-gardens hanging over the water's edge. Here we are planting our stakes and tying up for the night, in such order as the admiral directs. He has posted a guard around us. No one passes without giving the countersign, and each passing hour is called as the hushed night rolls on. It is cold, and we shrink into our cabins to meditate as we may on the strange scenes and men around us.

On the Pei-ho, October 30th.—Thanks to our commissary who procured, and thanks to the generous friends at Tien-Tsin who lent us the blankets and furs, we have enjoyed a comfortable sleep

in our most uncomfortable of boats. We waked in a drizzling rain, the thermometer at 38°. In such an atmosphere, comfort is impossible without exercise, which can only be obtained by walking on the slippery clay banks of the river, for, although it is a canal, it has no towing-path. The Imperial Canal, the greatest work of that kind in the world, leaves the Pei-ho at Tien-Tsin, crosses the Yellow River, and debouches into the Yang-tse-kiang, but it has lesser slack water and other contrivances, which extend the navigation to Canton. The Pei-ho River at Tien-Tsin is navigated eighty miles to Tung-Chow, the appointed terminus of our present voyage, which is fifteen miles distant from Peking.

The country is level and monotonous, but more sterile as we advance. Although the inhabitants are poor, they seem hardy, busy, and contented. There is no forest as far as the eye can reach, only a few poplars and willows, the natural products of an alluvial soil, kept as shade-trees. It is not easy to discover how the immense population procure the fuel necessary in so cold a climate. We bought coal, of an inferior quality, at a large price, at Tien-Tsin. Our coolies, in cooking, burn only dry stalks of Indian-corn.

While puzzling ourselves over that problem, we discovered great rafts of timber which choke navigation. Where could this timber have come from? Could it have come down the stream? If up the stream, where was it shipped? On inquiry, we learn that it is brought across the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee, from the Corean Peninsula. Forbidding as the way and the weather are, we have walked this afternoon many miles. Our promenade was arrested by a marsh which compelled us to make a short *détour*, and, at a distance of twenty rods from the bank of the river, we found, in the bed of the morass, a pavement forty feet wide and one hundred feet long, of square hewn granite blocks—the first ruin we have thus far seen in our journey. Who laid that pavement? When and for what purpose? Was it the bottom of an ancient canal? There were no other traces of such a structure. Losing the pavement as it disappeared under the surface, we climbed a knoll fifty rods beyond, and found there a perfectly artistic granite wall, enclosing a large area within which no edifice remains. At one

corner of the wall is an arched gateway half in ruins. Stumbling through this passage over broken bricks and stones, we entered the desolate court. Here we confronted a solid marble shaft, five feet wide and twenty feet high, standing upon the back of a huge tortoise of the same material, having the exact form and proportions of Nature, every line of the shell, body, and claws being executed with precision and skill. The middle of the shaft, on both sides, is covered with legends, while each border from top to bottom is crowded with mythical birds, serpents, and dragons, exquisitely chiselled. We concluded that a temple had once stood here, and that the pavement below had served as the grand approach. Why had it been suffered to fall into ruin? Perhaps we may learn more as we go on.

October 31st, Thermometer 48° *Fahrenheit.*—We have made half our voyage. A range of mountains looms up before us in the west. What mountains? They must be the Altai range. We have described Mr. Seward's boat. Would not our friends at home like to know how nicely the ladies have fitted up theirs? It is not, indeed, as magnificent as Cleopatra's barge, but there is no Antony on the shores. They have a carpet of gray goat-skins, and with superfluous scarlet blankets have extemporized a tapestry, which effectually covers the chinks, and excludes the wind. The dais, two feet high, which serves for a bed, has a drapery of purple and gray rugs. Their dressing-table, which is a portmanteau on end, is covered with a gay shawl, and a mirror four inches square, with a gilt-frame, borrowed from the Ashuelot, hangs above it. For sofas, they use trunks spread with a white Thibetian fur great-coat, which Mr. Seward has kindly contributed. The access to this elegant saloon, which is eight feet square, is not particularly convenient—an aperture in the front, two feet square, with a descent of three feet, without steps or ladder. In going in one stoops and steps backward; in coming out, one stoops, and is pulled upward. Our habit of travel is settled. The fleet moves, or is supposed to move, at dawn. We are served with hot tea and a biscuit, with the thermometer somewhere between freezing and 40°. We draw

water from the river, for the toilet, in preference to that which was frozen during the night in our pitchers. We make ourselves warm by a walk of two or three miles. In these walks, we stare and wonder at the uncouth ploughs, the awkward fanning-mills, and

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

other rude farming implements, and the equally strange farm-houses and dwellings which we pass.

What seems stranger than any thing else is the absence of domestic animals. Horses, cows, and oxen, are indeed sometimes seen at the plough, but generally the ground is worked with spade and hoe. No wheeled vehicle, except rarely a cart, with a mean

calash, drawn by a horse, a mule, or oxen, is seen. Forty sheep here are a fortune. Mr. Bergh's sensibilities would be sorely tried if he could see the burdens and labors imposed on the ass. The hogs are "black as the ace of spades," about as thin, and more scarce than pheasants. Sometimes we take one side of the river, and then cross to the other. Not unfrequently, by the intervention of headland and promontory, we lose sight of our little fleet, or, finding it in disorder, mistake number two for number four, or the admiral's flag for the consul-general's. Coming in from these walks, we gather round Mr. Seward's little stove, read or write, and talk over the alarms of the night and the incidents of the morning. We breakfast at eleven, and dine at five. Our stores are chiefly foreign. As we neither know how to procure nor how to prepare the Chinese food, the commissariat gives us coffee from Mocha, sausages from Bologna, biscuit and porter from England, peas from France, sardines from Italy, cheese from Chautauqua, butter from Goshen, and oysters from Baltimore, with wines from all countries in the world, except China. Our boatmen, "heathen Chinee" though they are, have become devoted to us, and, when they see our long waiting for breakfast, they kindly offer to share with us their little *ménu* of Indian-corn bread, wheaten fritters, and cabbage-soup. After dinner, we are weary enough to sink into our hard bunks, and cold enough to draw over us our furs. The boats tie up very punctually at ten o'clock, and it is by no means safe or pleasant to clamber over the decks from one to the other.

November 1st.—The November which we have dreaded has met us here in China, just as it would probably have come down on us if we had remained at home. Its breath, often cold and clammy there, is no warmer or drier here. In four days we have had not one gleam of sunshine. We might well imagine ourselves on the St. Lawrence, so similar is the vegetation of this sandy plain. One beautiful feature, however, of the St. Lawrence is missing here. Instead of the gorgeous autumnal forest, we have only a few scattered leaves, and those pale-yellow or colorless. We have to-day added fifteen coolies to our marine.

Mr. Seward's cabin has just taken fire, but Captain Wang and his crew quickly dropped their buckets into the river, and extinguished the flame. Travellers who come after us may take notice that stoves on the Pei-ho are not only an expensive but a dangerous luxury.

Tung-Chow, November 2d.—At a distance of six miles, that is to say, a period of four hours, before the end of our voyage, a mounted messenger, coming from the United States minister and the Russian minister at Peking, met us on the river with congratulations. In the middle of the dark, rainy night we became aware of our arrival at Tung-Chow by the noise of our tackle taking hold upon the bank. We saw nothing of this long-desired haven during the night, though the unintelligible jargon of a crowd which the great arrival attracted rendered sleep impossible. The sun at last relents. The scene this morning, though grotesque, is cheerful. The nocturnal crowd has swollen to a dense mass of men and boys, all wearing large, broad-brimmed straw hats clattering wooden-soled shoes, and thickly-padded and quilted blue blouses—all parts of the costume showing the effects of wear, and suggesting many changes in past ownership. They manifest intense curiosity to learn the secret of our large and imposing flotilla. As they peep and peer through every aperture and crevice of our boats, staring with narrow, wondering eyes at our strange costume and complexion, our toilet has not been made without difficulty. They are nevertheless quiet and respectful, and, whatever may be the motive, they seem desirous to please, to serve, and to oblige. Every manner of small traffic is going on among them. Bread, cabbages, and cakes, were sold or gambled for according to the taste of the customer. A "vagrom"-looking fellow flourishes a painted pasteboard quiver, and turns it upside down, and chopsticks fall from it instead of arrows. Combative sparrows and canaries challenge each other through their cages, and a boy carries a pretty brown bird, smaller than the oriole or the mocking-bird, and which, seeming a reconciled captive, sings sweetly out a merry invitation to a gentle purchaser.

The Pei-ho forms a basin thirty or forty yards wide, which is here crowded with little junks or boats, most of which are used for dwellings. The town stands on a terrace which rises gently from the river. There is no dock, wharf, or storehouse, on the bank between the river and the terrace. The uncovered sewage of the city has worn the sloping bank into channels, and between these channels are promiscuous deposits of merchandise and heaps of compost, all alike prepared for shipping. The houses on the terrace are low, but many of them have quite large courts. Their fronts are covered with fanciful sign-boards. At a bend of the river before us rises a lofty pagoda of seven stories; the first structure of this form which we have seen. We wonder that it is not more extensively copied in the West, and especially why it is not adopted in place of our unshapely and cheerless light-house. The name *pagoda* is in common use, but *dagoba* is in use also. A distinction is made, however. When the structure is small, and is enclosed in an area with a temple, it is called dagoba. On the other hand, when it stands by itself, its design is for ornament more than use; it is then called pagoda. A learned Chinese authority tells us that every structure of the kind, whether pagoda or dagoba, contains relics of some saint or martyr.

Say what men may, there is a power in gilded epaulets and buttons. Our naval friends, strong in that power, opened an easy way for us through the inquisitive multitude; but, in climbing the slimy bank of the terrace, we encountered an obstacle which neither gold lace nor buttons could displace. This was a caravan of thirty laden camels, in single file, as they always move, just beginning their long journey over the steppes of Russia to Moscow. The imperturbable beasts, thickly covered with long, scraggy hair, trod firmly but slowly with their spreading, padded feet. Reaching a terrace, we were as yet only in a suburb. After many efforts, we were obliged to give up the exploration. Every street is a deep, broad gutter, now rendered impassable by mud and rain. We returned to the front, and contented ourselves with looking into the dwellings and shops. The occupants were neatly dressed, seemed intelligent, came out of their doors, and saluted us, tendering

their hands and inviting us to enter. One, quite *distingué*, bowed us, with a politeness that was irresistible, into a wide court, bordered by dwellings and shops. He indicated a knowledge that we are from the West by pointing to a Russian chart of Europe, hanging on the wall. On this we made a rough Mercator sketch of the globe. He at once marked on it the sites Tung-Chow, Moscow, and New York. He served delicious tea, quickly prepared, with sugar crystallized into rock-candy to sweeten it, and Russian cigarettes. Then he showed us his money-scales, strings of cash, numerating balls, bills of exchange, receipts, and books of account, all neatly and carefully arranged. He called in his tidy and respectable assistants and clerks, and with special pride introduced to us his pretty son and heir of six years. We were bowed and "chin-chinned" by our host with his whole family and retinue, and then read on his sign-board inscriptions which told that the place is at once one of entertainment for travellers, and an agency for the sale of teas in the Russian trade. We breakfasted in our naval dining-room on the river at eight. It is now eleven o'clock. Every thing has been brought ashore, and has been packed in carts and sedan-chairs. Ponies, mules, and donkeys, stand in formal array on the bank, for the whole party, which numbers forty-seven Americans, besides Chinese servants, drivers, waiters, and attendants. Captain Tilden, on horseback, and his tall marines mounted on low donkeys, make, it must be confessed, a rather ludicrous cavalry display, but perhaps not ineffective for China. We take our chairs for Peking.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL AT PEKING.

Passing through Tung-Chow.—Good Behavior of the People.—The Road to Peking.—A Dangerous Highway.—Daniel Webster and John Adams.—A Review of Our Party.—A Grotesque Procession.—The Eastern Gate of Peking.—The Separation of the Party.—Anxiety for Mr. Seward.—In Woful Plight.—An Explanation.—Arrival at the U. S. Legation.

Peking, November 3d.—The Government at Peking, apprised of Mr. Seward's coming, had sent forward two intelligent mandarins to attend him to the capital. These officers at Tung-Chow sent up a messenger to report the array and progress of the party, in order that arrangements might be made for its safe and proper entrance into the city.

What could be more gratifying to our national and personal pride than the prospect, thus opened to us, of a kind and distinguished reception? We took our way up the shelving levee, but without a road or path. We went a long distance down and across the ditches, which teemed with noxious vapors arising from the vegetable merchandise and offal of the city. At length our mandarins brought us up from the river's edge into bustling lanes, varying from five to twelve feet wide. The population gathered to see a procession so unique, and probably to them imposing. After a full half-mile, we descended into a broad ditch, filled with water reekingly offensive—a treacherous path for pedestrians, but Chinese chair-bearers, like Chinese beasts, are sure footed. We passed through an arch, under a high wall, which stands on the

bank of a moat. We should have thought that we were now leaving the city instead of entering it, if the ditch had been on the inner side of the wall. The city contains within the walls not less than eighty thousand inhabitants. Hours must have been spent in getting through it, had not a military or municipal force met us at the gates and cleared the way. The streets were lanes, the houses low, cheap, and closely crowded together, as at Tien-Tsin. Our experience, however, in passing, was particularly pleasing. The people betrayed nothing of the hate and jealousy which are ascribed to the Chinese by the Europeans in the open ports. Whether they understood Mr. Seward's public character, or were impressed by his white hair, white Thibetian great-coat, and black Thibetian cap, we do not know, but the entire population, young and old, saluted him, as he passed, with unmistakable signs of veneration. Emerging from the farther gate, we came on the direct road to Peking, distant, some say, twenty-five miles, others say twelve miles. This road, built three hundred years ago, is an embankment forty feet wide, and twenty feet above the plain, which is always subject to inundation. The whole width has been paved with hewn granite blocks four or five feet long, two feet wide, and eight inches thick. These blocks were originally jointed closely and fastened with iron clamps, so as to leave no crevice or unevenness of surface, but the elements have long since deranged and dislocated the pavement, so that it cannot be travelled now either by wheeled vehicles or animals with comfort and safety. The horsemen and carts prefer to flounder through the sands and mud of the plains below, rather than to try this dangerous highway.

"Admiral Rodgers," said Mr. Seward, as they kept their chairs side by side on this road, "did you ever hear of the interview of Mr. Webster with John Adams, the day before his death?" "No." "Mr. Webster said to the old statesman, 'How do you do, this morning, Mr. Adams?' 'Not very well,' he replied; 'I am living in a very old house, Mr. Webster, and, from all that I can learn, the landlord does not intend to repair.' "So," continued Mr. Seward, "this road gives me a more painful impression than any thing else I have seen in China—it shows that the Government has no inten-

tion to repair." The road might be restored as perfectly as before, simply by reversing the blocks, and bringing them together face downward. A clear field now allowed us to take a review and census of our party. The advance-guard consisted of twelve Chinese infantry. They wore metallic caps in the shape of Mambrino's helmet, torn by the hand of Don Quixote from the head of the caitiff barber; the caps fastened by long, yellow tassels. Their uniform consisted of blue nankeen trousers and tunics, on the back of which was a white circular ground, bearing the inscription in large, black Chinese characters, "Valor." Next came, or, rather, tried to come, a guard of twelve United States marines on foot, but the nimble-footed chair-bearers crowded so closely on them that the entire body took refuge in the rear. Next followed the four chairs of Mr. Seward, the admiral, and the ladies, with a mounted escort composed of the gentlemen of the party, civil and military. Then the musicians and seamen mounted promiscuously on horses, mules, and donkeys. The sailors found it equally difficult to keep their seats on the ponies, and their feet above-ground, when riding the donkeys. We could not count the baggage-carts, which, under the care of William Freeman, and the protection of a guard of marines, brought up the rear. Having prudently determined not to shock the sensibility of the Chinese by any display of banners or musical instruments, we came along quietly without accident or incident, until, at a distance of a few miles from Peking, we rose upon the fine arched bridge of Palikao, where the battle memorable in the war of the allies against China was fought, and in which the lately-dismissed War Minister of France gained his title. Here the native guard halted and ranged themselves at the side of our *cortége*, presented arms, and, taking respectful leave of Mr. Seward, returned to Tung-Chow.

When we had passed the bridge, the sedan-chair occupants, as well as the horsemen, were seized with a mutual desire for change. The success of either party was not brilliant. The chair-riders, victims of misplaced confidence, tumbled over the heads of the donkeys, and the cruppers of the mules; the mounted party spilled out of the chairs. The country through which we passed shows

less a neglect of cultivation than a dilapidation of estates. Halfway on the road, we met a grotesque procession. First, came a band of thirty or forty boys, dressed in scarlet and yellow, whom we might have mistaken for clowns, bearing staves with fantastic badges of authority. Next, a band of musicians, displaying equal luxury of color, banged and drummed on instruments unlike any thing we had ever seen. Then came an enormous catafalque, pagoda-shaped, mounted on wheels whose axles just escaped the ground, the exterior covered with scarlet cloth, richly trimmed with gold lace. Within was an elaborately-carved coffin. The vehicle was rolled forward on the rough road by eighty bare-legged coolies. The rank of the dead determines the number of such bearers. Preceding the car was a mournfully-dressed, sad-looking little woman, holding up before her a large, painted wooden doll. This figure represents the wife of the deceased, and is to be buried in the grave with him, as her proxy. The procession showed to us more courtesy than funeral-processions ever show at home—it opened and halted to allow the chairs to pass.

At last, after five hours' tedious and painful travel from Tung-Chow, we obtained a full view of the great Eastern Gate of Peking, rising above monotonous suburbs, not unlike those of Tung-Chow. Here the pathway on the plain below the embankment was a smooth, dry sand. How could Miss Seward resist the temptation to exchange her chair for a fine Arabian horse, which Mr. Low, the United States minister, had sent down, and so make the entry into the Chinese capital in a suitable manner? The ride was exhilarating, and perhaps excited the envy of the less fortunate members of the party. She was attended by two friends, one gentleman on horseback and another on a donkey. The procession reached the suburbs in tolerable order, but here the amusement of the journey ended, and its difficulties and sorrows began. The worn-out paved road, instead of keeping high and dry on the embankment, sank fifteen feet below the level of the streets. It had been raining continuously in Peking for three weeks, and the sunken road-bed was covered with mud knee-deep. Villanous Chinese carts, going both ways, crowded the entire path, obliging not only

the chairs, but the equestrians and pedestrians of the party, horses, mules, donkeys, and all, to pick and find their way on the broken, shelving, furrowed, crowded and every way obstructed bank, between the houses and the road-bed.

We do not know how nor where the little mounted party last mentioned fell under the guidance of a mute Chinaman on a strong, fast horse. Pointing, however, to his red cap, either as a mark for them to follow, or as a badge of his authority, he hastened them forward and onward. Only for a short time they saw their friends in the chairs coming on, but falling more and more behind. They passed under the great Eastern Gate, too much terrified to study its architecture. They turned into a narrow lane, then by a zigzag movement into another, at times crossing broader streets which were obstructed with carts, booths, merchandise, and theatres; then again into lanes, dark, deserted, and ruinous. If any one can conceive an obstruction not described, it may be brought into this picture. Now they climbed steep, slippery embankments, dashing and splashing against stone posts, sign-boards, and booths, scattering angry passengers, then pitching into nauseous, muddy pits. They not only lost all idea of courses and distances, but also lost sight of our whole column, and were effectually lost by them. It required intense and watchful effort to keep the saddle. What could all this mean? Was the mute Chinese guide a decoy, leading into an ambush? What could be the motive in bringing a stranger and a woman there? If not a decoy, why were they led by a course so blind and tortuous? Why were they separated from Mr. Seward and our gallant defenders? Perplexed with anxiety for themselves, and even greater anxiety for Mr. Seward and his friends, they halted and beckoned to the red-capped conductor for a parley. Mr. Middleton rode back as nearly as he could over the way he had come, in search of "our absent friends." He rejoined them after a period which seemed an age, and reported that Mr. Seward, nor the admiral, nor man nor woman, nor beast nor baggage, nor any other thing belonging to the party, could be found. Meantime crowds, which their imagination swelled to the entire population of the city, gathered around them in that woful plight. Well might

they be "in wonder at their case, and be perplexed at their condition," for, as the Arab historian says, "their state was wonderful, and their case was extraordinary." Among all these crowds there was not one woman, nor was there a man or boy, who gave one cheering or encouraging or sympathizing word, glance, or sign. The mute signed to move on. Manifestly, any place was safer than this. Only two subsequent incidents of that distracted ride are remembered: the first, that in a narrow street they encountered a train of loaded camels as long as that we had seen in the morning at Tung-Chow. These would move neither forward nor backward, nor give room on the right or on the left to let them pass. They grazed alternately the walls and the beasts, and it is even now a wonder how they escaped being dismounted and trodden under foot. The other incident was a momentary glimpse of a stately temple, which, with blue porcelain roof and gilded dome, towered high above an unbroken expanse of low, mean, and vulgar dwellings, only varied by intervening heaps of ruins. They then plunged, as it seemed, deeper than before into miry pits and squalid masses, now only anxious not to lose sight of the red cap of the mysterious cicerone, far in advance, and at the same time listening to catch the notes of the tinkling bells for reassurance that their donkey-mounted companion was not lost. At last, and all at once, they turned a high wall, and entered through a substantial gate-way a spacious open court, over which was waving the constellation of thirty-seven stars and its thirteen red-and-white stripes. Their gratitude was even greater than their surprise at finding Mr. Seward and Miss Risley already at the legation. His adventurous journey, as he described it, had been even more perplexing than theirs. Separated from them and from the rest of the party, he, like them, had at once lost all knowledge of both, not knowing that he had any guide except the two mandarins who had accompanied us from Tien-Tsin, and who now trod along side of his chair, as he was conveyed by a route entirely different from those which had been taken by the other portions of the party, and equally narrow, obstructed, and dangerous. At times, he jostled against camel-caravans; at other times, against motley, hurrying crowds; now crossing a

muddy moat, then scaling the slippery glacis of a frowning bastion, he occasionally had a glimpse of the admiral's chair, or Miss Risley's, or of a mounted marine or musician, but these invariably crossed his track, or were going in an opposite direction. He had his thoughts and his anxieties. He now said he could never forgive the admiral, or the naval officers, or the consul-general, who had suffered our carefully-organized and well-armed procession to be broken into fragments, and scattered through the lanes, alleys, and ditches of the semi-barbarian city. While we were exchanging these explanations, the remaining fragments of the party, civilians, officers, marines, and baggage, not forgetting trusty Freeman, more frightened than all, came so rapidly with their chairs, horses, mules, and donkeys, into the court-yard, that the arrival seemed almost simultaneous, as it certainly was of one accord.

We soon found out, but not without much inquiry, how it had come to pass that our entrance into the capital, contrary to our expectation, was so irregular and disorderly. The Chinese Government is at this moment profoundly anxious to prevent a renewal of the popular commotions which have recently culminated in the tragedy of Tien-Tsin. They had been informed, by the messenger whom the mandarins dispatched from Tung-Chow, of the construction and organization of our party. They had stipulated with Mr. Low that our band should not play along the road, or in the streets of Peking. They had, moreover, cautiously sent forward a competent number of mounted guides, wearing red caps, with instructions to break up our formidable procession at the Eastern Gate, and to conduct each portion by a different route through the most quiet and obscure parts of the city, to meet only at the legation.

Mr. Seward now declined, with many thanks, the invitation of the Russian minister, received before he left home, and we became guests of Mr. Low, who, with true Californian hospitality, would allow no member of the party to find a home outside of the legation. Wearied by the tedious boat-journey from Tien-Tsin, and the fatigues and anxieties of our grand entry into the Chinese capital, we unanimously waived the wassail, wine, and music, offered us at the legation, and retired to an early rest.

CHAPTER VII.

RESIDENCE IN PEKING.

Aspect of Peking.—Walk on the Wall.—The Foreign Population of Peking.—Two American Chinese.—Native Wares.—The Foreign Ministers.—The Russian Minister.—The British Legation.—Influence of the United States.—The Hall of Science.—Mr. Seward's Audience with the Imperial Cabinet.—A Ladies' Day.—Chinese Ladies.—A Chinese Mansion.

Peking, November 4th.—The legation is the spacious and comfortable dwelling which was built by the eminent Dr. Williams, so long secretary and interpreter, and not unfrequently *chargé*. It was occupied by Mr. Burlingame, and Mr. Seward now agrees that it would have been wise, when it was practicable, to have purchased it for the United States Government. There neither is in Peking, nor any other place, a building so suitable, nor could one be more economically built.

After the relation of our experience in entering the city, we need say little of the general aspect of Peking. The population is about one million. Differing from other Chinese cities, its streets are broad enough, but dilapidation and ruin mar the scenes of highest activity, while the roadways are everywhere full of obstructions, always ill-looking, and sometimes nauseous and disgusting. There are no sidewalks—seldom a pavement. With the exception of an occasional private lantern, there are no lights. Many of the narrow streets are rendered impassable by upright stone posts, set irregularly in the street for the very purpose of preventing intrusion or passage. Except in the imperial grounds,

there are no gardens and no fountains, statues, or other monuments —only compact masses of dwellings and shops, low, old, and mean.

The weather is cold, damp, and dark. A visit from General Vlangally has been the incident of the day. The prevailing agitation resulting from the Tien-Tsin massacre is the chief subject of conversation. Mr. Warden, at Shanghai, and Mr. Low and Dr. Williams, here, appear to be almost the only persons in China who take a rational and statesmanlike view of the political situation. "We must take a walk to see the city," says Mr. Seward. "There is no walk in the city," answers General Vlangally, "except on the city wall." "Very well," replies Mr. Seward, "then let us walk on the city wall."

Peking, November 4, 1870.—So here we are—on the city wall—not the outer wall, nor yet the innermost wall, but on an interior wall which divides the city of the Tartar conquerors from the Chinese city, and at the same time looks over the innermost wall which encloses the city where the emperor resides, which is therefore called the "sacred" city. We have reached this commanding eminence just at the hour when the morning sun is lighting up the snow-clad mountains which bound the valley of the Pei-ho in the west. It is cold, but, with furs elsewhere superfluous, and exercise quite unusual, we can bear it. The legation, where we reside, opens on the bank of the now dry moat, which lies at the foot of the wall. The wall is thirty feet high. We have walked several miles on this elevation, looking down from the parapets on the scene around us, and have wondered at the numerous gates, all lofty, massive, and grand; have counted the thousand towers, bastions, and ramparts; surveyed the walls of the outer and inner cities; have contemplated their watch-towers, garrisons, and arsenals; and have shrunk back from an estimate of the number of the gilded palaces and temples. If we remember, we recorded yesterday, before coming up hither, that Peking is a most unsightly and wretched city. It seems to us now, although walled cities are unfamiliar to our experience, that Peking is the only city, we have ever seen, sufficiently majestic to be a seat of empire.

WESTERN GATE, PEKING.

True, these walls, built six hundred years ago, have failed to protect Peking against the allied forces of Great Britain and France, and they are confessedly useless for a defence in the modern system of warfare. But, like all the castellated and ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages, they are sublime and impressive. True, even outer walls cramp the growth of cities, while interior partitions and subdivisions must have an unwholesome effect and be otherwise intolerable. But the castellated walls of the middle ages are none the less imposing for all this. The walls of Peking address themselves no longer to the reason, but to the imagination. No Chinaman, unless in military or civil employ, and no Chinese woman under any circumstances, is allowed to go upon the walls. Why do a people so jealous allow foreigners this privilege? It is allowed because they insist upon it. Could there be a stronger evidence that China wearies and gives way before the ever-increasing importunity and exaction of the Western nations? We now recall the fact that it was stated by Mr. Burlingame, at Auburn, that this concession was first made to himself and Sir Frederick Bruce.

Unhappily, a closer inspection of the wall and its accessories enables us to see that much of its impressive effect is derived from artistic imposture. Arsenals, capacious enough for the ordnance of the Washington Navy-Yard, contain only a few awkwardly-mounted guns. Painted cannons in the embrasures are substituted for real guns.

In China the national flag is never seen singly. There are always double flag-staffs. Each gate-way has a rampart to prevent the direct approach of an enemy. The wall is an earthen embankment twenty-five feet thick at the base, the outer face covered with large, hard, gray bricks, easily mistaken for hewn stone. During the day the gates are wide open, and there is an indiscriminate commingling of the populations of the Tartar and the Chinese cities, undistinguishable at least by strangers. Yet such is the power of habitual jealousy that the gates are peremptorily and absolutely closed from sunset until sunrise. A denizen of one city left in the other at the closing must remain until morn-

ing. We look down easily into the interior city, the residence of the emperor, and therefore "the Prohibited." Its gates, like the others, are open during the day, but they are carefully guarded, and none but the privileged residents are allowed to enter, except by special order. The palaces bear no resemblance in form or structure to the royal dwellings of the West. They are spacious, and, being covered with yellow tiled roofs, and elsewhere showing a commingling of light yellow and green, they have an appearance of newness or recent repair which is in strong contrast with the outer city. The "Prohibited City" is divided by a wall into two areas. In one of these the emperor resides with his family, while the other is open to the ministers of state. We may have an opportunity to look more closely into this latter area.

The brick facing of all these walls is giving way. The culverts under them, besides many parts of the fortifications, are dilapidated, and the moat is either altogether dry or only partially filled with stagnant pools.

We have come down from the walls. What is the foreign population of Peking? Did you say five thousand? Two thousand? One thousand? It is only two hundred—diplomatic ministers, clerks, *attachés* and retainers, and missionary ministers, all told. Mr. Seward has held an audience of the whole to-day. Each legation occupies a closed area, a "compound" assigned by the Government for that purpose. Only a narrow lane divides the legation of the United States from that of Russia.

Two Chinese were announced this morning. They came in very costly native attire, shaven, wearing the pig-tail, and their feet cased in white-soled mandarin boots. To our surprise, they accosted Mr. Seward in English, calling his recollection to an acquaintance with him in the State Department at Washington. Surprised at this, he excitedly asked, how and where they had learned the English language so well. "Is it possible," they answered, "that you mistake us for Chinese? We are your own countrymen, and you saw us in service when you visited Fort Corcoran on Arlington Heights." These two officers have with great adroitness been engaged by an American mercantile house in

China to acquire the mandarin language, to enable them to act as agents in trade. On arriving at Peking for that purpose, they assumed the Chinese habit, and, abandoning for the time all foreign society, they confined themselves exclusively to Chinese inns and Chinese society. They say they have done this with so much success that they have never been detected by the natives, except when surprised in making their toilet. The natives they meet with often say that their Chinese is imperfect, but they suppose it to be a dialect of Thibet or some distant province of the empire. Of course, we must not disclose their names.

Our band of music, having been released from its durance, has played for every foreign minister, who came to visit us, the national air of his own country. It has cheered us at lunch, and awakened the echoes at the elegant dinner given us at the Russian legation, and it ended by giving the spirited dancing-music for the *soirée* with which the day has closed. It is the first foreign band of music that has ever come in time of peace to Peking. The novelty attracts native crowds, but excites no ill temper.

Peking, November 5th.—Deep concern this morning at finding the earth covered with snow, seeming to demand an early departure southward. The morning was spent in studying and cheapening the wares brought by native merchants, and spread over all the floors of the legation — bronzes, porcelain, jasper, jade, amethysts, and emeralds, wrought into the most curious shapes —sea-otter, sable, Thibetian goat, Astrakhan, wolf, white fox, red fox, bear, panther, and tiger skins. We shall not report our bargains, further than that we bought a lapis-lazuli cat for two dollars, for which the merchant's first price was twenty-five dollars, and that Mr. Seward retired in disgust from the trade when his offer of five dollars was taken up for a lignum-vitæ box, for which the vender had all day demanded fifty dollars. As far as the furs are concerned, our friends at home, to whom we send the purchases, will

LAPIS-LAZULI CAT.

judge. Let this detail serve as an instruction that, as tea is the staple vegetable production in China, so furs are the great import of Peking. It is the central market for the northern regions of the continent.

It is remarkable that, while the ancient civilization of China favored perfection in the use of the loom and the needle in the manufacture of silk, cotton, and embroidery, it seems not to have brought into use either the loom or the needle in the manufacture of woollen fabrics. The want of woollen clothes in the winter, among the poorer classes, is supplied by cotton and silk, wadded and quilted. Such garments admit of no washing and little change. The class a little higher clothe themselves in dried sheep-skins with the wool on; but every person, who can afford the luxury, dresses in fur—the richer the person, the more elegant and costly his robes of sable. Siberia sends her furs to Peking, and so does Alaska. The Tartars and Russians, after the Chinese, are the largest purchasers.

November 5th.—Peking wears everywhere the aspect of a political rather than a commercial capital. Revolution has not worked out here any such political, social, or military changes as at Yeddo. It is the residence of idle, profitless, perhaps often profligate retainers of the Government.

November 6th.—A correspondence much more intimate than is generally understood exists between the several cabinets of the world. By international usage, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at any capital is the head, or, as our Hibernian friends would express it, the "head centre" of the diplomatic body there. Mr. Seward having occupied that position at Washington, the magic ring readily opens to him, wherever we go. The circle at Peking is rather a contracted one just now. The Russian minister is *doyen*. Distinguished by military service in the Crimea, he is a discreet, modest, and intelligent gentleman, and is understood to exercise very considerable influence over the Chinese cabinet, while he enjoys the respect and confidence of his colleagues. The

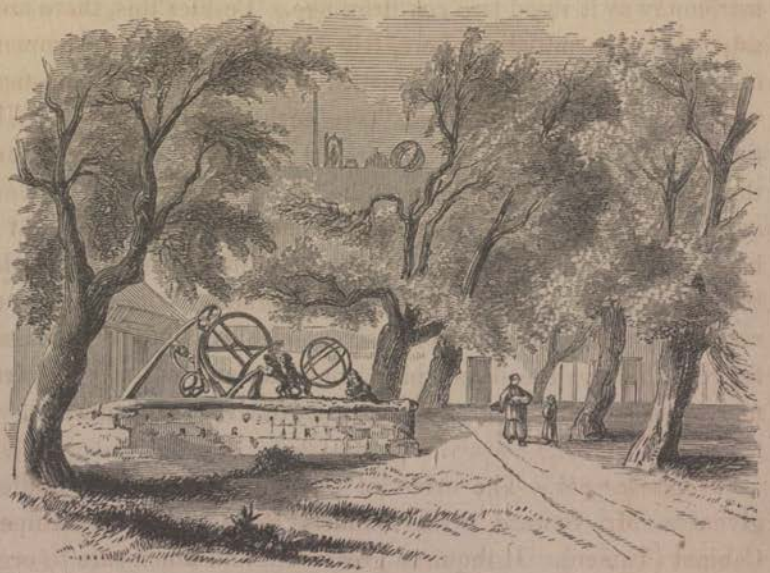
Russian legation has a spacious, costly, and elegant residence, and an imposing *personnel.* Besides four secretaries and a surgeon, it maintains a Greek chapel, open to native converts, and a Cossack guard, with extensive stables. The German legation has more moderate appointments. The minister, Baron Rehfues, is respected for his large experience. The British representative, Sir Rutherford Alcock, is absent. His place is filled by Mr. Wade, against whom there is a universal outcry, among the foreigners in China, for his supposed tameness in regard to the matter of the Tien-Tsin catastrophe. He is, nevertheless, a wise, learned, prudent, and practical minister. Mrs. Wade, a daughter of Sir John Herschel, is very intellectual, liberal in her opinions, and earnest in her admiration of American institutions. During the social banishment she has endured here, she has successfully acquired the difficult mandarin dialect. The British Government is lavish toward its legation. The residence was purchased at large expense from one of the imperial princes, and repaired last year at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The legation maintains a chapel, four secretaries, six diplomatic pupils, and a strong military guard. The French legation has Count Rochefort acting as *chargé d'affaires.* Far less discreet than our excellent friend Berthémy, or his predecessor, De Montholon, who were so acceptable in the United States, Rochefort has proved himself vehement, impetuous, impracticable, and inconstant in his reclamations on the occasion of the massacre of the French consul and nuns at Tien-Tsin, while the military disasters which have just overtaken France at home have rendered her representative here powerless. The Danish and Belgian missions are only occasional, and little more than nominal. Their incumbents are accredited to Japan as well as to China. The Dane took leave of us at Yeddo, to repair to Peking before us, but has not yet arrived. Mr. Low, the United States minister, is a very able man, of much equanimity, enjoying equally the confidence of the Chinese Government and that of the diplomatic corps. The appointments of this legation, like those of the United States elsewhere, are moderate. Frederick the Great hardly practised greater parsimony in foreign

diplomacy than our Government does. Mr. Low has neither chapel, nor surgeon, nor official dwelling-house. He has one secretary, who is also his interpreter, and no guards. Here, as in Japan, we hear our countrymen lament an alleged inferiority of our national importance and influence. They complain continually of Russian ascendency at Peking, as they do of British ascendency at Yeddo. The grievance in each case is exaggerated. The archives at Washington show that Mr. Burlingame, during his residence here, exerted a greater influence in China than any or all of his colleagues. Nor has Mr. Low lost any of this prestige. So also Mr. Townsend Harris, Mr. Pruyn, and Mr. Van Valkenburgh, as well as Mr. De Long, have not been surpassed in consideration and usefulness by foreign representatives in Japan. Nevertheless, the influence of the United States in either country is far less distinguishable in the shaping of measures of local administration than that of Russia or that of Great Britain. There is sufficient reason for this, without derogating from the prestige of the United States. They are a distinct nation. They appear in China, as they do in Japan, in the character of a just and magnanimous power. They offer little but equality and fairness in political, commercial, and social intercourse, and they demand no advantages that are not equally conceded to all other powers. Russia, on the contrary, is not only a near neighbor of China, but a colossal one. The commercial and political relations existing between them are various and intimate. The populations of the border provinces of the two empires have a close assimilation. Moreover, Russia advances nearer to China every day with her railroads, diligence-lines, and telegraph. The Chinese know that, while the friendship of Russia is invaluable, she may nevertheless prove a powerful, if not fatal enemy.

The prestige of Great Britain throughout the world, even on the European Continent, is derived chiefly from the dominion and the influence she wields in the East, and the commerce which results. This commerce, again, is the essential support of the manufactures which are the basis of the prosperity of the English people. Great Britain, therefore, wisely spares no care and no cost in main-

taining not only a diplomatic force, but a naval predominance, in the East. India, China, and Japan, are her proper theatre. In this great national policy she necessarily encounters rivalry and resistance. She has appeared in China more than once as an enemy, and proved her power, as well to destroy as to protect and save. It suits her interest to be here now as a magnanimous friend, like the United States. Long may the two nations remain in that accord!

November 7th.—We have just come from a visit to the forlorn "Hall of Science." The Church of Rome has been perse-



ANCIENT OBSERVATORY, OR HALL OF SCIENCE.

vering in its attempts to Christianize China, but has left there, thus far, only monuments of its failure. One of them is the Observatory, otherwise called the "Hall of Science." The great Protestant Reformation in Europe was, as every one knows, followed by a hardly less remarkable reaction and revival of the Roman Catholic Church originating in the inspiration of Ignatius

Loyola, and conducted chiefly by the Society of Jesus which he founded. In 1680, the Emperor Kang-Hi erected on the wall of the Tartar city an observatory, committing its construction and superintendence to Jesuit professors, with a munificent endowment. They procured in Paris, Venice, Genoa, and London, bronze astronomical instruments, the most perfect that science had at that time suggested, and of stupendous magnitude and magnificent execution. These instruments, set up in the open air, and thus exposed without any protection against the weather one hundred and ninety years, are still in perfect condition, and as available as at first. One of them is a celestial globe, seven feet in diameter, with the constellations raised upon it, showing the exact condition of astronomy as it stood two centuries ago. Besides this, there are an astrolabe, an armillary sphere, trigonometers, transit instruments, and quadrants. Although the institution remains, the circumstances which attended its foundation have entirely passed away. When the Jesuits, here as in Japan, betrayed the ambition of the Church, they were dismissed and banished. The institution fell under the care of native professors, by whom it has been neglected. At the base of the Observatory is a shabby suite of apartments, in which the two or three native professors dwell, whose business it is to correct the calendar of the seasons astronomically, while they designate for the almanac the days which are lucky and unlucky for births, marriages, bargains, journeys, combats, festivals, and funerals.

November 8th.—The event of the day has been an audience given to Mr. Seward, with Admiral Rodgers, by the Imperial Cabinet (Yamen). It required great skill and much care to organize, arrange and mount the party. If, among the Western nations, "none but the brave deserve the fair," so, in China, none but great mandarins deserve to ride in chairs, and only princes and ministers are allowed to ride in green chairs; and this, not because green suits their complexion the best, but because green in China is the color indicative of preëminent rank. So Mr. Seward, Admiral Rodgers, the United States minister, and the consul-general, took their seats in green chairs, while the staff and others were mounted

on ponies, so far as the capital furnished a supply. The "balance," as our campaign-speakers say, went in carts. The progress was on the avenue—not Pennsylvania Avenue by any means, but the avenue without show of pavement, which leads from the Imperial city, through the Tartar city to its outer wall. It was obstructed with auctions, theatrical entertainments, gambling-rings, and every thing else. The head of the procession, consisting of the green chairs, winding its way among these obstructions by the vigor and adroitness of the bearers, reached its destination, and alighted at the porch of the foreign office. It is a low Chinese structure; the doors, wide open, revealed the Yamen arranged in a row within to receive the guests. But the head of the procession, discovering that the tail had fallen off, decided to wait outside, until the lost member should reconnect. This made a delay of twenty minutes, which, as we suppose, was imperfectly explained to the ministers within, who made an unmistakable demonstration of impatience. Perceiving this, the head entered, leaving the caudal part to come up to time as it could. In the middle of the room stood a table of the common European height, eight feet long and three feet wide. Broad and comfortable stools were placed around it; there was no carpet or other furniture, but a kind of divan or sofa against two sides of the wall. Mr. Seward and his chief associates of the green chairs were graciously received by five chief ministers of state, all of grave aspect, and two of them of advanced age. They were richly dressed in silks, over which were spread ermine and other furs. They saluted their guests at first in the Chinese fashion, by bowing with hands brought palm to palm on their breasts; after this they shook hands in the American way. All the ministers then busied themselves in a somewhat demonstrative way in seating their guests. Two of the Chinese ministers took their seats at the upper end of the table, in the order, not of their rank, but of seniority. They placed Mr. Seward at the side of the table on the left, then Mr. Low, then the admiral, and then the consul-general; next two interpreters. The remaining members of the cabinet completed the circle. The table was thickly spread with china dishes filled with *bon-bons* and dried fruits. The presiding min-

ister then rose and announced that his Imperial Highness Prince Kung, regent of the empire during the minority of the emperor, had been suddenly attacked this morning by a violent illness, on his return from the imperial palace. He lamented his failure to

PRINCE KUNG.

meet Mr. Seward, as he had appointed, and had charged the cabinet to receive him with this apology, or to postpone the audience to a future occasion, as Mr. Seward himself might prefer. The minister said he was charged by Prince Kung to say that he regarded it as a great distinction that he was to become acquainted with Mr. Seward, and that the prince intended in any case, as soon as he should recover his health, to visit Mr. Seward at his residence. Although Mr. Seward accepted the apology without distrust or hesitation, yet all the members of the cabinet earnestly reënforced it.

Mr. Seward then inquired about the health of Wan-Siang, who was absent. The presiding minister replied that Wan-Siang was ill, and had just obtained leave of absence from his post in the ministry for a year, to mourn the death of his mother. But they instantly dispatched a courier to him, communicating Mr. Seward's inquiries. The courier, in less than half an hour, brought a mes-

sage of thanks and friendship from Wan-Siang. Later Mr. Seward spoke of the ability which Wan-Siang had displayed in his negotiations with the United States, and of the friendship he had always manifested toward our country. These words, like Mr. Seward's previous inquiries, were taken down and reported to Wan-Siang by a courier, and elicited a similar reply. The ministers spoke with much feeling of the death of Mr. Burlingame. Mr. Seward said that Mr. Burlingame's diplomatic career was an illustration of the highest possible success. A minister lives always under two distinct and sometimes irreconcilable obligations: First, he must retain the confidence of his own country; secondly, he must not fail to win the confidence of the country to which he is accredited. Mr. Burlingame filled both obligations, and thus was enabled to unite the two nations in a new bond of peace, and in a common effort to advance civilization. The ministers thought themselves under obligations to Mr. Seward; in the first instance, for the appointment of Mr. Burlingame as United States minister to China, and then for receiving him as minister of China to the United States and Europe.

Mr. Seward inquired the number and functions of the "Bannermen." The ministers replied: "They are four distinct legions, containing many thousand men. They all reside at Peking. They are sworn to maintain and defend the emperor in all conflicts, whether at home or abroad, and in compensation for this service they all receive stipends from the Government. But the organization of the legions is worn out. The service is a sinecure, costly, and useless."

Manifestly the ministers feared that the apologies for the absence of Prince Kung from the reception might be thought by Mr. Seward insincere and evasive, for they returned to the subject continually. He assured them that, although he had during eight years conducted the diplomatic relations of the United States with China, yet in all that time not one case of procrastination or subterfuge, on the part of the regent, had occurred. Mr. Seward hoped for the prince's speedy recovery, and begged the ministers to be at their ease about the present disappointment.

The senior minister then, in a most reverential manner, addressed Mr. Seward, "What is your venerable age?" Just at this solemn stage of the audience, when all were silently waiting for Mr. Seward's reply, what should appear but the tail of our great national procession! Slowly eliminating itself from the street, it entered the gate, crossed the court, and appeared at the door. All at once the queued sub-officials of the foreign office, who had gathered there to be witnesses of the interesting ceremony, rushed upon the porch to discover the cause of the interruption. Proclamations were then made in Chinese by the ministers within, which our friends outside, not waiting for an interpretation, understood to be, "Make way for the tail!" Way was made, and quickly too, but where the amazed native lookers-on went to, our friends could not discover. The Chinese ministers all five, the American guests all four, and the interpreters twain, rose to their feet to receive the tail, and remained in that respectful attitude until that important extremity had extended itself with its gilt epaulets and buttons, its blue and black coats, and white gloves, on the row of benches around the room. Order being restored, the presiding minister renewed the suspended inquiry. Mr. Seward, looking around him, said: "I think I am neither the oldest nor the youngest statesman here. I am sixty-nine. I hope that the youngest may live to reach your own honorable age, which I understand to be seventy-five, and that all may be blessed with years beyond that age."

This answer of Mr. Seward was received with great hilarity by the Chinese cabinet, and unanimously pronounced to be so exquisitely courteous as to deserve a bumper. Thereupon glasses were brought in, filled with a hot, strong drink, which they called wine. Then followed a slow and measured succession of delicate viands, birds'-nest soup, pigeons'-eggs, cabbages minced, and tender shoots of bamboo boiled, pheasants, grouse, and stewed wild-ducks of many kinds, fishes, sharks'-fins and other luxuries with names unknown. These dishes, in the whole numbering not less than one hundred and fifty, were severally served to each guest in the smallest bits on tiny plates, which at last crowded and encumbered the table.

These plates were filled by the ministers from tureens, which continually replaced each other. Each visitor was provided with knife and fork, as well as chop-sticks. It is etiquette here for each person to help every other person at the table to every course that comes on. Occasionally, Mr. Seward raised a political question of some sort, but the ministers adroitly passed it by. Whether they were unwilling to speak freely in the absence of the regent, or whether they feared to expose themselves before the crowded Chinese audience, which had again gathered in the apartment, Mr. Seward could not determine. We learn that all the offices of the Government are filled or suspected of being filled with spies. It was soon manifest that little was to be learned of Chinese affairs at this magnificent entertainment. The ministers, with evident self-satisfaction, entertained their guests with familiar Chinese proverbs, epigrams, and riddles, and they resolutely persisted in accepting as clever every thing said by Mr. Seward, or either of the other guests, however commonplace it might be. Two of the ministers are poets; they rehearsed their own verses and other Chinese poetry, with marked emphasis and at great length. Neither of the interpreters, however, could render these verses into intelligible English. But the guests received the rehearsal as fine, nevertheless.

One of the ministers said: "Mr. Seward, your complexion is very fresh and your step vigorous. You must have a secret, which enables you to preserve them through such great labors and travels."

"You are complimentary," answered Mr. Seward; "what health and strength I have are due to activity and exercise."

To this one of the poetical ministers responded: "Yes, every thing in the universe is constantly active; only the Creator of all is at rest."

Mr. Seward now began to understand that this reception was intended less as an audience than as a feast, and that drinking deep, or at least often, is here a requirement of such an entertainment. The ministers descanted both in prose and poetry, with proverbs and epigrams, on the virtue of hospitality, and the excellence of conviviality. They drank deep and filled up often.

Addressing Admiral Rodgers, one of the two Anacreons insisted

that the best proof of friendship that one can give at an entertainment is, to get drunk. All his associates facetiously concurred.

Admiral Rodgers answered: "I accept the generous sentiment, and I invite all the members of the cabinet to get as drunk as possible, and as quickly as they can."

The cabinet showed its appreciation of the admiral's repartee by vehement laughter and much gesticulation. At least, one of them took the gallant admiral at his word, and drank much deeper than before.

The hospitality of the ministers was not monopolized by the head of the procession. Dainty dishes and strong drinks were served to the tail as it lay stretched along the benches. They were discussed with entire satisfaction, but in respectful though wondering silence.

After a sitting of four hours, Mr. Seward, to whom the right belonged, brought the entertainment to an end by proposing to his august entertainers: "Perpetual peace, prosperity, and welfare to China."

The ministers deliberated, consulted, and then asked leave to amend by adding the words, "and the United States."

Mr. Seward accepted the amendment with a further amendment, which brought the sentiment into this form, satisfactory to all the party:

"Perpetual peace, prosperity and welfare to China and the United States, the oldest and the youngest of empires.

The visitors rose, and, after the most respectful and cordial bowing and hand-shaking, were dismissed. The procession reached the legation at a very late hour. We have not heard whether it stood any more firmly on the order of its coming than it did on the "order of its going," as the gentlemen had no time to report before sitting down to Mr. Low's dinner, the great diplomatic entertainment of the season.

November 9th.—Three months to-day from Auburn. Not a word yet from home. Mr. Seward has sent a telegram by courier one hundred and eighty miles to Kiakhta, on the Russian frontier,

there to be put on the Russian wires. How much more have we seen and learned, in these three months of foreign travel, than we could have seen and learned within the same period of travel at home! A messenger has come to the legation with compliments to Mr. Seward, and a polite inquiry whether his reception yesterday was agreeable to him. They desired him to know that they never unbent themselves so much to a stranger as they did to him on that occasion.

This has been especially a ladies' day. Yang-Fang, pawnbroker

YANG-FANG.

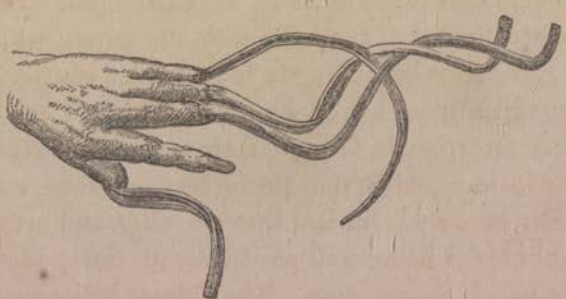
by profession, mandarin by rank, one of the three richest men in Peking, was educated at Shanghai, where he had some opportunities of seeing the Western mode of life. He is desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of foreigners here so far as he can do so without exciting Chinese suspicion of his loyalty. He tendered an invitation to the three ladies to visit his family. The invitation was communicated confidentially, and with the condition that they should be attended by only two gentlemen, neither of whom should be an official person. The ladies went at one o'clock to-day, in

closely-covered chairs, through familiar streets, until they turned into a narrow and uninviting one. There they stopped at the gate of an outside wall, one of many gates of the same kind. Through this gate they were ushered into a paved court. Ascending three or four steps, they entered a second gate. The mandarin received them there with his wife and five handmaidens who were waiting, and led them through a corridor. This ceremony over, the wife led the party to her boudoir. This room is furnished with a curious combination of European and Chinese styles. A Brussels carpet,

WIFE OF YANG-FANG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HIMSELF.)

half a dozen mirrors of different sizes, with gilt frames, pictures of the Yosemite valley, a French clock, a barometer, a small American sewing-machine with a crank, two chairs covered with red cloth, Chinese divans, a French bedstead with curtains, French knick-knacks, but no Chinese ones, rows of porcelain vases, and pots filled with chrysanthemums, an aquarium with gold-fish, a black cat, six finely-bred spaniels, and a monkey, made the complement of this singular apartment. The visitors, taking seats on the European sofas, and the Chinese ladies on the divans, exchanged compliments as well as they could, the American ladies trying to

recall the instructions they had received from Chi-Tajen at Auburn. Next the Chinese ladies took the watches, gold chains, bracelets, and foreign rings, and inspected them carefully. At the same time they put into the hands of their visitors their own ornaments, pearls, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and amethysts. After this the ladies of the house examined the American ladies' dresses, hats, and gloves, marking well the fashion and material, and in a gentle and unaffected way offered to inspection their own richer and more elegant costumes of silk and embroidery. The wife is a delicate-looking woman of forty. She wore a lavender-colored, embroidered crèpe petticoat, over this a double tunic of two pretty shades of blue silk, trimmed with a variegated chintz border, scarlet satin embroidered under-sleeves, so long as nearly to conceal the slender hands—the nails, as long as the fingers, polished and stained to resemble tortoise-shell, each nail having for its protection a wrought gold case. Her coarse, black Mongolian hair, carefully dressed and fastened with gold pins, was partly covered with a black-satin



LONG NAILS.

cap, tied at the back. This cap, not unlike in shape to the "Mary Stuart," was entirely seeded with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, many of them, especially the pearls, large, and of rare value. Her feet, of which only occasional glimpses could be had, were not more than three inches long, and were tightly encased in scarlet-satin shoes; her face and neck, literally plastered with pearl-white, in shocking contrast with eyelids and cheeks painted pink, and lips red; her manners and speech are unmistakably

refined; she is reputed intellectual, and fond of books. The five handmaidens were dressed in a manner which, though not inelegant, showed the inferiority of their position—one of them very handsome, dressed in scarlet satin, but none of the five wore jewels, or had small feet. The wife has no children; two of the waiting-women have. While, by the custom of China, these children are accredited to the wife as her own, and deemed legitimate, their mothers rather lose than acquire respect by the parentage. The mutual inspection of dresses in the boudoir having ended, the visitors were next conducted to what they supposed to be the mandarin's apartment, the great room of the house. Here they found a sofa, a covered table, and two chairs, all European, a broad but very low carved Chinese bedstead, with heavy blue-silk curtains, and cases of chemical, photographic, electric, and other scientific apparatus of European manufacture. Tea was served in French china cups, first the English breakfast-tea, afterward the real Chinese beverage, which has the exquisite aroma of neroli; with it nice cakes of endless variety and shapes, made of flour, sugar, and oil. The wife and one of the women sat at the table with the guests, while the others busied themselves in sending in the different courses of the entertainment, which were served by young girls. The Chinese ladies, with their own hands, favored their guests with cigarettes made of Turkish tobacco, while they themselves used long, massive, silver pipes. The smoke was inhaled through water, and invariably blown out of the nose. Being well provided with interpreters, the visitors tried to induce conversation. The Chinese ladies answered nothing, but laughed at every thing the guests said. They then endeavored to accommodate themselves to their entertainers, and spoke to them as to children, but with little more success. The mandarin improved the opportunity to express his admiration for European customs. He thanked the ladies for the honor of their visit, and then showed them all the other apartments of the house. These have only stone floors, and the rooms are without furniture. He even conducted them to his opium-smoking room for guests, with its carefully prepared kang and pillows for reclining upon when the delicious intoxication comes on. The ladies, of course,

did not indulge. The mandarin informed them that he does not practise it, and on this occasion the use of the room was lost. The mandarin, being a proficient in photography, displays pictures of

YANG-FANG'S SMOKING-ROOM.

his wife and handmaidens throughout the house. In one room there is a disorderly collection of Chinese books.

In going through the maze of apartments, the ladies, hearing the loud chirping of a cricket, stopped. Thereupon one of the women brought out a white-silk bag from her pocket, and took from it a small, exquisitely-carved bamboo-box, and, opening it, showed us her pet cricket, which closely resembles the American grasshopper. The fighting of crickets is a favorite amusement of the Chinese ladies.

A rather rough cast-iron English pump, standing against the wall, attracted the attention of the visitors, and they inquired its use. The mandarin said, "It is set up to extinguish accidental fire, and I put the women under it when they quarrel." The women evidently looked upon it with disgust.

The house consists of no less than twenty distinct buildings,

with red-and-yellow verandas, all connected by two very irregular corridors, one above the other, which turn and twist up and down through crooked little staircases, under arches, around square pillars, in and out of all sorts of dark holes and corners. There are two narrow areas, which pretend to be gardens, with a grotesque combination of shrubbery and rock-work.

Having finished the exploration of this quaint, inconvenient, and dingy mansion, the visitors took their leave, and reached the legation at six in the evening.

CHINESE GATEWAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

RESIDENCE IN PEKING (Continued).

The Decay of China.—The Temple of Heaven.—The Temple of the Earth.—The Temple of Buddha.—The Chinese Bonzes.—The Temple of Confucius.—The Religion of China.—A Pleasant Reunion.—The Birds of Peking.—An Official Dilemma.—Interview with Wan-Siang.—Influence of Burlingame.

November 10th.—We are inclined to think that, while every other nation in the world is advancing toward a higher plane of civilization, China is not merely stationary, but is actually going backward and downward. Is this decline of China a result of the imperfect development of religious truth? The Chinese remain now as they were five thousand years ago, materialists. They worship the heavens, they worship the earth, the sun, and the moon, the planets, and the ocean, besides a multitude of other natural objects and forces. They worship, more than any other creature, their ancestors, who are created beings even if they have an existence after death. Even the philosophy and morals of Confucius have left the Chinese sentiment of his teachings not less material than before. The Chinese have expressed this materialism in erecting great temples—the Temple of Heaven, the Temple of the Earth, and the Temple of the Moon. To the material heaven they ascribe all power, and from it they claim that the emperor, as vicegerent, derives all authority. As Heaven made not only China, but the whole world, so the emperor as vicegerent not only governs the empire, but is rightful ruler of the whole earth. The Temple

of Heaven, in Peking, is therefore, preëminently, the imperial one; or, if there is such a thing as a sense of nationality in China, the national one—more national than Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's is a national church of England, or Notre-Dame a national church of France, or St. Peter's of Italy. The Temple of Heaven is to China what Solomon's Temple was to the people of Judea. It stands in an enclosed area of six hundred acres. Its lofty porcelain dome, typical of heaven, has the azure tint of the sky. Its circular altar consists of three stages or stories, the lower one hundred and twenty feet, the second ninety feet, and the third sixty feet in diameter. In this Temple of Heaven the emperor is crowned, and by that ceremony assumes, as vicegerent of Heaven, the government of the whole earth. He is dressed in blue, imitating the drapery of the skies, and faces the south, because China chiefly lies south of Peking, and the rest of the world is supposed to be lying in dependence beyond it. Here he makes annual sacrifices to Heaven, invoking its protection of the empire in war, and its blessings in peace. Dressed in yellow, the color of the earth, he offers similar though less frequent sacrifices at the Temple of the Earth. Dressed in red robes, he makes similar homage in the Temple of the Sun, and in pale white in the Temple of the Moon.

A high, embanked road, once grandly paved, leads from the imperial palace, in the "Forbidden City," to the Temple of Heaven. When the emperor visits this temple, he is seated in a yellow-and-blue car, which is drawn over that road by six white elephants. The temple is held as sacred by the Chinese as the Caaba at Mecca by the Mohammedans. Mr. Seward was desirous to visit it. All the foreign ministers assured him that the popular prejudice against profaning the temple, even by the intrusion of the Chinese themselves, is so great that no ministry could dare open it to a foreigner. Not long ago, however, there was a place broken in the outer wall, over which some adventurous travellers have entered. We set out to explore, thinking it possible we might effect an entrance through that breach. On the way we took notice that the present regency has sold all the imperial elephants, and that the stables are falling into decay. We found the imperial avenue in ruins, so that no

elephant-car or other vehicle could be driven over it. We made our way on foot and in chairs. Arriving opposite the temple area, we discovered that, although the breach in the wall had been closed, a gate at the front was open, a janitor standing by it. This seeming a propitious sign, we left the avenue, and directed our steps thither. The janitor, seeing us approach, closed the gate, and retired, certainly out of sight, but we thought not out of hearing. We had interpreters ready of speech and skilful to negotiate, but no inducement that we offered, either moral or pecuniary, could avail to bring back the lost custodian. This was only one more renewal of the experience which other members of the party had

TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

for several days. More disappointed than chagrined, we crossed the avenue, to a gate opposite the Temple of Heaven, which opens upon the same area with the Temple of Agriculture. A long

argument ensued between our interpreter, Dr. Williams and the custodian. It ended by his taking half a dollar in Chinese "cash." On inquiry, however, we found that the difficulty was not one that involved the privilege of entering the temple, but only a question of prepayment of the fee.

The enclosure of the Temple of Agriculture contains four hundred acres. Custom requires that the emperor shall come once a year to this temple, with the same magnificent demonstration as on the occasion of his visits to the Temple of Heaven, and, as vicegerent of Heaven, shall break the earth with a plough, sow it with seed, and implore propitious rain and sunshine, and plentiful harvest. These functions being celestial, the right to perform them cannot be delegated, and so they are for the present suspended during the minority of the emperor. The present emperor is yet only thirteen years of age. Several years having elapsed since the death of the last monarch, the temple and its appurtenances exhibit neglect and ruin, such as are not likely to occur on the show-grounds of our agricultural fairs.

A large portion of the grounds is covered with cypress-groves, a growth of more than five hundred years. The grounds and even the roads are overrun with coarse, rank grass and weeds. The wild-thorn made fearful havoc with our clothes, and we required to be continually on our guard against nettles. In an open square of half an acre is a circular platform of stone, with a marble balustrade and a staircase, which is guarded by the figure of a dragon. On ceremonial occasions, a throne is placed in the centre of this platform under a gorgeous blue canopy. Here the emperor alights from his palanquin, and takes his seat in solitary pomp. Directly opposite, at a distance of thirty feet, is a similar platform which is occupied by the imperial family. Proclamation being made, the emperor leaves the throne, and makes a solemn progress, followed by his family and ministers, to a temple some two hundred feet distant, which may be eighty feet square and fifty feet high; against the inner wall of this temple a dais is raised twenty feet, and upon it is a throne, the same which the late emperor occupied at the last celebration. Over the throne, in large characters, is this legend:

"We praise the God who taught men to sow, and who gives them the harvest."

Altars with vases surround the throne. When the emperor has been seated for a time, he rises, and, standing erect, lifts his hands in adoration, and amid the clouds of incense invokes the blessings needful for his people. This part of the ceremony concluded, the emperor then walks to a distant enclosure of perhaps eight acres. Here, upon another throne, he is attended by the imperial family and the whole court. New proclamation being made, the emperor advances into the field, and with his own hand on the plough drives it until one acre of soil is upturned. This done, he scatters the seed. Princes of the imperial family and distinguished members of the court follow, and in like manner plough and sow the remainder of the field: After this, the emperor, with his family, court, and ministers, repairs to a platform on the opposite side of the field,

TABLET HALL.

on which is erected a large altar. Here, in the presence of all, he makes a burnt-offering of oxen, sheep, goats, and other animals to the God of Agriculture.

Having surveyed these more prominent places in the area of the Temple of Agriculture, we next visited a great central edifice, on the walls of which are tablets dedicated to the God of the Winds, the God of Thunder, the God of the Green Grass, and the God of the Green Stalks of Grain. We were afterward conducted to a sunken place, paved and walled with stone, in which place the sacrificial animals are kept. We saw here the arched passage through which they are driven, the yard in which they are butchered, the immense platform on which they are prepared for the altar, the huge furnaces and kettles in which the offerings are burned, and finally the oven, as large as a city bakery, in which, after the sacrifice is completed, all the refuse of the animals, and all the garments and vestments of the priests and attendants engaged in the sacrifice, are reduced to ashes.

On our way out of the temple, we stopped before a curious ivy-canopied oratory, within which stand the shrines of three gods, one a dwarf, the others larger, the three differing in complexion as in stature. The right figure, the God of the Sea, bears a trident, and is copper-colored. The left figure is the God of Rain, and is pure white. The central figure is the God of Benevolence, and is African black. The Chinese divinities are always attended by guardians. This singular group rejoices in the protection of a huge, fierce, wooden soldier, armed with a veritable musket, lock, stock, and barrel, complete.

Three thousand three hundred and sixty years ago, the Almighty spake directly to a portion of the human race then residing on the western shore of Asia, "these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow thyself down to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

The nations which have established themselves between the Mediterranean shore, on which these words were spoken, and the eastern side of the Pacific Ocean, have accepted and obeyed these awful commands, and have built a common system of civilization upon them. But the dwellers here on the eastern coast of China have not accepted either the idea that God is the Creator and Supreme Director of the Universe, or that he is One God, or that he is a jealous God.

It is not to be understood, however, that the national mind of China has made no struggles to lift itself above the dead level of materialism. We proceeded from the Temple of Agriculture to visit one which is a monument of such a struggle. This is the Temple of Buddha. The founder of the Buddhist faith did indeed reach the sublime truths expounded by Moses, that God is spiritual, One, and jealous. But he could not hold fast to that exalted truth pure and simple. That faith, therefore, while it accepts Buddha as the Supreme Creator of the Universe, teaches at the same time that, by various processes, occupying long spaces of time, he becomes and remains incarnate on the earth. This impersonation, bearing the name of the Grand Lama, resides in Thibet, veiled from all mortal eyes but a purified and sacred priesthood, which priesthood has its societies and orders throughout China and all the East. It is a subject of curious reflection that, as, in Europe and America, the nations uniformly derive their revelations and systems of faith from the East, so, on the eastern shores and islands of Asia, they with equal confidence claim to have received their religious revelations from the West.

The Buddhists have two great temples at Peking—one in the Tartar city, the other in the Chinese. It was the former which we visited. It consists of several immense edifices, which in the seventeenth century were the residence of an emperor, who becoming an adherent to that religion surrendered his palace to the community of Buddhist bonzes, and dedicated it to that form of worship. The principal structure, built of brick and stone, is capable of holding three thousand persons; the roof is supported with columns of cedar brought from Birmah, eighty feet high. A gigantic wooden statue

of Buddha towers from the floor to the roof. Its carved drapery, while it leaves the form distinct, conceals the entire person except the huge, jet-black face, fingers and toes. According to the tradition of the sect, the living Buddha in Thibet had, at the time of his incarnation, eighteen most saintly apostles who endured all manner of trials and worked all manner of miracles. These eighteen apostles, carved in wood, sit cross-legged in a circle around the great idol, gazing at the soles of their feet, supposed to be an attitude of divine contemplation. Vases of incense stand before the god and each of the saints. The images are so far from having any spiritual expression, that the faces of all, including that of Buddha, are simply inane. All around the temple are shrines, each of which supports a diminutive female figure carved in bronze. Each of these figures represents the virgin mother of the incarnate Buddha. It is not without probability that theologians suppose that this idea, now universally held by the Buddhists, analogous to that of the Madonna, is a modern innovation derived from some early inculcations of the Christian Church. Certainly the similarity is remarkable. One of our fellow-travellers at Shanghai bought a bronze image of the mother of Buddha, with an infant in its arms, which, on examination, we concluded to be an antique figure of the Virgin Mary. These statuettes to-day are carefully draped in bright yellow silk, the thermometer having fallen last night to 32°.

Admiral Rodgers will verify another curious ornament which arrested our attention in this temple. It is a picture which hangs against the inner wall, and presents a view of the Last Judgment —a celestial figure pronouncing sentence, the doomed descending into a fiery abyss, the blessed rising into regions of felicity. It is so like the conceptions of the middle ages, that the picture might have been a study for Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. There are a thousand bonzes in the monastery attached to this temple. They surrounded us on our way through it. Though they wear a yellow uniform, they are ragged and unclean, and appear in the last stage of mendicity. We shrank from too close a contact with them. They are ignorant, idle, and lazy. They seem to have no efficient ecclesiastical superior, and to be amenable to

no public opinion. In these respects they contrast very disadvantageously with the cleanly, neat, and courteous bonzes whom we saw in Japan. Although a daily ritual service is read in the temple, it everywhere exhibits the saddest evidences of neglect and dilapidation.

After so broad a study of the practices of idolatry, we were now prepared for the more pleasing ones of rationalistic institutions. Escaping from the mendicant throng, who followed us to the outer

THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.

gate of the Buddhist monastery, we proceeded to the Temple of Confucius. It is about as spacious as the Senate-hall in Washington. After having been so long bedazzled and bewildered by the Buddhist and other pagan temples in China, it was not without pleasant surprise that we found the great hall, which we now entered, unique in design and simple in decoration. There is here

neither idol nor image, the likeness of any thing in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, nothing to bow down to or worship. There is neither altar, nor vase, nor candelabra. Instead of all these, there is, in a large niche in the rear wall, a plain pedestal, which bears a modest red tablet, on which is engraved, in letters of gold, the name "Confucius." The architrave of the niche bears seven legends, the homages of the several emperors, of the present dynasty, who have reigned since the temple was built. These legends are as follows:

By KIA-KING.

"The holy one combined the great perfections."

By KANG-HI.

"The leader and patron of all nations."

By YUNG-CHING.

"Mankind has seen none like him."

By KIEN-LING.

"The equal of Heaven and Earth."

By TAI-KWANG.

"The holy one who assists in harmonizing the seasons."

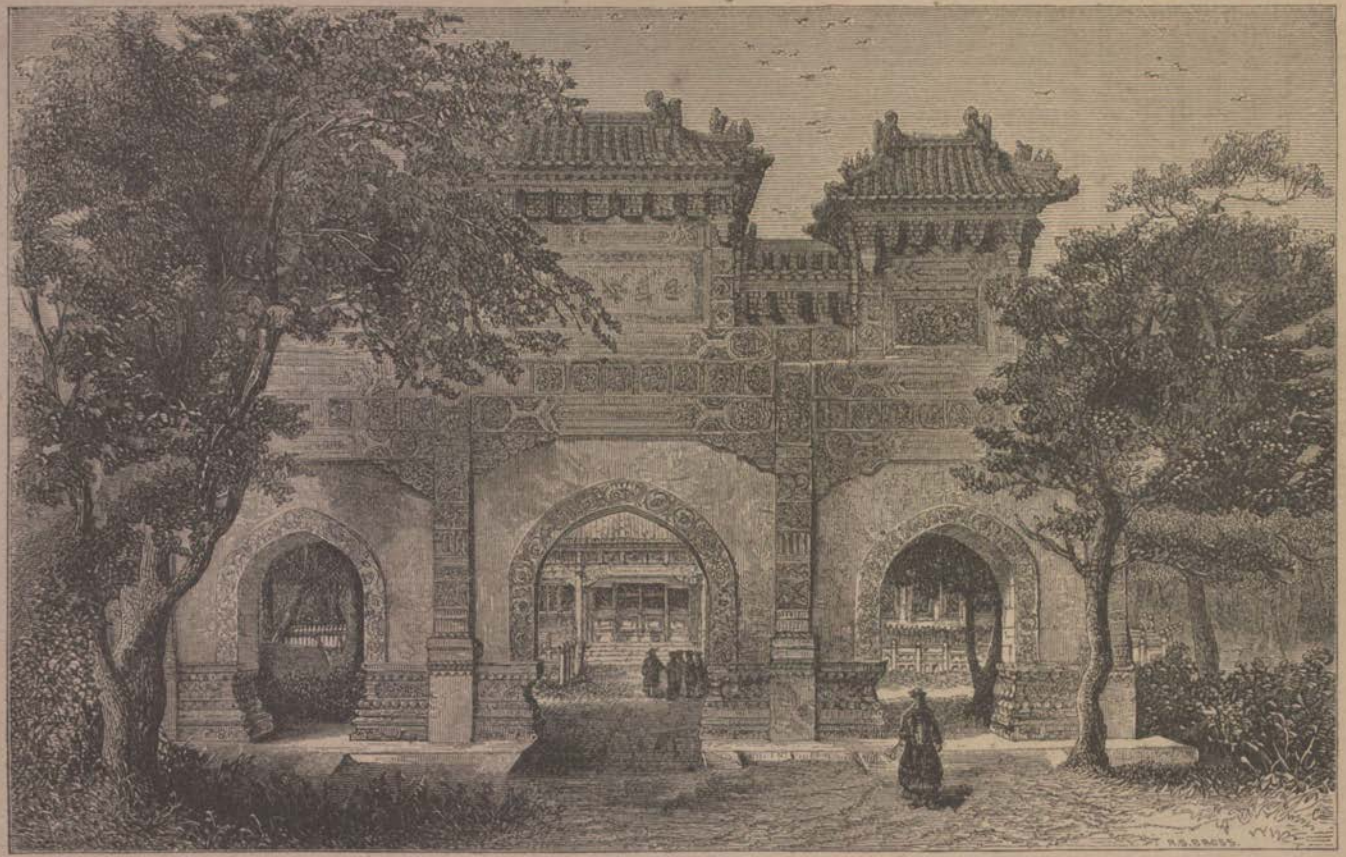
By HIEN-FUNG.

"His virtue is all the virtue which can exist between the canopy of Heaven above and the Earth below."

FUNG-CHI, the present boy-emperor, contributes this:

"His holiness is divine; Heaven cannot circumscribe it."

Around the sides of the room are arranged tablets dedicated to eminent disciples of Confucius. Near the temple is the great Palace Hall, where the annual competitive examination of pupils, from all parts of the empire, is held. The construction of the Examination Chamber is at once convenient and elegant. We are



GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, PEKING.

not sure that it would be thought exceptional for Lyceum or Examination Hall at Yale or Harvard. It has a raised platform, with a plain throne, for the emperor, who annually attends here for the purpose of conferring the degrees, and has chairs for the examiners, with benches, raised in semicircular rows, for the candidates. The studies are confined to the writings of Confucius, which are regarded as the classics of China, and every word of which is labo-

IMAGE OF CONFUCIUS.

riously committed to memory. A long, covered corridor connects this hall with the temple last described. This corridor has a row of massive granite columns. We could not stop to count them. The square monoliths are completely covered with the writings of Confucius, the text being the prescribed standard for all republications within the empire. The grounds contain twelve thousand apartments for professors and scholars. The entire institution bears, in government language, the name of "academy." We

were sorry to find all parts of the academy covered with dust and sand, and exhibiting evidence of much neglect, though not dilapidated like the temples.

Open any Chinese book, ask any Chinese statesman or scholar, and you will learn that Confucius is worshipped. Push the inquiry further, and you will learn that he is worshipped not as a deity, but as a person of divine perfection. The absence of the customary symbols of worship in the Temple of Confucius confirms this view. The Chinese ambassadors at Washington refused to recognize one of their young countrymen who had been educated at Fairfax Theological Seminary for the Christian ministry. He pleaded, as an excuse for his conversion, the divinity of Christ. They replied: "Why do we want another Christ? We have a Christ of our own, Confucius." A Chinaman, whom we met here, when pressed by one of our missionaries to accept the gospel of Jesus Christ as the gift of God to man, replied: "Why is not a Christ born in China as good as a Christ born in the United States?"

This national habit of comparing Confucius with the Saviour undoubtedly results from the similarity, in many respects, between the teachings of Confucius and the Christian morals. The Chinese reformer teaches no dogmatic theology, either of materialism or mysticism. He tolerates all such, however, while his code of morals and manners is adapted to all classes and conditions of society, and to all forms of religious faith. The worshippers of heaven and earth, the sun, moon, and stars, can accept the system of Confucius, because it does not interfere with any principles of their own. The Buddhists entertain no jealousy of it. It fails, however, to regenerate the empire; it is "of the earth, earthy." "As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy, and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." The motive of duty to our fellow-men must have its most effective spring in the sense of duty to God. No human being can have that sense, unless he has accepted the truth that God is one, and that he is a Spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

The day closed with an excursion through the imperial city, and under the walls of the "prohibited" city. The grounds at-

tached to the imperial palaces have an exquisite arrangement of lawn and grove, of hill and lake. These grounds are cultivated with due care, and gave us the only scene we have found in Peking, or indeed in China, exempt from the ravages of decay and desolation.

November 11th.—We met, last evening, the diplomatic society, and all the foreigners residing in Peking, in a pleasant reunion at the British legation.

The imperial parks and gardens, the groves around the temples, the waste places made by sieges and fires, not to speak of the multitude of canals, fit Peking to be a paradise of birds, and the taste of the Chinese people favors their preservation. We are awakened every morning by the cawing of the foraging army of crows going out on their march to the cornfields outside the city. The sky is blackened at sunset with the regiments returning to bivouac. The crow is not here, however, as among us, regarded with dislike. He is taught solemn exercises, cunning acts, and winning ways. Thrushes, as large as our robins, and sparrows especially beautiful, abound, and game is more plentiful than poultry at home. The pigeon, everywhere a favorite of man, is especially so here. Flocks, whirling through the air at all hours of the day, arrest notice by shrill and varied notes, which they never utter elsewhere. We were a long time perplexed as to what particular species these birds belonged, and in what way they produced these not unmusical sounds. They are reared in dovecotes, and a light reed-whistle is delicately fastened on the back of the bird, at the root of the tail-feathers. Many reasons are assigned for this invention. The most common one is, that it frightens the crows in their depredations. Another, that they protect the flocks against the birds of prey. However this may be, the music produced on these Æolian harps is sufficient to account for the practice, without looking for any economical reason.

We have frequently recognized the pigeon in his office of letter-carrier. He is the only postman employed in China, except the swift-footed Government courier, whose toil is so great while his reward is so small. What a change must come over the empire,

when this postman gives place to the railroad, the express, and the electric telegraph! We have not seen the magpie domesticated, but he keeps perpetual ward in the palaces, castles, and gates.

While we have been studying the birds of Peking, some members of our party were making a new advance upon the Temple of Heaven. What they saw must be recorded, less for the forbidden knowledge which was gained than for the moral reflections which it suggests. Mr. Coles, a pupil in the American legation, conducted a party of four, two of whom were ladies, along the high, paved road in the direction of the temple. At a distance from the gate he left them and threw himself into a mean, closely-covered mule-cart, in which he made his way unsuspected along the base of the wall, until he reached the central gate, from which we had before been repulsed. Emerging from the cart, he rushed into the open gate-way, and planted himself by the side of the stern janitor, who requested the unwelcome visitor to retire, and attempted to close the gate. But the visitor stood firm, all the while beckoning to the distant party to come up. The custodian now betrayed a consciousness that he did "perceive here a divided duty." In any case it was a duty to save the great altar from profanation by native or foreigner, especially the latter. Secondly, since the Tien-Tsin massacre the Government has strenuously commanded that in no case shall offence be given to Christians. The custodian made the best he could of the dilemma, and yielding to the resistance which he could not overcome without violence, he piteously implored from the intruder a *douceur*, by way of indemnity for the bastinado which the Government was sure to inflict as a punishment for infidelity at his post. Terms were liberally adjusted, and the party went successfully through the temple, penetrating even the holiest of its holies. The janitor hurried them forward, his fears of the bastinado increasing with every minute of delay. His terror became so great that, when they had completed the examination and returned to the gate, he demanded a larger sum for letting them out than he had before received for letting them in.

To what a humiliating condition has the empire of Kublai-Khan fallen, when its sovereign dare not suffer the foreigner to enter the

great national temple, through fear of domestic insurrection, nor to forbid him from entering, through fear of foreign war!

While the visitors confirm the descriptions of the magnificence of the temple which we have before mentioned, they assure us also that even in the Temple of Heaven, as in all the other edifices and places we have visited, neglect and decay are indescribable.

Wan-Siang is president of the Board of Rites, and principal Minister of Foreign Affairs. Acting in concert with the regent Prince Kung, Wan-Siang was the master-spirit who led the Chinese Government up to the resolution of entering into diplomatic relations with the Western powers. It was he who solicited and procured from Mr. Seward at Washington a copy of Wheaton's "Law of Nations," and caused it to be translated and adopted by the imperial Government. He, more than any other, was efficient in instituting the Burlingame mission. As has been before intimated, when we arrived he was under a leave of absence from official duties for one year, on the double ground of his ill-health and the duty of mourning for that period the death of his mother. Under these circumstances Mr. Seward, the day after his audience with the cabinet, addressed a note to Wan-Siang, sympathizing with him in his illness, and proposing to visit the minister at his own house. This note brought an autograph letter, beautifully written on rose-colored Chinese official paper, as follows:

"I have long heard of your excellency's great fame, which for many years has been cherished by all nations, and I myself have exceedingly respected you and longed for a better acquaintance. Since you have come to our country, its high authorities will be still more desirous of seeing and conversing with you. But, as for myself, an old malady having returned, I have been obliged to ask a leave of absence, and it was an occasion of regret and disappointment that I was unable to meet you on the 7th instant, when you visited the foreign office. I have had the honor to receive your note of yesterday, in which you propose to yourself the great trouble of coming to see me, an honor which I shall engrave in my heart, and write on my bones. But my dwelling is mean and small, and its condition would, I fear, be offensive to you, which

would be a matter of deep regret to me. I have, therefore, set apart the 11th instant to go and call on you at one o'clock in the afternoon, if my health will in anywise enable me to do so. We can then converse at length. I shall be pleased to receive a reply, and I avail myself of this occasion to wish that happiness may every day be yours."

The letter bore no signature, but enclosed within was the written card of Wan-Siang.

At twelve another autograph card of Wan-Siang was delivered to Mr. Seward, as an announcement of the minister's approach. He arrived at the moment, in a green sedan-chair, with two mounted attendants and four footmen. He is a dignified and grave person, and he went through the ceremony of introduction to Mr. Seward with ease and politeness. He wore a rich dress of silks and furs, and a mandarin's hat with a peacock's feather and a coral ball on the top. Mr. Seward and Mr. Low sat down with Wan-Siang, Dr. Williams acting as interpreter. Wan-Siang said:

"I have been detained at my home one whole year by ill-health. I should not have come out from it now, and perhaps I should never have come out from it again, but for my desire to make your acquaintance. I have always known you as a firm and constant friend of a just and liberal policy, on the part of the Western nations toward China. I am surprised to see you so vigorous after so laborious a public service. What may be your honorable age?"

Mr. Seward answered: "Sixty-nine."

Wan-Siang exclaimed: "Sixteen years older than I, and yet so much stronger and more elastic! You are going from your own country around the world, while I, alas! am unable to keep about my own proper business at home."

Mr. Seward said: "Mr. Burlingame's letters and conversations made me well acquainted with your character and your sagacious and effective statesmanship."

Wan-Siang: "We deplore the death of Mr. Burlingame. It is a loss to China that he died before accomplishing his mission.

Mr. Burlingame wrote to us from the United States how much the embassy was indebted to you for its great success."

MR. SEWARD: "Before the treaty was signed at Washington, its provisions were confidentially submitted to the European courts. They gave us assurances that they would accept them. I met Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen at Shanghai. They told me that the treaty had been virtually accepted by the European states. Mr. Burlingame's mission was therefore a success. He has brought China and the West into relations of mutual friendship and accord. In this view his death was not premature. He has raised an honorable fame on a firm foundation."

WAN-SIANG: "Does any subject occur to you which is of common interest to China and the United States, on which you would be free to speak?"

MR. SEWARD: "I think China ought to reciprocate with the Western nations by sending to them permanent resident ministers and consuls, who should be of equal rank with those which the foreign nations accredit here. They ought, moreover, in all cases, to be not foreigners, but native Chinese."

WAN-SIANG: "We shall send such agents so soon as they can be educated here in the Western sciences and languages, so as to be qualified for their trusts."

MR. SEWARD: "Better that they go unqualified than wait too long. Chinese experts will learn Western sciences, languages, laws, and customs, in the United States or in Europe, much faster than they can acquire them here. Moreover, Chinese immigration is already largely flowing into the United States. The rights and interests of Chinese immigrants are likely to suffer neglect there for want of Chinese diplomatic and consular agents, who, according to the customs of nations, are expected to invoke the attention and protection of the Government, in cases of injustice or oppression. Again, there is no accord nor friendship where there is no reciprocity. China is now regarded, by all the Western nations, as not merely unsocial, but hostile, because she neglects the exchange of international courtesies abroad as well as at home."

WAN-SIANG: "These are my own opinions. I have always endeavored to bring them into practice."

MR. SEWARD: "There is another point upon which I would like to speak freely, if I should not be thought speaking in an unfriendly way. I think I know the temper of the European states. Chinese ministers are accorded a personal reception by the sovereigns of those nations. The Chinese emperor refuses a personal reception to the foreign ministers here. Thus, the Chinese minister is admitted to a direct acquaintance with the President of the United States, with the Queen of England, and with the Emperor of Russia. A minister from either of those countries, on arriving here, learns that the Emperor of China is too sacred a person to be looked upon. This, to be sure, is only a question of ceremony and etiquette; but, my dear sir, questions of ceremony and etiquette between nations often become the most serious and dangerous of all international complications."

WAN-SIANG bowed courteously, but made no reply.

Mr. Low, interposing, said: "The subject is a delicate one just now, but we are sure that Wan-Siang is the last statesman in China to overlook it."

MR. SEWARD: "Are the students, such as I saw yesterday at the Temple of Confucius, and who are the only allowed candidates for official employments in China, instructed in modern Chinese sciences, or are they taught the ancient classics only?"

WAN-SIANG: "Only the latter. I have attempted to procure the establishment of an imperial college, in which modern sciences and languages shall be taught by foreign professors. For a while I thought that I should succeed. But the effort has failed, and has brought me under deep reproach and general suspicion."

MR. SEWARD: "This ought not to discourage you. Every wise minister at some time falls under temporary reproach and unjust suspicion. Public opinion, in every country, is a capricious sea. Whoever attempts to navigate it is liable to be tossed about by storms."

WAN-SIANG: "It is, as you say, indeed unavoidable. A statesman stands on a hill. He looks farther in all directions than the

people, who are standing at the base, can see. When he points out the course they ought to take for safety, they are suspicious that he is misdirecting them. When they have at last gained the summit from which he pointed the way, they then correct their misjudgment. But this, although it may be sufficient for them, comes too late for the statesman."

Wan-Siang seemed to avoid contested questions, like a sick man who is warned against excitement. He turned the conversation upon Prince Kung's admiration for Mr. Seward, and disappointment in failing to meet him at the foreign office, and his purpose still to do so when recovered from his illness. Wan-Siang then fell into lamentations over his own prostrate health, and expressed himself despondingly concerning the future of China. After an exchange of courtesies he withdrew, leaving on Mr. Seward's mind the painful impression that Wan-Siang would die, before many years, of a broken heart.

On inquiring the cause of Wan-Siang's mental depression, Mr. Seward learned that it is due to the defeat of his plans for the college which he had mentioned. It is only just, however, to say that a more hopeful view of that great and beneficent project is entertained, not only by intelligent foreigners residing here, but by Wan-Siang's associates in the Government.

If we have exhausted the sights and wonders of Peking during our stay, certainly the city seems unconscious of it. The wretched streets have become a little less muddy, and the general aspect more cheerful, than when we came here ten days ago.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO THE GREAT WALL.

Preparations for the Trip.—Our Vehicles.—The Summer Palace.—Pagodas.—First Night under a Chinese Roof.—A Chinese Tavern.—Approach to the Great Wall.—The Mongolians.—The Cost of the Wall.—Inquisitive Chinese.—The Second Wall.—The Ming Tombs.—A Misguided Mule.

Hyden, November 12th.—Peking is on the parallel of 39° 54′. The point of the Great Wall which we propose to visit is in a direct north line about forty miles distant, on an elevation of two thousand feet above the city. This altitude has a climatic effect of nearly seven degrees of latitude. The climate there may therefore be understood to be about the same in relation to Peking as the climate of Lake Superior is to that of New York. We provided against inclemency by a supply of furs and braziers. What with our strange catskin caps, long foxskin coats, and high white felt boots, we scarcely claimed to know each other. The obstacles to the excursion have not been over-estimated. They were not, however, of a political nature, like those which opposed our journey to Peking. They are chiefly material and local. Our arrangements were made several days in advance, with Chinese common carriers, for the necessary litters, carts, mules, donkeys, drivers, and attendants. On the afternoon of the tenth, we saw with our own eyes a combined force of men and beasts enter the court ready to be caparisoned and packed during the night to start on the next day, just as soon as Wan-Siang's expected visit should be over. It was not, how-

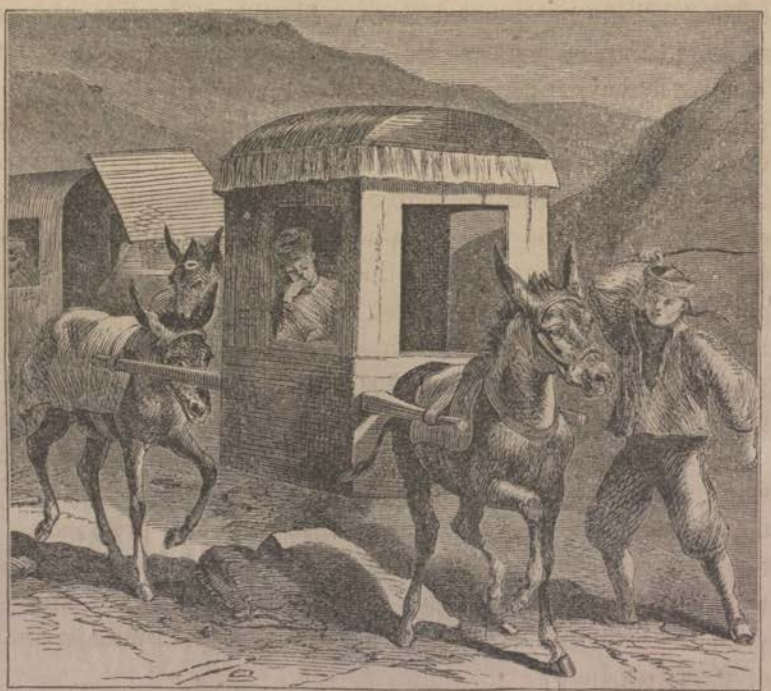
ever, until eight o'clock last night that it was announced to us, not only that the necessary complement of litters had not been obtained, but also that they could not be procured in the city that day. We acquiesced with such grace as we could, and appointed a new hour for departure, namely, six o'clock this morning.

We determined to retire early, Mrs. Low's ball to the contrary notwithstanding. In vain was that "net spread in sight of these birds." We rose at five o'clock. All the mules that had been gathered the day before had been taken away during the night to their customary stables. There was not one animal in the court-yard. At eight o'clock two mules were lacking, but they had been

CHINESE CART.

sent for. At nine, one of the mules which remained was taken sick and was sent away to the hospital. At ten, it was replaced. At half-past ten, the driver fell suddenly ill, and was sent home

unfit for duty. At noon, after we had been sitting three hours closely packed in our litters, the great gate opened, and the long procession, which, though a motley one, was completely organized, moved out. The roads we are to travel do not allow the use of sedan-chairs. Only mandarins are allowed the privilege of travelling in mule-litters. Inferior persons are by the Board of Rites



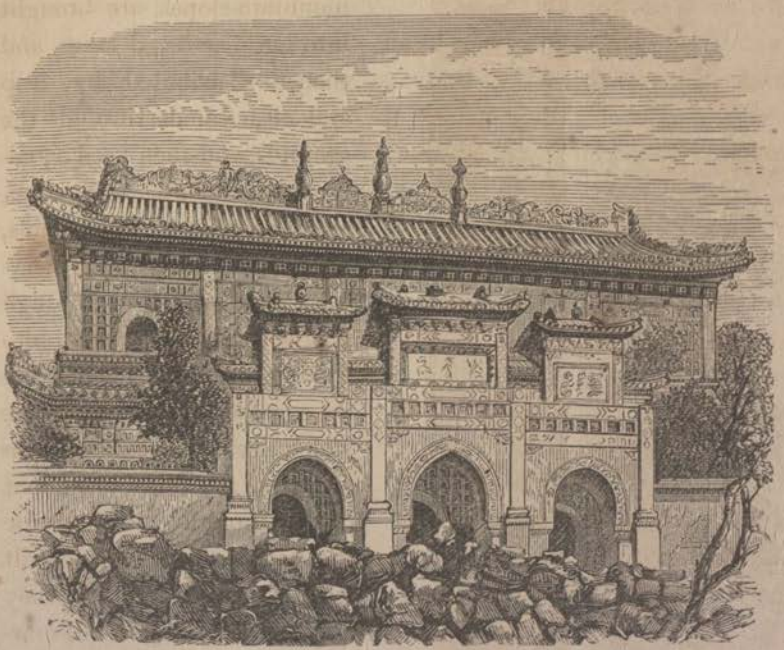
THE LITTER.

confined to the use of the heavy, two-wheeled, close-covered mule-cart, indulgently called by Mr. Pumpelly "a carriage." The caravan consists of eight covered litters for the less vigorous members of the party. Each litter is borne by two mules harnessed between the shafts, one before and one behind the litter. Each litter has an extra mule for occasional service. It has also a driver on foot and a muleteer on a donkey. Then there are six carts, each drawn by one mule, and attended by a driver who walks. All the animals

wear tinkling bells, which give warning to all camel-drivers and whomsoever else it may concern, that a wide berth is required by the ostentatious occupants of the litters. Our way out of the city was through the North Gate. It brought in review, as we passed, the wayside traffic and street amusements of this singular people. Every thing to eat, to drink, and to wear, is prepared and sold in booths, and every thing needful in daily life and death, including coffins, is made and mended there. These booths are interspersed at short distances with theatres, show-rooms, and gambling-dens. You see an hourly performance of Punch with a pigtail, and Judy with cramped feet, thimblerig, harlequin, cards, dice, and magic. Occasionally we meet a lady "of the better sort," closely cushioned in a sedan-chair, more frequently "other women," with or without children, heaped and packed in horrible carts. Only virtuous and respectable people are allowed this indulgence. These women are gayly dressed, painted white and red, and wear large chrysanthemums, or rosettes, in their hair. The very few women whom we pass in the streets are accounted both vulgar and vicious. The booths and theatre were not the only obstacles in our line of march. We jostled against long camel-caravans; funeral-processions, which, by the affectation of solemnity, made a mockery of death; and wedding-processions, which, without a pretence to refinement or delicacy, make the marriage ceremony a vulgar spectacle. At Ta-tsoon-tsa, a dull and cheerless suburb, two miles beyond the gate, we halted for refreshments, at the Buddhist temple of the Great Bell.

In China, temples and Buddhist monasteries are freely opened for the entertainment of travellers. Two monks assisted our servants in preparing lunch. The Temple of the Great Bell is humble compared with those in the city, but, although much dilapidated, is in a more cleanly condition than any we have seen in China. It rejoices in one of eight immense bronze bells which were cast at Peking in the year 1400 of our era, by the Emperor Yung-Lo. It is of the ordinary bell-shape, eighteen feet high, with a mouth thirty-six feet in circumference. It has a small, circular aperture at the top, adapted to the apparatus for suspending the bell. It is

literally covered inside and out with raised texts in very small Chinese characters, in all numbering, it is claimed, eighty-four

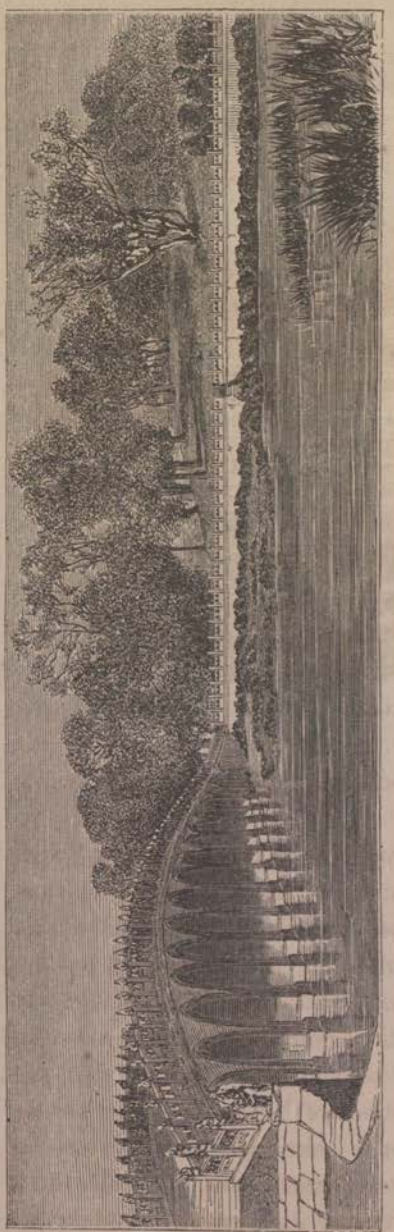


SUMMER PALACE.

thousand. The bell is made to sound by being beaten with a heavy wooden club.

A further drive of six miles brought us to the Yuen-Min-Yuen, familiarly called the Emperor's Summer Palace. Since the time of the Ming dynasty, Yuen-Min-Yuen was the Versailles of China until 1860, when it was sacked, plundered, and destroyed, by the British and French allied armies in their advance on Peking. It is not in our way now to describe its former glory, or to relate the story of its catastrophe. We must be content in writing what we see and how we see it. The grounds of Yuen-Min-Yuen are an area of twelve square miles. It once contained thirty extensive and costly palaces used by the emperor and court. The invaders related that the architecture, furniture, and embellishments of

Yuen-Min-Yuen, as they found it, were a happy and effective combination of Oriental and Western luxury and elegance. Many streams, gathered on adjacent mountain-slopes, are brought into large artificial lakes, and thence distributed by deep and clear canals through the grounds, and then used equally for pleasure, navigation, and irrigation. The canals, after performing these services, unite and flow through a broad and deep canal into Peking, where they constitute the great and picturesque lake which we have before mentioned as the finest ornament of the imperial city. While the canals have been built with excellent masonry, they are crossed with graceful marble bridges in various directions. The fields, meadows, and lawns, are fertile, but now in a condition of complete neglect and waste. At the centre of the plain a circular rocky islet rises abruptly to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. This artificial hill is traced with spiral terraces which fascinate the visitor by continually bringing into view palaces, pavilions, pagodas, temples, all half concealed by hanging



BRIDGE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE SUMMER PALACE.

gardens and groves, which are embellished with fountains, statuary, and shrines. The summit is crowned with an imperial summer-house in the Italian style, its wall richly frescoed, and its roof glistening with blue and yellow porcelain. One of the delights of Yuen-Min-Yuen was a unique temple, wrought of polished bronze, standing on the acclivity of this islet. We shall never weary of the Chinese pagoda. One of those at Yuen-Min-Yuen, which, with the temple last mentioned, preserves much of its form and beauty, is a gem of that sort of structures. It is of slender proportions, and built entirely of porcelain of variegated colors. There must have been a time when the sculptor of China, while he disdained to copy foreign models, had learned how to bring Greek and Roman taste and art to give effect to national designs. Although the lions, the sphinxes, and the dragons, which are profusely displayed here, are imaginative conceptions, any one of them would, by its exquisite execution, excite admiration in Europe.

The destruction of this magnificent palace by the allies presents one of those painful subjects concerning which agreement can never be expected between the generous and the unsympathetic portions of mankind. The allies say that the demolition was a just and even necessary retaliation against the emperor for the cruelty practised by the Chinese Government toward Sir Harry Parkes. The friends of art throughout the world will agree with the Chinese scholars and statesmen, who complain that the destruction of these ancient and ornamental palaces, with the plunder of their stores of art, was useless to the invaders, and therefore indefensible. For our own part, we have always thought that the British army might have spared the Capitol and the presidential mansion in 1814; and we now think that the allies might have spared Yuen-Min-Yuen. However this may be, the fact remains that the Emperor of China, ruler of the oldest monarchy in the world, is the only sovereign who is confined to a single residence, and that in the heart of a crowded and walled city. The ruins are now without tenants, as the temples are without priests or worshippers. Speculators and adventurers boldly barter for the disfigured statuary and for the polished capitals, shafts, and pedestals, of the bronze temple. The

roads are impassable, the marble bridges broken down, the canals choked, the gardens, groves, and walks, have become devastated, and the plain itself is fast becoming a stagnant marsh. Washington, Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, have repaired the disasters they have respectively suffered, but the Chinese Government has no resources or spirit for renovation. The decay of Yuen-Min-Yuen must, therefore, continue until these "round and splendid" gardens shall become a maze as unintelligible to the traveller as the palace of the Cæsars at Rome.

It remains to be said that these imperial pleasure-resorts were surrounded by populous cities and villages, whose inhabitants derived their living from ministering to the needs and pleasures of the court. These cities and villages are now abandoned to bats and vermin.

Arriving here after dark, we brought our long and *bizarre* procession to a halt in the open streets, because the court-yard of the inn would not hold litters and carts with the teams attached. It is hard to say how either Mr. Seward or the ladies could have been able to alight and thread their way among the busy, curious crowd which thronged the narrow, crooked streets, but for the assistance of Admiral Rodgers and the consul-general. We came in safely, however, to have our first experience of lodging under a Chinese roof.

Nan-Kow, November 13th.—The mule litter is comfortable, and its movement easy, but it makes only two miles an hour. The "cribbed, cabined, and confined," solitary occupant finds the travel tedious. We have learned, however, to relieve the weariness by occasional changes with the muleteer and the donkey-driver.

The first part of our journey to-day was over a level table-land. The road has been only a narrow, uneven, stony path, impassable with any vehicle other than those we have chosen. During the last two hours, we have climbed six hundred feet of the mountain slope, and have reached the foot of the Nan-Kow Pass, up which we must go to reach the Great Wall. With the usual ruggedness

of mountain scenery, no part of the country affords any relief to the general aspect of desolation. Fahrenheit 32°.

NAN-KOW PASS.

With few exceptions, the houses here are built of adobe, with thatched roofs, and only one story high. Our inn is of this sort, and consists of a low range of very small apartments, built against the wall on the four inner sides of a large, unpaved square. We have to-night, as last night, secured the entire inn. Entering from the street, we have on that side of the square a row of apartments which are divided by the gate. On the right of the gate are the rooms, or offices, occupied by the manager or keeper of the inn, where orders are received. On the left, a kitchen, or a series of immense cooking-houses, where victuals are cooked after the Chinese

fashion, sufficient, we should think, to supply the whole town. It is marvellous what economy of fuel, labor, and provisions, this kitchen exhibits. The guest at the inn may supply himself from it or not, as he pleases. Perhaps, it is needless to say that foreigners never do. Proceeding through the square, we have on one side a row of apartments just like the others, which are promiscuously used, according to the exigencies of the occasion, for stables or lodging-rooms. At the farther side of the square are four rooms of the same sort, which we have appropriated for parlor, dining-room, and sleeping-apartments. On the other side of the square, a similar series of accommodations for man and beast. The animals, drivers, and attendants are disposed of in their lodgings and stables, according to their tastes. The litters and carts with their clumsy, ragged harness block up the court-yard, so that there is no getting across it or through it, without a guide and a lantern. Our own apartments, though we have called them by names which designate the uses to which we have appropriated them, are all alike. There is no corridor or veranda within or without, and so no communication between them except through the open court-yard. The rooms are about ten feet square and seven feet high; the floors of uneven, disjointed flat stones, and they seem to have been never washed or swept. The doors are rude, full of crevices, and without fastenings. One small window in each room has a sash, covered, or meant to be covered, with dingy, torn, oiled paper. We do not know how nor where the manager of the inn procured the one table and chair with which he has furnished our chosen dining-room. Our servants have hired utensils in the kitchen to prepare our supper. Our bags and cloaks supply the deficiency of chairs. Across one entire end of each apartment is a brick platform, raised eighteen inches above the stone floor. Under this platform is a sunken furnace with reverberatory flues, so placed as to heat every part of the surface. The platform thus heated, and called the *kang*, is the common bedstead of the apartment, and the bamboo-mat spread over it is the common bed. A good fire being built in the kang in the evening, it retains its heat generally during the night. You may, however, replenish it at your pleasure. The bedstead accommodates, if neces-

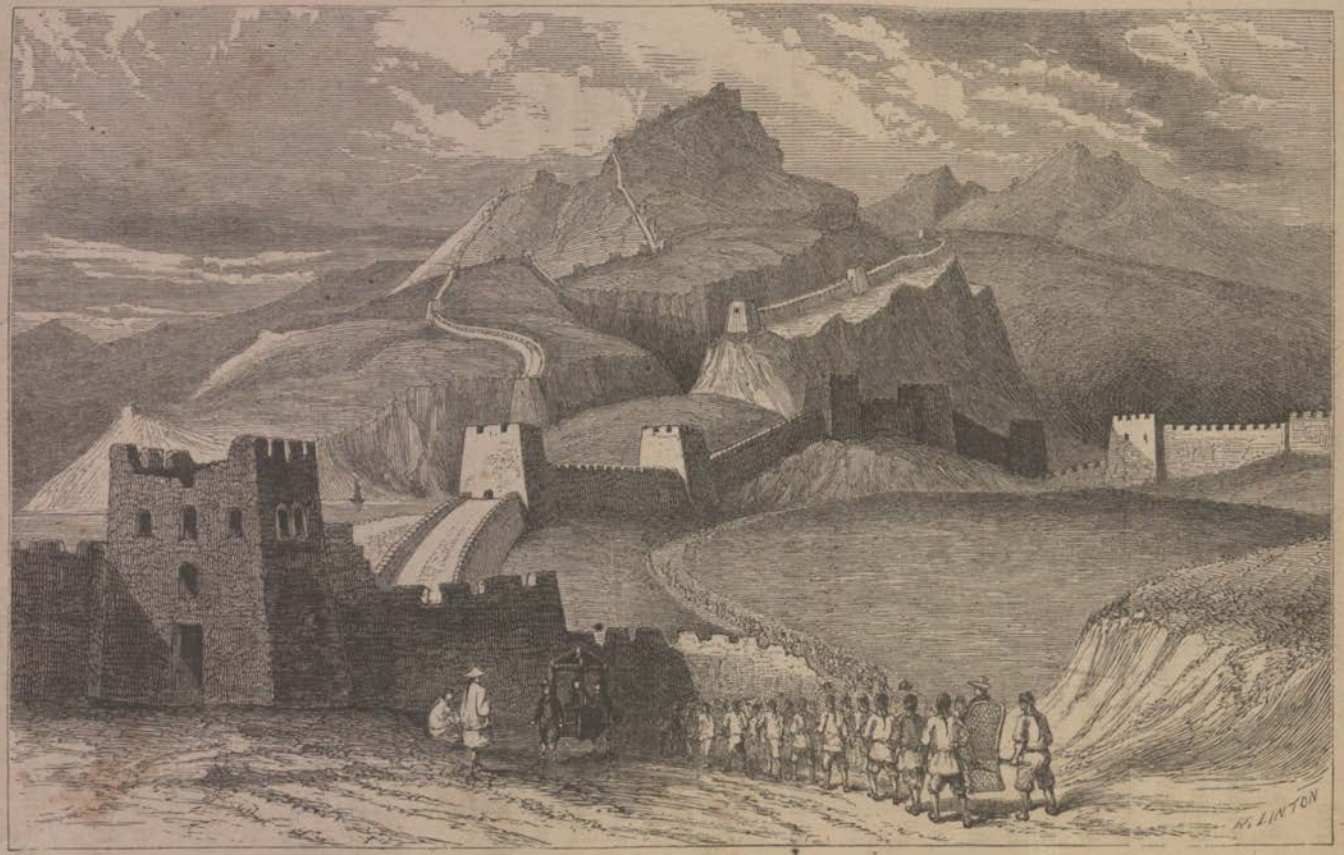
sary, ten persons, who stretch themselves out upon it side by side, without making any change of clothing, wrapping themselves in their sheep-skin jackets.

We, of course, have a separate room for each of our party. Our servants have brought in the cushions, blankets, and furs, from our litters, and with these, by the aid of our dressing-cases, we are able to make a pretence of toilets. We have even extemporized curtains, which are close, though not of damask. The kang is throwing out a genial heat through the room. We lie down upon it, with the stars twinkling brightly through the broken paper panes of the only window.

November 14th, Morning.—Our mules are not reliable for the part of our journey which remains. We have ordered mountain-chairs and coolies, and while they are coming we have made a complete tour of the inn. In the East, the travellers are generally merchants or government agents. As there are no carriage-roads, every one uses one, two, three, or more beasts. Forage is cumbrous, and therefore becomes the most serious care of the inn-keeper. Dwellers in the East invariably live in close intimacy with their beasts; hence cleanliness is a virtue scarcely known. The inn, which last night seemed to us not absolutely destitute of comfort, this morning is offensive and disgusting.

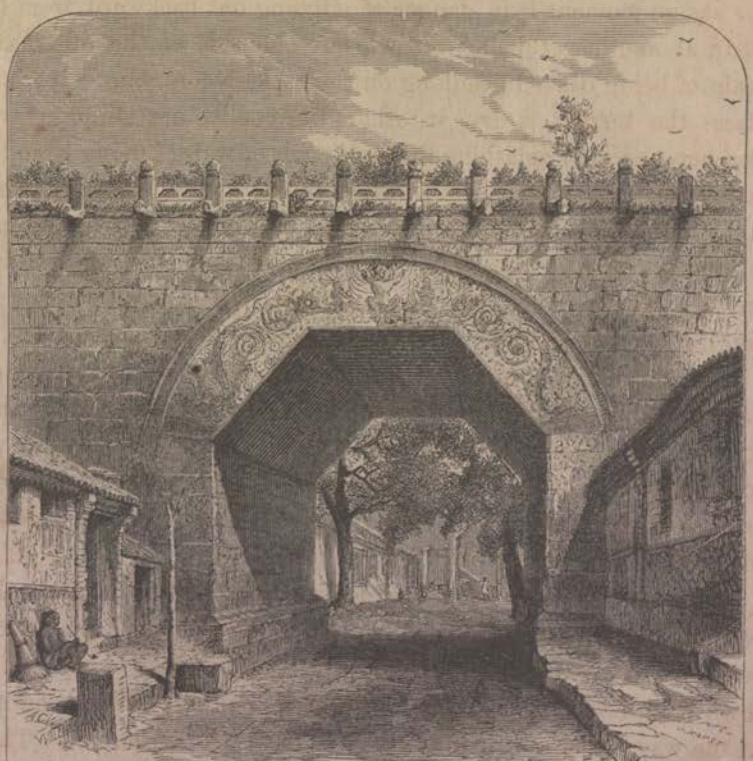
Nan-Kow, November 14th, Evening.—We have done it! We have seen the Great Wall. We have scaled its rampart, walked through its gates, examined its bastions, trodden its parapet, looked off from its battlements, and rested under its shade. Regarding this as the greatest achievement of our journey thus far, we should desire to set down minutely and deliberately each one of its incidents; but, hurried as we are by threatening winter, we have only time to describe the prominent features, and record an occasional thought.

China might be designated as a country of fortifications and walls. Without being aware of this, we have already mentioned the walls of Shanghai, Tien-Tsin, Tung-Chow, and the triple walls



THE GREAT WALL.

of the city of Peking. This little city of Nan-Kow has fortifications adequate to the largest garrison. Inscriptions on the gate-ways and arches in four different dialects, Mongolian, Mantchoorian, Chinese, and Thibetian, besides another dialect which is no longer extant, prove the great antiquity of these structures. Besides these fortifications, Nan-Kow is encircled by a wall which stretches over hill and valley in such a way that, while it is no longer useful for any purpose of defence, one cannot but hope that it may be preserved



GATE AT NAN-KOW.

for picturesque effect. Thus we seem here not to be seeing the present China, but the China of the past.

From the very gate of Nan-Kow, we found neither regular road, nor marked nor beaten track, but a ravine, which, in the

lapse of ages, a torrent has excavated down the mountain, falling a thousand feet in a distance of twelve miles. Our upward way lay in the rugged furrow of this torrent. Each passenger was lashed tightly in his "mountain" chair, which is simply an arm-chair mounted on two shafts, and borne by four coolies, his safety depending on the tenacity with which his feet press against a swinging board suspended before him from the shafts. The coolies pick their way by crossing from one side to the other over uneven, broken bowlders and rocks, and through deep gullies. The passenger at one moment is in danger of slipping out backward from his chair, at another of being thrown out one side or the other, and again of being dashed headlong on the rocks before him. In some places the torrent is dry, in others the coolies are slipping over treacherous ice, or splashing through pools of water among rounded pebbles and sharp rocks; in short, over every thing but dry earth. Steep mountains exclude the sun's light and heat at nearly all hours of the day. Those mountains are timberless, tenantless, dry, and brown. The geological formation of the pass is an alternation of granite, gneiss, red and yellow sandstone, porphyry, and marble.

Having said that our road has none of the qualities and conditions of a thoroughfare, it will seem strange when we now say that at intervals we encounter, through the whole pass, blocks of hewn and polished marble, with other *débris* of pavements, culverts, bridges, arches, and gates, indicating that it was once a military road superior to the Appian Way of Rome.

Only Love, that "laughs at locksmiths," could maintain his sway in this dreary region. We met, in one of the most fearful gorges, a magnificent crimson wedding-car, which was coming down from Kiakhta, to receive a bride at Peking. We encounter on the way a class of travellers that we have not before met. They come not in sedan-chairs, mule-litters, or carts, but on horses, camels, and donkeys; and of these there is an endless procession. The beasts are loaded with wheat, barley, hemp, flax, and wool. Thirty camels make up a single train. One man leads each six of the beasts by means of a cord to which the halter of each is attached. Rocking from side to side, and unceasingly chewing their cuds

as they move slowly along, they excite interest by their patience, docility, and perseverance. Rough and vehement as the camel-driver seems, we have not seen him inflict a blow, or utter a word of impatience toward the gentle beasts.

Another class of travellers are herdsmen. Mongolia and Mantchooria, beyond the Great Wall, are pasturages, and the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle which are raised there are brought chiefly through this pass, to be spread over the great plain of North China.

The Mongolians dress altogether in furs and skins. They have an air of independence and intelligence not observable in China proper. The women are particularly strong, and, as we judge from their manner, entirely free. Their furs are richer than those of the men, and they wear a profusion of silver ornaments on the forehead, wrist, and ankle, as well as suspended from their ears and nose. They travel with their husbands, who divide with them the care of the children. If it is discouraging to some at home to wait for the restoration of woman's rights, it is pleasant to find her in the full enjoyment of them here, in spite of Oriental prejudices and superstitions. The mountain-cliffs are ornamented at convenient and prominent points with pretty temples and unique shrines, and pious devices and legends are carved on what seem to be inaccessible basaltic rocks. But the temples and shrines, no longer attended by votaries, are falling into ruin.

Reaching at length the source of the mountain-torrent which has made such fearful devastation, we found ourselves in a dell surrounded by mountains, and from their crests the Great Wall encircling and frowning down upon us. Our chairmen at once, with renewed vigor and elasticity, carried us up a rugged declivity of a quarter of a mile, clambering over shivered and shattered rocks, and set us down within a redoubt at the very base of the wall, three hundred feet above the dell which we had left. The wall varies in height from twenty-five to fifty feet. The base here, twenty feet high, is built of solid, hewn granite.

We were not long in ascending the well-preserved flight of stone steps which led to the parapet. The top of the wall is

wide enough for two carriages to pass. From the parapet we contemplated the conquered China of the past, which was below us, and the conquering Tartary of the past, which was above us, both now under one *régime*, and constituting one vast, but crumbling empire. In the embrasures of the parapet we found, here and there, a cast-iron grooved cannon of four-pound calibre. It passed our comprehension to conceive when it was put there, or for what purpose. We entered a watch-tower on our left, and saw, at a distance of forty miles, murky Peking.

The Great Wall crosses twenty-one degrees of longitude from the Pacific coast to the desert border of Thibet, and with its windings has a length of from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles. It seems almost incredible that this gigantic structure, the greatest fortification that has been built by human hands, could have been raised in the short space of about twenty years. Yet history assures us that Chin-Wangti began the work in the year 240 B. C., and finished it in 220 B. C. Nor is the perfection of the work less wonderful than the dispatch with which it was built. Although it here and there exhibits crumbling arches and falling ramparts, it nevertheless stands more firmly and in better preservation than any ancient structure, except perhaps the Pyramids. Very slight repairs would restore it to its original state.

"Admiral Rodgers," said Mr. Seward, as we leaned against the immovable parapet, "will you take your pencil and make an estimate of the comparative cost of constructing a mile of this wall, at the present day, with that of a mile of the Pacific Railroad?"

The two gentlemen went through the process together, and agreed in the result that the cost of building such a wall as this, in the United States to-day, would exceed the entire cost of all the railroads in that country.

"I never before," said Mr. Seward, "found myself in a position so suggestive of reflection. This great monument tells, in brief, the history of China. Aboriginal tribes of the Mongolian race, forty or fifty centuries ago, left cold and sterile homes in the north, spread themselves over the southeastern portion of the continent of Asia, established there a kingdom, and built up a prosperous and

highly-refined state. They were annoyed by incursions and depredations from the same northern steppes which they had left behind them, just as England was so long annoyed by incursions and depredations of the Picts and Scots, Danes and Saxons. Chin-Wangti, king of civilized China, built this great wall to protect the country against those nomadic tribes. The completion of so great a work justified him in laying aside the modest title of king, and assuming the more ambitious one of emperor—the first emperor of China. It is not an unimportant consideration that the culmination of the Chinese Empire, marked by the construction of the Great Wall, was coincident with the decline of Grecian arts and arms and with the establishment of Roman empire on the western shores of Asia. The Great Wall served its purpose through the period of fourteen hundred years. But, during this time, wealth and luxury increased in China, while moral vigor declined. An enervated state provoked the rapacity of its neighbors. Kublai-Khan effected a combination of all the Tartar and Mongolian hordes of the north. They forced the wall, conquered and enslaved China. Chinese morals and manners, however, subdued and modified the character of their conquerors. The wall ceased to be needful, because the Chinese and Tartars became reconciled, assimilated, and contented, under the sway of the Mantchoorian dynasty. How little can human foresight ever penetrate the remote future! How little Chin-Wangti understood of the fate of the Great Wall. Is it not well that human power cannot bind or control for an indefinite future the destinies of any nation?"

Occupied with such reflections as these, we took no note of the hours until the shadows began to fall, and the wind became cold and bleak. We descended and sat at the base of the rampart, where we found a dinner spread upon an uneven table of broken granite blocks.

"Admiral," said Mr. Seward, "our Government informed me, when I was coming abroad, that you were instructed to show me courteous attentions, if I should be so fortunate as to meet you in Asiatic waters. You have executed these instructions in a manner equally considerate and kind. You not only received me at

Shanghai with the usual naval demonstrations of respect, but, with your official staff, you have accompanied me, in the character of a protector as well as a friend, through the stormy Yellow Sea, the agitated political scenes of Tien-Tsin, up the tedious Pei-ho, over the desolate plains of Tung-Chow to Peking, and from there to the Great Wall, where we can look back together on the declining power of China, and forward to the coming of Western civilization from the shores of our own country to the Asiatic coast."

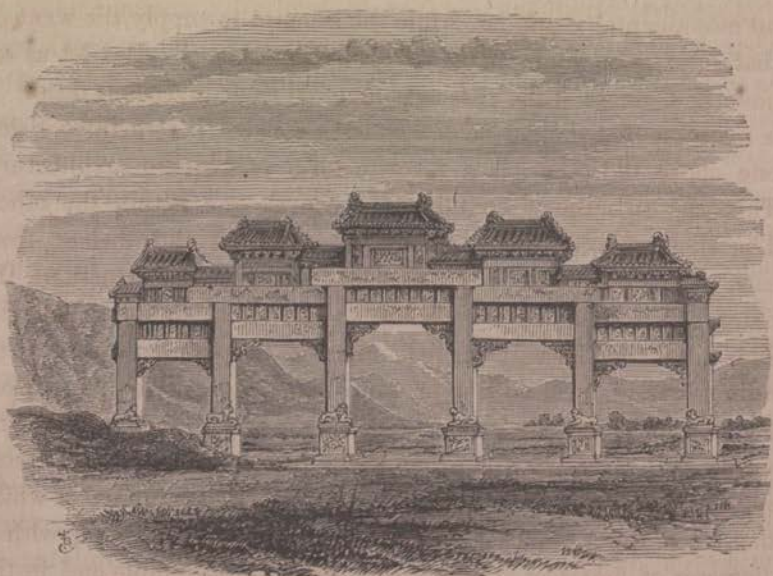
The admiral replied: "I have esteemed myself fortunate, as well as happy, in having had an opportunity of attending you to Peking and the Great Wall—fortunate in having your ripe and varied experience to assist me in forming opinions, and in drawing deductions from what I have seen; happy in the continual familiar intercourse with me whom it is not only a duty, but a pleasure, to honor. Truly do I hope that your health may continue no less robust, and your endurance no less marked, than in our rough experience together, and that your personal observations in other climes, of other peoples, may not be of less interest and benefit to mankind than those you make here."

Our party broke into detachments and all communications between its members ceased. What a lonely tramp did we now have! At length we reached the half-way coolie station. There the bearers set us down outside, while they went into the huts to refresh. Half a dozen men and boys came around the ladies' chairs, and proceeded to examine their dresses, unable to determine whether the habiliments were those of man or woman. Well they might be perplexed. The Astrakhan cap might be worn by either. The long, heavy fox-skin coat and white mandarin boots were equally perplexing. They drew the gloves from off the fingers. These rudenesses were disturbing enough, but at last became unendurable when they thrust their fingers into the hair, and offered their filthy pipes, inviting a general smoke. Just then, when the ladies seemed to have passed completely beyond the society of their own race, they heard the shrill voice of a baby within the hut, crying not especially in the Chinese language, but in the universal dialect of infancy, with the response of the soothing lullaby of the mother,

equally natural. These incidents reassured the ladies, and showed them that the Chinese are yet human, and they gave over all thoughts of fear and torment.

After a march of three more tedious hours, we have reached the same wretched inn which we left this morning. We conclude the notes of our journey by mentioning that, a thousand years, more or less, after the wall was built by Chin-Wangti, a second one was built for greater security, at the eastern end, forty miles south of the original one, both of which remain standing. It is this second wall last built, but similar to and constituting a part of the original system of defence, that we have visited.

Ming Tombs, November 15th.—Resuming our litter, and moving early this morning, we came down from the mountain terrace, and entered a smooth, level, circular plain, seeming more like a bay which indents a high, rocky coast, than the amphitheatre of landscape and mountain which it is. The terrace which surrounds the plain was chosen by the emperors of the Ming dynasty for an



GATEWAY AT MING TOMBS.

imperial cemetery. It is divided into thirteen areas, seemingly of equal extent. Each of these areas is covered with luxuriant gardens, out of the midst of which rises a magnificent mausoleum, called here a temple, but which is in fact a tomb. Dr. Williams tells us that "Ming" means "bright." The "Bright" dynasty flourished from the close of the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. Nanking, for a time the capital, has a cemetery of the earlier rulers of that dynasty. But we understand that it is not so well preserved as this.

All the tombs are of one type. We visited that of Yung Lo, one of the most distinguished of the emperors of China. His decrees of laws and manners, grounded on the writings of Confucius, with some alteration, constitute even now the code of the Chinese Empire. We sat down here to rest in an ancient grove of persimmons, live-oaks, acacias, and cypresses.

"It seems," said Mr. Seward, "that it is not until society reaches a high state of civilization in any country that it learns the absurdity of sepulchral monuments. Great achievements and rare virtues leave an impression upon mankind so deep, that they need no monumental reminder, while the attempt to supply the want of that impression by extravagant art is a mockery." But let us see how the Chinese of the past ages honored their illustrious dead. It is manifest that the device of a series of concentric structures, rising one above the other, is a favorite form of Chinese architecture. This vast monument contains five courts, one within the other. The structures are two temples, disconnected and distant from each other, but essentially alike in design and construction—the outer one serving as a vestibule to the inner or principal one. This inner temple, with its red walls and its plain balustrades and railings, is in form and style quite like the great Temple of Confucius at Peking. Its proportions are equally grand, tasteful, and simple. Its massive yellow-porcelain roof, with its bright green-and-gold ceiling, rests upon two rows of wooden columns, of which there are thirty in each — the columns fifty feet high, with a diameter of four feet at the base. Behind the temple, and in the fourth court stands an uncovered altar, the top of which is a mono-

lith measuring twenty-two feet by five feet. Directly behind the altar is a pagoda of three stories. Entering this pagoda through an arched door, you confront a large tablet of red and gold, which covers the remains of Yung Lo. You then ascend not a staircase, but a long and winding inclined plane, some sixty feet, to the second story. This second story rises seventy feet; in the centre of this is a smaller tablet, like the one in the first story. The third story, reached in the same way, is an open space under the roof.

Although we observe, in these buildings and grounds, marks of care and attention not elsewhere seen in China, there is nevertheless painful evidence that the work of dilapidation has begun even here.

The path by which we reached the cemetery was an indirect one. Contrary to usage, therefore, we made our exit instead of our entrance by the avenue designed for approach from Peking. This avenue is twenty-two miles long, well graded, and originally was paved in the most substantial manner. This road descends from the tomb-covered terrace upon the level plain, at a distance of one mile from the tomb of Yung Lo. Here it crosses a stream or canal by a noble marble bridge, not wholly ruined. This bridge is graced with what is here called the honorary arch, a majestic gateway, built not for use but for effect, like the triumphal arches of Rome or Paris. A mile farther the road leaves the level plain under a similar arch. Having passed these gates, we found the avenue adorned, for the length of a whole mile, by a row, on either side, of gigantic granite figures. Whoever may read these notes will remember that the proper order of these colossal figures is the reverse of that in which we passed them. First, we came between two rows of statues representing philosophers and moralists, four on each side of the way. Then four generals, arranged in like manner on each side, then four priests, then four ministers or statesmen. These figures are about twelve feet high, their costume Chinese. By their attitude and expression they seem to point with silent homage to the tombs of the great beyond. Next we pass in review a double row of equally colossal horses, four on each side, two of them resting on their haunches, and two erect; next ele-

phants erect, and elephants in a sitting posture; then camels standing and camels couchant; then lions rampant and lions asleep; then buffaloes standing and at rest; then asses, and at the end rhinoceroses. Here two arches of honor, like those at the other end of the avenue, open on unconsecrated ground. Though the sculpture must have been executed three hundred years ago, it excels much of the statuary found in the public grounds at Washington, and is very effective. Of this we have evidence so strong that we should be afraid to produce it, if there were not a cloud of

AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS.

witnesses to verify it. We give their names—the Admiral, the Consul-General, John Middleton, Esq., Alfred Rodman, Esq., and William Freeman. Here is the evidence: The lean lead mule of Mr. Seward's litter is a large, strong, spirited beast. Although he had given proofs of this many times by stentorian braying, expressive of discontent and obstinacy, yet he made the journey from Peking to Nan-Kow, and through the sacred groves of the Ming tombs, without any especial fractiousness. But he was only reserving himself for a display on the grand avenue. Even here

he made no demonstration at the magnificent marble bridge. He passed meekly under the double arches of honor. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, to pay homages to either colossal philosophers, generals, priests, or statesmen. He even passed the recumbent horses on both sides of him without turning his head or pricking up his ears. But the first great stone horse standing erect, on the left, proved too much for the equanimity of the mule. Perceiving that statue at a distance of three or four rods, he broke all of a sudden from his lazy walk into a sharp trot, discarding his driver and dragging the rear mule behind him; regardless that, in the litter which he bore, was seated the venerated chief of our party, he dashed furiously forward to the granite horse, and, throwing his head upward, presented his broad, graceless mouth to the more stubborn jaw of the statue. The muleteers, alarmed by this strange performance, cried out with dismay, and the gentlemen hastened to rescue Mr. Seward from being dashed against the figure. Happily, at this moment, the muleteers seized the brute by the head, in the act of saluting his ancient and unappreciative distant relation, and buffeted him away. He yielded, but not without a shaking of the ears, and an unearthly complaint from the lungs, which left no one in doubt that the animal thought he was unreasonably deprived of a just and rational pleasure.

Though not yet qualified for comparing the Imperial Cemetery of China with the sepulchral architecture of other countries, we may nevertheless venture to say that the impressive and suggestive avenue of approach, the spaciousness of the grounds, the severe exclusion of all foreign or incongruous objects, the drawing into contrast mountain and plain with ancient groves, and natural rivulets with arched bridges, the magnificence and elegance of the temples, and the simplicity and durability of the memorial tablets, constitute an extraordinary and masterly combination. Whatever may be the historical merit of the Ming emperors whose ashes are deposited in those tombs, no one can leave the place doubting that the honors they have received here are such as are due to benefactors of mankind.

CHAPTER X.

LAST DAYS IN PEKING.

Cham-Ping-Chow.—A Chinese Inn.—The Roman Catholics in China.—The Cathedral.—The Tien-Tsin Massacre.—Christian Policy.—Interview with Robert Hart.—A Letter from Sun-Tajen and Chi-Tajen.—Letter from Prince Kung.—Interview with the Prince.—The Prince's Present.—Departure from Peking.

Peking, November 16th.—We passed the night at Cham-Ping-Chow, a town of considerable activity. Our inn was such a one as we could procure exclusively without giving previous notice. Our guides say there are some that are better. We are quite sure there are none which can be worse. But, if we fare badly in Chinese inns, we have the consolation of knowing that we fare cheaply. We do not know what were the bills of our coolies for man and beast. They could not have been extravagant, for the entire compensation which we have paid to them for the journey to Peking to the wall and back again is only ten dollars for each litter and cart. The expenses of our party of ten at the inn was three Mexican dollars for all, of which seventy-five cents was paid for extra fuel for the kang. The impression made on us, by the conduct of the people who came under our observation, does not go to confirm the belief that they are either hostile or prejudiced against foreigners, while it does satisfy us that they are punctual and exact in the fulfilment of their contracts. The mercury has fallen to 26°.

November 17th.—By the laws of China, the Roman Catholic religion is tolerated here. That Church has on paper divided the

empire into bishoprics and vicarates. It counts eight bishoprics or more, sixty foreign priests, one hundred and twenty native priests, and four hundred thousand native converts.

We visited, to-day, the Cathedral at Peking. It is a fine, large, stone edifice, with an adjoining nunnery. The sisters are French and Irish. There is a large number of native servants. It seems quite apparent that converts are obtained as fast as the missionaries are able to furnish them employment and support, which is an indispensable condition. Native jealousy feeds on a tradition that the spacious grounds occupied by those institutions were obtained without equivalent. Nor does the same jealousy fail to take notice that the Church arrogates a right denied even to foreign embassies, of using the imperial yellow color in the ornamentation of its portals and walls. Sister Louise, lamented as the noblest and best beloved of the martyrs at Tien-Tsin, had arrived there just before the massacre. The sisters gave us relics of her. What shall we say concerning that terrible transaction?

It is right, just, and wise, that all the Christian nations shall mourn together over the victims, sympathize with the survivors, and unite in demanding such satisfaction from the Chinese Government as would afford security against a recurrence of persecution. But this has been already done as fully, it seems to us, as is possible. The Chinese Government has beheaded eighteen of the murderers, has provided for repairing and restoring the demolished buildings, and paid an indemnity of six hundred thousand taels for distribution to the families of the victims. It has, moreover sent one of the most eminent statesmen of China, who is fully conversant with the details of the tragedy, to make such further explanations and give such further guarantees as the French Government may reasonably demand. The French minister here, under high excitement and with threats of war, demanded, besides those concessions, the heads of the two chief mandarins who were in authority at the time the massacre occurred. The Chinese Government brought those mandarins to trial. The charge of complicity was not sustained. Nevertheless the Government banished them for life, as a punishment for their imbecility.

We know that here, as well as throughout Europe and the United States, it is alleged that these proceedings of the Chinese Government are fraudulent and evasive; but we fail to find evidence of fraud, nor can we divine a motive for it. It is not to be forgotten that persecution of Christian missionaries, and especially persecution of Roman Catholic, is not exclusively confined to the Chinese. The Roman Catholic Church, with its high ecclesiastical pretensions, its monastical institutions, and its denial of the right of judgment by individual conscience, has come into conflict not only with the pagan systems of Asia, but with the enlightened civilization of the age. Here, as in Europe and the United States, it has fallen, however undeservedly, under popular suspicion in two forms: first, a suspicion of political usurpation, that is to say, of an attempt to establish *imperium in imperio*; second, the suspicion of impurity of morals in celibate life.

In which of the Western nations has the conflict between that Church and those who dissent from it been carried on without occasional riot, massacre, and martyrdom—not to speak of the religious wars which attended the Protestant Reformation? In what Western nation did a government ever offer more effective or liberal reparation than that which the Chinese Government has given in this case? It is not to be expected that the Protestant countries in the West, which have suppressed monastic institutions, and sequestered ecclesiastical estates, will sympathize with demands of France that shall go beyond a guarantee of rights and privileges for all Christians in China. Missionaries of all sects ought to remember that, where the Gospel comes, there "it must needs be that offences come," nor should they forget that the command, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," was accompanied by the warning injunction, not less sublime than the command itself, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

November 18th.—One of the most important incidents of our sojourn here was reserved for this morning. This was an interview with Mr. Robert Hart. Can any thing be more capricious than

international politics? The British and French allies, after having pressed the empire to the verge, found it necessary all of a sudden to strike hands with the Government in its war with the rebels, in order to prevent a complete dissolution of society. With their aid, the Government effectually suppressed the rebellion. Then came the question of reimbursements and indemnities to be paid to the allies. The revenue system of China had become corrupt and effete. The Imperial Government could guarantee nothing. In this difficult conjuncture, a happy expedient was hit upon. The Government, with assurances of protection by Great Britain and France, consented to reorganize its customs revenue upon a European basis, and confide it to the management of a European skilled in finance, who, with a staff of his appointment, half Chinese and half European, should fix a uniform rate of duties on foreign imports, collect them, pay the stipulated indemnities to the allies, and the surplus into the imperial treasury. That functionary, under the official title of inspector-general, is Mr. Robert Hart. While the internal revenue system of China remains in a distracted and dilapidated state, he has brought the customs department into a flourishing condition. He returned only to-day from a journey of inspection of the open ports in distant parts of the empire. We found him a far-seeing and able statesman, having in finance, at least, something of the scope and capacity of Alexander Hamilton. But we reserve further remark on this system until we shall have studied its workings in the central and southern ports of the empire.

A letter from our old friends Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen. If there is a discrepancy between their names as known to us and their autograph cards, it will be understood that the word "Tajen," which is affixed to their names, is a designation of rank, and not a proper name. Mr. Seward is here addressed, not by that name, but as Sew-Tajen.

"To William H. Seward—

"Sir: We arrived in Peking yesterday, from Tien-Tsin, and had earnestly desired to hasten to you, in order to express to you

our great pleasure. But the trip up from Shanghai has been exceedingly boisterous, making us very sick and giddy, so that we are altogether exhausted. Furthermore, we have not yet been able to submit a note requesting that we may be permitted to prostrate ourselves before the throne, and inquire for his Majesty's health, and procure a short leave of absence from the foreign office, which must be done through Prince Kung. It would be contrary to court usage to make a visit to you before having complied with that ceremony, even if we were not so completely prostrated that we could hardly do so, in a proper manner.

"We sincerely wish to repair to your residence to thank you for all your generous and loving acts, which were so great and troublesome to you. But they are indelibly graven on our hearts, where they will remain forever. And how can we forget them?

"We wish that your happiness may never cease.

(Cards) "CHIH-KANG,
"SUN-CHIA-KUH."

November 19th.—On the 17th, international dinner and ball at the legation; on the 18th, received visits from the foreign ladies residing in Peking, and, our time here growing short, we took sedan-chairs and returned the visits on the same day. This evening a letter was received from Prince Kung.

"To WILLIAM H. SEWARD, etc.

"SIR: I have just heard that you and your party have returned from your trip to the country, and I have, with the officers of the foreign office, arranged to visit you to-morrow, at one o'clock, at the United States legation.

"I hope this hour will be agreeable to you all.

"I beg to wish you daily peace."

Autographs cards enclosed:

"PRINCE KUNG, "PASYUN,
"YUNG-SUIN, "CHIN-KIOSIFAW,
"WAS-CHANG-HI, "YSUNG-LUN."

November 20th.—At one o'clock, Prince Kung, with the ministers of the foreign office, came, having previously sent in their cards according to the book of rites. They came in chairs, and were received by the band at the entrance of the court, with a Chinese national air which they had learned for the occasion. The music, although by no means inspiring to us, seemed to please them. Mrs. Low, having first provided a table, half American, half Chinese, retired with the other ladies to an inner room, where they could observe, unobserved. The prince is the brother of the last emperor, and uncle of the present emperor, who is yet in his minority. The government of the empire is in the hands of the regency, consisting of the young emperor's mother and aunt, and Prince Kung. The two ladies take charge of the boy's person and education, while the prince exercises the sovereign political authority. All edicts, however, run in the name of the emperor, without any notice of the regency except the form of attestation. The female regents maintain strictly the reserve required of their sex, being never seen even by any minister of the government. When a decree is to be made, Prince Kung proceeds with the draught to the palace, and announces his presence before a curtain. The ladies then come behind the curtain, and receive and read the decree. They impress it with their seals. A eunuch delivers it to the prince, who, affixing his own seal, hands it to the "state-printer" in an outer chamber. Before he reaches his department, the decree is published and in circulation.

The prince is tall and well-made, but does not impress one as especially intellectual. His manner is self-possessed and brusque, and he seems, even when practising the highest courtesy, like a person who is not accustomed to contradiction or dissent. He saluted Mr. Seward first in the Tartar fashion, by taking that gentleman's arms and hands into his own, with a friendly embrace. Our learned countryman, Dr. Martin, who acted as interpreter, mentioned to Mr. Seward that this treatment was in striking contrast with the customary Chinese "touch-me-not" form of salutation of foreigners. The prince then earnestly expressed his satisfaction in the accomplishment of a wish he had long entertained, to see the

face of his distinguished visitor. Mr. Seward requested him to sit, but he immediately rose, and apologized for his failure in keeping his previous appointment at the foreign office. He said that he had been, on that occasion, seized with a sudden illness, which had entirely disabled him from business for many days.

MR. SEWARD: "The anxiety I felt about you is happily relieved by seeing and knowing that you are well again."

PRINCE KUNG: "My acquaintance with your Excellency began with our embassy to the United States and Europe, and I have many acknowledgments to make for the kindness and assistance our ministers received at your hands."

MR. SEWARD: "Not at all, your Highness. Our Government welcomed that embassy as a harbinger of closer and more friendly relations between the United States and China."

PRINCE KUNG: "The relations of the two countries have always been amicable. I trust they will become still more intimate in future. As to our ministers on that occasion, their instructions were, to put themselves very much under the directions of your Excellency."

MR. SEWARD: "On the arrival of the embassy, I conferred with them concerning the objects of their mission and their powers. I then prepared a draught of a treaty, which they amended. When the draught, as amended, had been approved by the President, I submitted it by telegraph to Great Britain, France, and Germany. When those nations had signified that such a treaty would be acceptable to them, it was then signed by your ambassadors and by myself. This is the story of the 'Burlingame Treaty.'"

Prince Kung made a profound bow, and exclaimed:

"What a pity that Mr. Burlingame was cut off by so untimely a fate, leaving his work unfinished!"

MR. SEWARD: "Mr. Burlingame's work was so far accomplished that he exerted an influence which will never cease to be felt in the mutual intercourse of China and the Western nations. The termination at any time of a life which had already become so successful and so useful, cannot be called premature."

PRINCE KUNG: "Ah! if others would adopt the principles

which are practised by your Government, it would be a great advantage to us."

Here, at Mr. Low's invitation, the party took seats at the table—the prince at the left, with Mr. Seward next his Highness; Ysung-Lun, senior Minister of the Board of Foreign Affairs, on his right; next to him, Admiral Rodgers. Not much attention, however, was paid to the elegant repast. The conversation was immediately resumed, and continued an hour:

PRINCE KUNG: "How many are your venerable years?"

MR. SEWARD: "Sixty-nine. May I ask your Highness's age?"

PRINCE KUNG: "Thirty-five. Are you now in the exercise of public functions? or have you laid down the cares of office, while you continue to wear its honors?"

MR. SEWARD: "I was in active public life thirty years. I have now given up official duties, and am studying in the way of foreign travel—"

The prince did not wait for the end of Mr. Seward's remark, but, misapprehending his gesticulations, said:

"I know, without an interpreter, what you are speaking about. It is your painful experience in your conflict with the Southern rebellion."

At Mr. Seward's request, the interpreter told the prince that his guess was wide of the mark, and then gave Mr. Seward's answer.

"Nevertheless," said the prince, "I desire to hear from you about the rebellion, and especially about your escape from assassination, and about the honorable wounds you have received, the marks of which you still wear."

Mr. Seward, after a few words to satisfy the prince's curiosity on that subject, brought the question back to Chinese politics:

MR. SEWARD: "Your Highness, is it the intention of your Government to establish permanent missions in foreign capitals?"

PRINCE KUNG: "By all means. We expect to have permanent embassies, and we expect to derive great benefit from them."

MR. SEWARD: "The Japanese Government gave me a letter, which they addressed to the minister whom they have recently sent to China. I would like to deliver it."

PRINCE KUNG: "He has not yet come."

MR. SEWARD: "Is the Anamite Empire still tributary to China?"

PRINCE KUNG: "It still continues to send tribute."

MR. SEWARD: "And does Siam, also?"

PRINCE KUNG: "The Siamese Government sends us tribute once in five years."

MR. SEWARD: "What is the diplomatic rank of envoys who come to you from Corea?"

PRINCE KUNG: "That question is not easily answered. The Coreans have grades of rank, and honors, altogether different from our own."

MR. SEWARD: "Are the tributes which you receive from those countries merely ceremonial, or do they enter into the revenues of the empire?"

PRINCE KUNG: "We act on the maxim that the envoys of dependent states shall come to us lean, and go out from us fat. They always receive greater presents than they bring."

MR. SEWARD: "The King of Siam once sent us a present in regard to which we could not act on that maxim. It was a white elephant."

The prince took out his watch to compare his time with that of the legation, and explained that there is no standard chronometer in Peking.

Admiral Rodgers inquired whether the instruments at the observatory are no longer serviceable.

PRINCE KUNG: "Observations are still made there, but the instruments are somewhat neglected, and they have become obsolete."

MR. SEWARD: "It seems so desirable that the sciences of the West should be introduced into China that I regret to learn of the difficulties which the university projected by Wan-Siang encounters. I trust that that institution will revive under its new president, Dr. Martin."

PRINCE KUNG: "It was with that hope that we appointed him, and we have now the utmost confidence in its success. It is bound to succeed."

Dr. Martin, in Mr. Seward's name, asked the prince and his associates to write their names in the ladies' albums.

The prince took up the book, and, seeming to assume that it was Mr. Seward's own, wrote these words:

"Having already attained so much of wealth and honor, may you also attain to great longevity!"

He signed this in the Mantchoo character—"KUNG-CHIEN-WANG."

The aged Minister Chin-Lun, president of the Board of Control for the Colonies, wrote:

"May mankind enjoy universal peace!"

He signed this both in the Chinese and Mantchoo characters.

Tung-Tajen, president of the Board of Revenue, before referred to in these notes as a poet, wrote, in ancient ornamental characters:

"May mild winds and quiet waves,
Tranquil seas and pleasant rivers,
Speed you on your voyage."

Shen-Tajen, member of the Grand Council of State, next took up the pencil, and wrote:

"May the clouds give you lucky omens,
The stars assure you happiness and long life,
The opening flowers presage wealth and honors,
And the bamboo tube [the mail-bag] only
And always bring you tidings of peace!"

Repeating and rehearsing these several kindly sentiments, they rose, took the hands of Mr. Seward and the admiral into their own, bade them farewell, and retired.

November 21st.—General Vlangally again entertained us with a breakfast at his pleasant legation.

This morning four mandarin chairs and six carts, with an unusual retinue of coolies, appeared at the legation. A messenger delivered to Mr. Seward the cards of the several Ministers of State, including one of Wan-Siang, together with a present, of which they left the following inventory:

One pair of vases.
One pair of enamelled eagles.
One pair of double-enamelled vases.
One pair of carved scarlet lacquer boxes.
One pair of enamelled fish-jars.
Eight pieces of silk, of various colors.

Mr. Seward inquired of Mr. Low what would be a proper form of acknowledgment. He replied: "You cannot decline the present. You can only send your card in return, and pay a Mexican dollar to each coolie. Less than this you would be unwilling to do. It would be thought disrespectful to do more."

The American and British missionaries, residing at Peking, passed the afternoon with Mr. Seward. They leave on the minds of our whole party an impression that they are earnest, true, and good men and women. The labor which they are performing in this benighted land fully justifies the Christian charity which has sent them hither.

Ever since we came here, Mr. Seward and Admiral Rodgers have been diligently laboring to ascertain the feasibility of a return of our party by way of the Imperial Canal. The Government has caused a report to be made to them on that subject. This paper describes many breaches of the canal, but represents them as undergoing repair. The Government would provide for our security in the journey, but no shorter period than three weeks would suffice to make it in boats, while there would be many and long land portages. It is almost certain that, within that time, it will be rendered impassable by ice. The canal-voyage is therefore given up, though not without much reluctance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN TO SHANGHAI.

Once more on the Pei-ho.—The Ladies at Tien-Tsin.—The Shan Tung.—Pigeon English.—Tempestuous Weather.—Visit to the Flag-ship Colorado.—Departure of Mr. and Mrs. Randall.—On board the Plymouth Rock.

Tung-Chow, November 22*d.*—How could we describe in writing the parting at the legation, which allowed of no utterance!

Time, it seems, is not money in junk-navigation. We find at Tung-Chow that our flotilla of little vessels, without a word of engagement or promise on our part, had waited nineteen days. It has been speedily manned and victualled. Its sails are already spread, our flags are unfurled, and we are once more afloat on the Pei-ho. The weather is very cold, but the downward voyage to Tien-Tsin requires only forty hours.

Tien-Tsin, November 23*d.*—Could anybody ask a safer convoy on a river-voyage than a rear admiral? Could anybody, needing protection on such a voyage, do a wiser thing than trust such a convoy?

"All's well that ends well;" but, could there be a better joke than that which has occurred to us, under the practice of these principles? Boat No. 2, bearing the two ladies, accidentally separating from the fleet during the night, came up to the draw-bridge at Tien-Tsin this morning, not only two hours before No. 4 and the other boats, but even three hours before the flag-ship of our gallant

convoy. There is not only a time for every thing in this world, but there is also a place for it; but, for those timid adventurers, those two hours were not the time; and Tien-Tsin, with its murky atmosphere, stolid crowds, and horrible associations of massacre, was certainly not the place. Fortunately, the officers of the Ashuelot found them, opened the way through the draw-bridge, took them on board their ship, and seated them, shivering as they were, before a fire in their comfortable cabin.

The deck is completely enclosed with bunting—the flags of all nations—and is prepared for a ball in honor of our arrival. The same considerations, which counselled us to self-denial on our upward way, determined us to forego the pleasing compliment.

Thanks to Mr. Beebe, of the house of Russell & Company, for the welcome and comfortable quarters, which we so much needed, after the cold river-voyage. Thanks for his pleasant dinner, and thanks to Mr. Seward and good Admiral Rodgers for lowering their voices after the ladies had left the table, and to the whole party for treading so lightly as they retired for the night. Thanks, more fervent than all others, to the lucky star which has brought our nice, little, rolling Shan Tung, and her spirited Yankee Captain Hawes, back from Shanghai, just in time to meet us here and convey us to that destination. Our last voyage on the Yellow Sea, and her last voyage for the season.

Taku, November 24th.—On board the Shan Tung, waiting to cross the bar. Would anybody care to have an explanation of what is called "pigeon-English?" To the visitor, on his arrival here, it seems an unnecessary and puerile affectation. But this is a mistake. Native agents, servants, and factors, must be employed. They do not understand any foreign language, and foreign residents cannot learn Chinese. A dialect is needed for mutual communication, but it may be limited to the wants of commerce and service.

As "charity shall cover a multitude of sins," so in this dialect, one English word is made to cover a variety of things. "Pigeon," to the Chinese ear, means, not the dove, but "business." "Pigeon-English," therefore, means "business-English." A few generic

names, without number, gender, or case, and a very few active and auxiliary verbs, without variation of mood or tense, constitute the whole vocabulary. "Will this horse kick?" In pigeon-English, "Horse make kick?" "Ask the consul to come here." In pigeon-English it is, "Catchee consul, bring come this side." Report, in pigeon-English, "No can catchee consul." "Bring the breakfast, quickly,"—"Catchee chow-chow, chop-chop."

A similar invention, though not so well perfected, is adapted to facilitate intercourse between foreigners and natives in all newly-discovered regions. The Indian tribes, on the North-American Pacific coast, have a common jargon made up of only two hundred words, a mixture of English, French, Spanish, Indian, etc. The *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, a jumble of French, Arabic, Turkish, and Italian, is another such dialect. "Pigeon-English" is now regularly taught in Chinese schools. Since it is capable of indefinite expansion, who shall say that, in the progress of time, a complete language may not be built upon that narrow foundation?

Yellow Sea, off Shan Tung Promontory, November 28th.—The Gulf Pe-chee-lee is a vixen, and the Shan Tung, in a gale, is a nuisance. Although the morning was soft and genial when we left Taku, the sky darkened at ten, and in two hours we were rolling and pitching under a severe nor'easter. Unable to land at Che-Foo, we anchored for the night at Hope Sound. Resuming our voyage, we arrived, at six the next morning, in the harbor of Che-Foo. But a high sea would not allow us to disembark. The weather has been intensely cold as well as tempestuous for two days and nights, and there has been no rest or comfort. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon, finding a smooth nook on the lee shore, we came to anchor again, to afford, not passengers, but the exhausted seamen, a night of rest. The storm has abated, and we are now making rapid headway.

Shanghai, November 30th.—Why take pains to say what everybody may imagine—that we have come back to Shanghai weary, or that Mr. and Mrs. Warden seem even kinder than before, or that

William Freeman has laid in a stock of "pigeon-English" which he thinks will enable us to dismiss our Chinese servants, or that Admiral Rodgers has determined that the Colorado shall no longer be denied the pleasure of entertaining us, or that Mr. Seward has pacified impatient friends and countrymen by contradicting rumors which came before us—that the Chinese Government has organized an army for immediate war, and that Prince Kung refused to receive or meet Mr. Seward in any way?

December 5th.—Yesterday, Mr. Seward, attended by many friends, visited the admiral's flag-ship. Arriving in the harbor of Woo-Sung, we proposed to go directly from our little yacht on board the Colorado. No such hasty proceeding as this, however, could be allowed. The whole ship made gorgeous display of national colors. The staff-officers, in brilliant uniforms, were afloat in her steam-launch, and other boats awaiting us. Seamen and marines were ranged on the deck. Six hundred officers and men, in regulation attire, were drawn up in line. Our now familiar acquaintances, the band, with their brass instruments blazing in the burning sun, stood on the quarter-deck; and in front of them all was the admiral, tall, erect, and commanding. He waved us a cordial and graceful welcome. The staff came alongside, and informed us of the admiral's request that Mr. Seward would remain on the yacht until the party should have been conveyed by the launches to the Colorado.

And so it was done. When the party had been assigned proper places, Mr. Seward, coming over the bulwarks, was received by the admiral; the marines presented arms, the seamen saluted, the guns poured forth a salvo, and the band played "Hail to the Chief!"

The officers were then severally presented to Mr. Seward. Then followed an inspection of the ship, which displayed the usual good order of an American man-of-war. A feast was spread in the cabins, to which we all sat down. The band continued playing until the last guest retired from the table.

In taste for articles of *virtu*, the admiral rivals his professional *confrère*, the Duke of Edinburgh. Here we note, by way of

parenthesis, in China, which is the country of porcelain, that his Wedgwood ware is the finest in the world.

A voyage under the soft moonlight brought us to the compound at two o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall, greatly to our regret, being recalled home, we part with them here.[1]

Shanghai, December 7th.—We are preparing for an excursion on the Yang-tse-kiang. The admiral and officers took final leave of us to-day. After a pleasant dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, we repaired, at eleven o'clock, on board the steamer Plymouth Rock.

On board the Plymouth Rock, December 8th.—After all, there is something in a name. Plymouth Rock, a name identified with the civilization of America, now employed to signalize an American regeneration of China!

Laboulaye has written an ingenious book describing Paris in America. Why shall we not, in ours, illustrate the United States in China? The Plymouth Rock was built in our own country, and is owned, managed, and sailed, by our countrymen. Such a promenade-deck can be found on the great rivers and lakes at home; but such a cabin, such a table, such baths, and such beds, can be found nowhere. We knew, when we looked about this morning, that no Chinese steward, nor maid-servant, if there be any such, nor any American or European steward or stewardess, had arranged these homelike comforts. Though we saw no woman, we knew, not only that a woman had been here, but that she lives here. The captain's wife, Mrs. Simmons, is absent for only a day or two.

The Hudson and the Mississippi are the only rivers in the world where steamers carry as heavy freights as on the Yang-tse-kiang. If the monopoly of this navigation by our countrymen serves to extend our national influence in China, it at the same time illustrates the absurdity of the fear that the Chinese interest will become an intrusive or dangerous element in the United States.

[1] *Auburn, July* 26, 1872.—We record with deep sorrow the death of Mr. Randall. He closed a life of eminent public service and private virtue, at his residence in Elmira, yesterday, after his return to that place from a visit to Mr. Seward, here.

CHAPTER XII.

UP THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

The Mississippi of China.—Ching-Kiang.—Large Freights.—Nanking.—The Porcelain Tower.—A Specimen Brick.—Abundance of Game.—Scenery on the River.—Ku-Kiang.—Conversation with Mr. Drew.—Policy of the United States.—Han-Kow.—Ascent of the Promontory.—Magnificent View.—Cheerful Aspect of Han-Kow.—Excursion to Woo-Chang.—A Disagreeable Adventure.

December 9th.—The Yang-tse-kiang has its sources in the mountains of Thibet, side by side with those of rivers which flow through Siam, Burmah, and Hindostan, into the Bay of Bengal. In reaching the Pacific, it traverses the central region of China, a distance of nineteen hundred miles, which the sinuosities of its course lengthen to three thousand miles. Though this navigation may not be longer than that of the Mississippi River, extended by the Missouri River, the Yang-tse-kiang greatly surpasses the great American river in depth, breadth, and volume. Often, in its course, it spreads into broad bays or lakes, and, losing its own name, takes on local ones, just as the mighty St. Lawrence does.

In a distance of eighty miles from the sea, the river gradually shrinks from a breadth of some thirty miles to that of one mile—the banks level, densely inhabited, and perfectly cultivated.

At midnight we fastened at the wharf of Ching-Kiang, the southern terminus of the Imperial Canal. This populous and important town was nearly destroyed during the Ta-ping rebellion. The mercury had gone down to twenty-eight degrees. A heavy dew was falling. It was no time to go ashore. Our captain

left on the wharf three thousand boxes and bales of merchandise, consisting of sugars from Southern China, and British manufactured goods and opium from India—a large freight, considering that the steamer is one of a daily line, and that the river is at every point crowded with junks. It looks quite like home to see the numerous and immense timber-rafts floating down from native forests in Thibet.

What product does China need to make herself self-sustaining?

The banks above Ching-Kiang rise to a height of one thousand feet. Nanking, on the south side of the river, is in an amphitheatre formed by those hills. This city has historical interest as the capital

BRIDGE AT NANKING, AND PORCELAIN TOWER BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.

of the empire before the conquest of Kublai-Khan; afterward it was occasionally the residence of the Ming emperors. Nanking became famous, still later, as a commercial centre, and remained so

until the period of steam-navigation. Last of all, it became memorable as the vantage-ground from which the Ta-ping insurgents carried the civil war to the walls of Peking. The pagoda called the Porcelain Tower, which, with its nine successive roofs of seeming emerald, and the golden apple on its summit, at that time looked upon Nanking, was justly admired, not only as a chief embellishment of the great city, but as one of the wonders of the world. But all this glory has passed away. The Ta-ping rebellion, which ended only in 1864, proved destructive to Nanking.

It seems almost enough to excuse the dread which all nations feel for civil war, when we contemplate the devastation which it invariably produces. Nanking, within its fifteen miles of dilapidated wall, is little else than a desolation. The Porcelain Tower is only recognized by its *débris*. The port is not open to foreign commerce, but the Government permits steamers to receive and land passengers. A friend who came on board presented us with a large brick which he has taken from the ruined pagoda. Mr. Seward, thanking him for it, said:

"One of the minor Greek poets ridicules as a simpleton a man who, having a house to sell, went about showing one of its bricks as a sample; but, insomuch as the Porcelain Tower is gone, I am thankful for a relic of it."

Game is one of the marvels of the country. On the river it is over your head and under your feet—everywhere. You may buy a dozen pheasants, ducks, or snipe, for less than the price of a pair of fowls in Washington Market. You pay less for wild-boar, venison, or hare, than for veal or mutton at home. Do these wild animals affect the society of semi-barbarian man, or is the abundance here due to the great productiveness of the soil?

December 10th.—Two hundred and fifty miles above Nanking, the river flows swiftly through a narrow gorge between two mountains, one called the Eastern, the other the Western Pillar. Above this strait the river winds, and is flanked on the right bank by bluffs like those of the Mississippi and Missouri; a hundred miles higher, another gorge; near the left bank, a conical islet, four hun-

THE UPPER YANG-TSE-KIANG.

dred feet high, rocky at the base, but smiling with vegetation at the top, the sides indented with winding terraces bordered with Buddhist cloisters, on the summit a picturesque pagoda. The rock is named, in the chart, "Little Orphan." Opposite it is the pretty little town of Tung-Lu, with a picturesque wall winding over the undulating mountain-crest. Here the river receives the water of

LITTLE ORPHAN ISLAND.

the Po-yang, a lake with a circuit of one hundred and eighty miles, which, in some seasons, is enlarged to an area of two hundred and fifty miles by the overflow of the river.

Four hundred miles from the sea, the river has narrowed to half a mile. The banks on either side are crowded with villages; the depth, at this season of low water, twenty-five feet; swollen by the

winter floods, it is sixty. Farther upward, villages are less conspicuous; but temples and pagodas, at picturesque points, break the monotony. One of these pagodas is a hundred feet high; all are dedicated to the gods of the Winds and the Waves.

At sunset we came to Ku-Kiang, a port open to commerce, on the south side of the river. The foreign settlement, though small, is well arranged and conducted; the Chinese city is contracted and meanly built, but busy. Mr. Rose, of the house of Russell & Co., and Mr. Drew, deputy Chinese revenue commissioner, received us.

Each of the treaty powers nominates to the Chinese Government a certain number of persons to serve as such deputies, under the superintendence of the inspector-general, Mr. Hart. These deputies are expected to learn the Chinese language, laws, and customs. Mr. Drew is an American. While walking in the Bund, he lamented to Mr. Seward that British prestige in China prevails over that of the United States:

Mr. Seward: "To what do you attribute this advantage?"

Mr. Drew: "To the superior policy pursued by Great Britain. That nation, as well as France, maintains a habit of demonstration and menace; the United States a policy of forbearance and conciliation."

Mr. Seward: "These sentiments of yours harmonize with those of most of our countrymen whom I have met in China. How many foreigners of all nations have you in Ku-Kiang?"

Mr. Drew: "Twenty-five."

Mr. Seward: "How many of these are Americans?"

Mr. Drew: "Two or three."

Mr. Seward: "The others, I suppose, are British and French, with perhaps a German or two?"

Mr. Drew: "Yes."

Mr. Seward: "I understand that, while the foreign population at Shanghai is two thousand five hundred, only fifty or sixty of these are Americans?"

Mr. Drew: "Yes."

Mr. Seward: "Have you observed that Great Britain, France,

and Russia, maintain in China diplomatic, consular, military, and naval agents, in numbers as far exceeding those of the United States as their national population resident here exceeds that of citizens from the United States? In short, most of the Americans residing in China are missionaries, are they not?"

MR. DREW: "Yes."

MR. SEWARD: "Is it your opinion that there would have been in China, to-day, any more American citizens than there are now, if the United States had heretofore either waged war against China or menaced her in any way?"

MR. DREW: "No."

MR. SEWARD: "You have been here many years. Do you know of any outrage, or injury, or wrong, that the United States have ever complained of, that the Chinese Government has left unredressed?"

MR. DREW: "I know of none."

MR. SEWARD: "Has Great Britain or France secured to herself in China any political or commercial benefit or advantage which the Chinese Government has not equally extended, by treaty, to the United States?"

MR. DREW: "No."

MR. SEWARD: "The complaints of the superiority of British and French prestige over that of the United States in China are of recent growth. They arose chiefly in the period of our late civil war. You know little of the herculean difficulties of the Government in that conflict. Do you think that the United States Government, under the administration of Abraham Lincoln or of Andrew Johnson, could have wisely made war, or demonstration of war, against China?"

MR. DREW: "No."

MR. SEWARD: "Do you think that the United States ought to provoke China by any act of injustice or wrong? Do you think that it would be wise for the United States, without provocation, to resort to any policy of menace or intimidation? Do you think that the American people would support an administration in such a policy of provocation or menace, now while they are submitting

to such high taxation to discharge the national debt incurred in a civil war?"

MR. DREW: "I think they would not."

MR. SEWARD: "One question more. If the United States, during the last twenty years, had pursued a policy of intimidation toward China, do you think that they would have been able, at the same time, to draw from this empire an emigration of seventy-five thousand laborers to build the Pacific Railroad, and open the mines in the Rocky Mountains?"

MR. DREW: "I have not thought of that before."

MR. SEWARD: "Well, Mr. Drew, I think we are obliged to conclude from all these premises that a policy of justice, moderation, and friendship, is the only one that we have had a choice to pursue, and that it has been as wise as it has been unavoidable."

It is due to Mr. Drew to say that he had received his appointment to his present place from Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, and that he presented the subject to that gentleman chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining how far he had found cause to sympathize, during his sojourn here, with the complaints of our countrymen.

Mr. Seward closed the conversation by saying: "The United States are a republic, an aggregation of thirty-seven republics. Of the thirty-nine millions, which constitute the American people, less than ten thousand dwell in foreign countries, and a smaller proportion in China than in many other countries. The United States cannot be an aggressive nation—least of all can they be aggressive against China."

We reached the steamer and the end of the discussion at the same moment. This was our visit at Ku-Kiang.

Han-Kow, Sunday, December 11th.—At nine o'clock in the morning of this blessed Sunday, our steamer forces her way to the wharf through a fleet of a thousand Chinese vessels. These vessels are coastwise junks, river-trading junks, market-junks, fishing-junks, passage-junks, stationary storehouse-junks, dwelling-junks, and tavern-junks. So, after a travel of four months and two days, we have reached the centre of China. The Han, a large tributary, is

to the Yang-tse what the Missouri is to the Mississippi. The confluence of the two rivers makes the site for three large cities. Two of these, Han-Kow and Han-Yan, are on the opposite banks of the Han. Wu-Chang is on the Yang-tse, opposite the confluence of the two rivers. Practically, the three constitute one city. The foreign settlement, however, is established at Han-Kow.

Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, found, in Central China, a city on the Yang-tse, which he reported by the name of Kiu-sai. He estimated its circuit at a hundred Chinese miles. This is the city in which we now are. The good Abbé Huc, who sojourned here before the dark days of European invasion and domestic rebellion, estimated the population of the city at eight millions. While the European residents say that the abbé exaggerates, they insist that the present population exceeds one million. The site of Han-Kow may be compared to that of St. Louis. Through the attenuated tributaries of the Yang-tse, Han-Kow gathers up agricultural, mineral, forest, and manufactured products, from the western regions of the empire, and distributes them by domestic and foreign exchange through the ports of Tien-Tsin, Shanghai, and Canton. When one has reached this commanding point, it is easily conceived why it is that Shanghai, at the mouth, is so rapidly engrossing the commerce of the empire.

The port of Han-Kow was opened in 1861. The Concession is beautifully laid out, and built up in a rich and costly style. It is spacious enough for ten thousand inhabitants, while the present number of foreigners is only fifty. There are six foreign houses, one of which is American. The high expectations of increase have been disappointed, not because the trade was misestimated, nor yet because it has failed, but, strange to say, only for the reason that the native merchants have learned the respective wants of foreign markets, and the ways of supplying them. They are now, themselves, enjoying the advantages which the European merchants have aimed to secure.

Noon.—We live on shipboard, but we, nevertheless, are enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. Fitz, at the house of Russell & Company

We attended service, this morning, at the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist. It was built for the Church of England, but, having lost its Government stipend, the congregation is unable to support a pastor. Prayers were read by a Wesleyan missionary, an amateur choir singing the beautiful chants and hymns in an admirable manner.

December 12th.—In our exploration, yesterday afternoon, we found that, although "some things can be done as well as others," there is, nevertheless, a "right way and wrong way" of doing them.

Mr. Fitz inquired whether we would have chairs sent forward for our ascent of the promontory, at the junction of the two rivers. The arguments against it were, that most persons prefer walking to the hazard of being carried up the steep hill by coolies. Mr. Seward advised that chairs should be sent, to be used as we should find need. The younger people promptly decided for themselves to dispense with the luxury. We went up the river to the base of the promontory in a row-boat (*sam-pan*). Thence we made our way, through a dirty and crowded suburb, up a flight of five hundred stone steps. At this elevation, we found neither platform, bench, nor stone, to rest on, but only another flight of two thousand stone steps before us, with an inclination of forty-five degrees. Mr. Seward took the chair which he had so thoughtfully provided for himself, and, though his ascent seemed frightful to us, he was borne quickly and safely to the top by two coolies, who neither stumbled nor stopped to rest. The other members of the party followed slowly, and reached the summit completely exhausted. Here, we availed ourselves of the restoratives of tea and rest, in a dingy Buddhist temple. We might confess now that the view which presented itself amply rewarded the painful efforts by which it was obtained, if we could be quite sure that we should recover, in many months, the muscular strength expended. On our right hand, the Yang-tse, a mile wide, flowed with rapid current; on our left was the Han, scarcely eighty feet broad, though its springs are a thousand miles distant. The city of Han-Kow covers the banks of both

rivers at their junction; behind it spreads a vast, low, green marsh, every year inundated, and often forcing the inhabitants to take refuge in boats. At the base of the promontory on which we stand, looking down the river, is the fresh-looking little city of Han-Yan, enclosed in a neat though not formidable stone-wall; and, on the opposite bank of the Yang-tse, crowded with pagodas, palaces, temples, universities, dwellings, barracks, and camps, is Wu-chang, capital of the province of Hu-peh. A thin, blue haze limits the prospect to an horizon in which a small and lovely lake flows at the base of gently-undulating hills.

In contrast with other Chinese cities, Han-Kow, including the three towns, wears a cheerful aspect. The streets are regular, and the dwellings, of stone or adobe, are whitened with paint or lime. From our commanding position we made an effort to secure a careful estimate of the population. Our conclusion was, that the number of the inhabitants on land within the three cities is one million. But this estimate left us all afloat as to the mass of the dwellers on the water. It would be as easy to look from the high-road on the Owasco Hills into the beech and maple forests, that border it on either side, and count the trees, as it would be here to number the vessels of all sizes which throw a dark shade across the narrow channel of the Han, and over the left bank of the Yang-tse. We venture to set down the population afloat at a hundred thousand. Who will correct our estimate?

We were to dine with Mr. Fitz at seven o'clock, but his house in the Bund is sixty feet above the river. The young people who had so bravely stormed the promontory were only able on their return to climb from the sam-pan to the steamer. Mr. Seward carried with him their reluctant apologies.

December 12th, evening.—An excursion to Wu-chang. Sitting in our sam-pan, we fortunately became spectators of a theatrical entertainment on the bank of the river in Han-Kow. We estimated the audience at four thousand, without seats. Standing in rows, one rising above another on the steep declivity, they presented unbroken lines of blue nankeen, yellow faces, and shaven heads.

The stage was without change of scene, or scenery of any kind. There was no orchestra, but frequent rattling of gongs and drums on the stage. The performers were brilliantly dressed in yellow and red. So far as we could see, there was no breaking up of the performance for time or place. The whole ran on without pause. The actors gesticulated much and grotesquely, but they drew out

CHINESE THEATRICALS.

from the patient and delighted audience not one sign of applause. We distinguished frequent battles and dances in the play, but the dialogue was lost in the distance. After looking on for half an hour, we continued our excursion. When we returned three hours afterward, we found the performance still going on, with no perceptible change in either the actors or the audience.

Landing at Wu-chang, we ascended a promontory which divides the city into two equal parts. A bright and variegated pagoda, called the "Little Stork," graces the hill above the landing-place. Its story, though modern, is characteristic: a little golden god took it into his head one night to ride a snow-white stork into the chamber of the dreaming Taou-tai of the province, and demanded of him the erection of a pagoda in this place. The Taou-tai said, "I hear and obey," and, when he wakened, "he went and did it." We climbed the winding staircase of this pagoda. Cakes, tea, and confectionery are served, fortunes told, and "curios" sold in every story. In the upper one is a statue of a little god, about five feet high, with long, slender eyes, smooth black queue, black, waxed mustache, and tunic of blue and gold. He smiles complacently as he sits on the back of a stork, carved in wood and painted white. To speak the truth, he is a merry little god—the only one of that aspect we have met. Leaving the pagoda, we passed through the court of a Confucian temple, thickly crowded with sellers of fruit and provisions, trinket-dealers, vagabonds and idlers, and lame, blind, maimed and loathsome beggars. We looked into the temple, and found its walls covered with texts of the classic books. As we came out, the crowd around us had formidably increased. There is no coin in China but an iron one, of which a thousand pieces go to the dollar. Of course, we had none of these. The beggars, unaccustomed to being refused the pitiful alms they expected, became importunate and impertinent. One of our servants, who had a few English sixpences, emptied his pockets, without other effect than increasing the number of mendicants and their vehemence.

Our view from the summit behind the temple renewed the impressions which we had received on the opposite promontory, the previous day. Resuming our chairs, we were on our return to the landing-place on the river, when a painful adventure occurred, the first of that kind in our travels. Foreigners seldom cross the river to Wu-chang. Our visit was a novelty, there, and excited much curiosity. The town contains a university in which ten thousand students are gathered from the provinces, and it also has

a military school with a large garrison. These provincial schools are distinguished for their bigotry and prejudice against foreigners. Our friends, however, had not apprised us of these facts, nor had they taken into consideration that our party contained two ladies, who would be objects of special curiosity here, as they were on our way to the Great Wall. A section of the crowd, which had been following us, stopped on the brink of the hill, from which they could look down on the winding path we were descending. One of the ladies had left her chair, and was walking in advance. Mr. Seward was in an elegant green chair with glass windows; the other lady in a covered bamboo-chair behind. A stone six inches thick struck the back window of Mr. Seward's chair and shivered it to pieces. A second, as large, entered the same window, and fell within the chair. A third stone struck the top of the last chair, and crushed the frail top. The coolie bearers of the two chairs stopped in a fright, and raised an outcry, directed toward persons on the top of the cliff. Well they might, for, if either of those missiles had fallen on one of their naked heads, it would have proved fatal. Happily the silken curtains of Mr. Seward's chair saved him from injury. He instantly alighted and turned to find the assailant. The enemy had, however, fled in consternation from the hill, and it remained to us only to exchange congratulations upon our escape from a common danger. Though the people surrounded us in masses, which rendered our passage through the narrow streets tedious and difficult, they made no expression or sign of unkindness or disrespect. Mr. Seward regards the assault not as one of design or deliberation, but as the unpremeditated and wanton act of rude and mischievous idlers. Nevertheless, the gentlemen at Han-Kow have addressed the Taou-tai on the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO SHANGHAI.

Departure from Han-Kow.—Chinese Military Art.—A Marvellous Echo.—The Imperial Canal.—Approach to Chin-Kiang.—The United States Steamer Alaska.—Running down a Junk.—An Apology from the Viceroy.—The Comprador.—Chinese Ladies.—Embark on an English Steamer.

Steamer Plymouth Rock, Yang-tse-kiang, December 13th.—We left the wharf at Han-Kow at daylight this morning, and in returning to Shanghai we are expecting to enjoy, by daylight, the scenes lost to us by night in ascending the river. The banks below Han-Kow are low and flat, with a city at almost every bend, but the mountains crowd closely on the plain.

December 14th.—Night and rain came down upon us as we approached Ku-Kiang, but with only this pleasant consequence, that we gathered at the dinner-table in our cabin the merry party which we were to have met on the Bund. When they had retired, certain tall natives of the country, of course olive-colored, with glazed crowns and smoothly-braided queues, brought two garden-vases and two baskets, each of the latter containing what our gentle friends at home would pronounce "a love" of a tea-set—one vermilion, the other blue. Thanks to Mr. Rose.

At Zuaking is a gleaming white pagoda, one hundred feet high, with a cupola of burnished brass. It has seven verandas, the roof of each ornamented with bright, tinkling bells. At its base is a military school.

Certainly military art, the world over, delights in fine colors, loud noises, and much demonstration. In the West, however, we are abating color and noise, while we study to increase force. In China, they reverse this. They do not improve their engines and weapons; they make greater noise with their gongs and a more dazzling display of yellow and red in their uniforms and flags than ever. Naval junks meet us everywhere on the river. Though diminutive in size, and carrying ordnance of the smallest calibre, their bunting surpasses that of a Hudson River steamer going to celebrate the Schützenfest.

We have just passed a mountain-gorge which has a marvellous echo. When we entered the pass, the reverberations were single. Passing on, the shrill notes of the steam-whistle came back to us prolonged and louder. Farther on, the mountains gave us back two distinct sounds for each one they received; afterward three, four, five for one. It was the perfection of ventriloquism. The sounds were articulate; they seemed to come through the earth; sometimes sonorous, at others soft and plaintive, always impressive and mournful.

Chin-Kiang, December 15th.—Anchoring off the left bank of the river in very deep water, and taking the ship's boats, we made an entrance, not without difficulty, into the Imperial Canal.

Take its story briefly, to understand better what little we saw: Built in the thirteenth century, it is a monument equally of the greatness and of the wisdom of Kublai-Khan. Its length is six hundred and fifty miles, nearly twice that of the Erie Canal. Designed for irrigation as well as navigation, it varies in width from two hundred feet to two thousand feet. It is not, like our canals, built by excavation, but with artificial dikes raised on an alluvial soil, its banks and bottom paved and cemented. Instead of locks, there are inclined planes. Every abutment, flood-gate, and bridge, is of solid granite masonry. The Imperial Canal, like the Erie Canal, is not an isolated channel, but only the main artery of a system of artificial navigation, the aggregate length of whose parts is four thousand miles, while they penetrate every one

SILVER ISLAND, ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

of the eighteen provinces of the empire. The canal is compactly crowded with junks. We could not make our way into it a yard's length, without waiting for a movement of the vessels for our accommodation. Our appeals to the boatmen for this courtesy were not unkindly received, though the result was a scene of wild and noisy disturbance. We soon became convinced that, in our small boats, we were in danger of being crushed between junks, even though nothing should occur to produce misunderstanding or disturbance. We returned, therefore, to the ship's deck, as cautiously as possible. In that position we traced the course of the canal "high," though not "dry," above ground four miles. The shipping through that distance was as dense as at the mouth. The offices of the managers and toll-collectors cover the banks, while an armed fleet rides at the mouth of the canal to prevent piracy and smuggling. We learn here that obstructions render the canal impassable for the aggregate extent of one hundred and fifty miles. Even the navigable portions are so much injured as to float only small vessels. The largest we saw are of one hundred and fifty tons burden.

Three months ago, when a foreign war was apprehended, an engineer submitted to the Government a project for restoring the navigation, but elicited no reply. There is little doubt that the canals of China, the most successful and magnificent system of inland navigation the world has ever seen, are falling into decay and ruin.

The approach to Chin-Kiang is very picturesque. It stands on a semicircular bay—the western entrance guarded by Golden Island, on which stand a Buddhist temple and a pagoda—the eastern entrance by Silver Island, its undulating surface embellished with tea-houses and villas.

December 16th, 4 o'clock.—We are passing from the broad estuary into the Woosung. Farewell, Yang-tse, worthy, from thy length and breadth, to be called "Son of the Sea," though the critics learned in the Chinese language deny thee that significant appellation, and mention that Yang-tse means something else.

Shanghai, December 16th, night.—Quite to our surprise, we passed the Colorado, still at her anchorage. As we approached Shanghai, the Plymouth Rock took a berth far out in the stream among the foreign shipping, busy junks and sam-pans darting around her in all directions. While standing on the steamer's deck awaiting a launch to convey us to the bank, the United States steamship-of-war Alaska came rapidly down the river. As we were in the act of exchanging compliments with the officers on her deck, she rode over a Chinese junk which was madly attempting to cross her bow. An instant afterward the two parts of the junk appeared on either side of the iron-clad. With how many lives the junk was freighted we could not know, but we saw living men clinging to the sundered parts of the wreck, and other living men struggling in the water. The Alaska promptly reversed her engines, threw out life-preservers and lowered her boats. Fortunately, at that moment, a steam-launch from the Colorado, reënforced by Chinese sam-pans, went to the rescue, but we were unable to discover with what success. The painful incident has saddened our return to Shanghai.

December 17th.—We learn from the consul-general that the survivors of the wrecked junk hastened to the consulate with complaints against the Alaska, and that he, as well as Admiral Rodgers, is engaged in examining the circumstances of the collision. The captain of the Alaska represents that he was hastening to get over the bar before ebb-tide; that the junk was crossing his bows, and had time to clear herself, but that, as her crew advanced on their track, they espied the Plymouth Rock coming up, and, taking alarm lest they should come under her wheels, they stopped in their course and fell under the keel of the Alaska.

We have arranged to sail for Hong-Kong on the 22d.

Shanghai, December 19th.—Le-ming-Che, Taou-tai of Han-Kow, to H. E. Hobson, assistant in charge Han-Kow customs:

"I am in receipt of your note informing me of your having visited Wu-Chang, with a party among whom was his Excellency

William H. Seward, on which occasion you were assailed by a disorderly mob of boys, and your sedan-chairs broken. The proceeding was most indecorous. I am intensely grieved that his Excellency, the American Secretary, should have met with such an insult on the occasion of his visit. I respectfully request you to convey to his Excellency my profound regret for what has taken place. I have duly instructed the Wu-Chang magistrate to issue proclamations to prosecute the offenders.

"Intercalang, tenth moon, twenty-first day."

Shanghai, December 20th.—The *comprador*, in China, is a character as incomprehensible as important. He is a native trained in accounts and trade. Employed by the foreign *hongs* (mercantile houses) as book-keeper and accountant, he adds to these functions that of the broker, who buys for the firm, and makes all its sales. In these transactions, he receives commissions from both parties. What is more singular is, that he maintains this duplicity of relations without suspicion of dishonesty. The *comprador* does not confine himself to mere trade, he is indispensable in all domestic and social transactions. He negotiates marriages between parties who never know nor see each other until the contract is completed. Russell & Company's *comprador*, to-day, paid his annual visit to Mr. Warden at the Compound. He brought his wife and her two handmaidens, presenting the latter, however, as his wives, numbers three and four; apologizing for number two, who remained at home. Also, two daughters-in-law, one child, and six attendants. The women, of course, came to pay their respects to Mrs. Warden. The *comprador* desired to make his homage to Mr. Seward, and the women requested an introduction to the ladies of his party. There was difficulty, at first, about the women coming into Mr. Seward's presence, but it was overcome. The wives and the boy shook hands with us quite in the American way, but evidently not without concern for their finger-nails, some of which were quite as long as the fingers that bore them. They were elegantly dressed, wearing a profusion of jewels, and were very timid. As they spoke no English, and we no Chinese, nothing remained for them but to

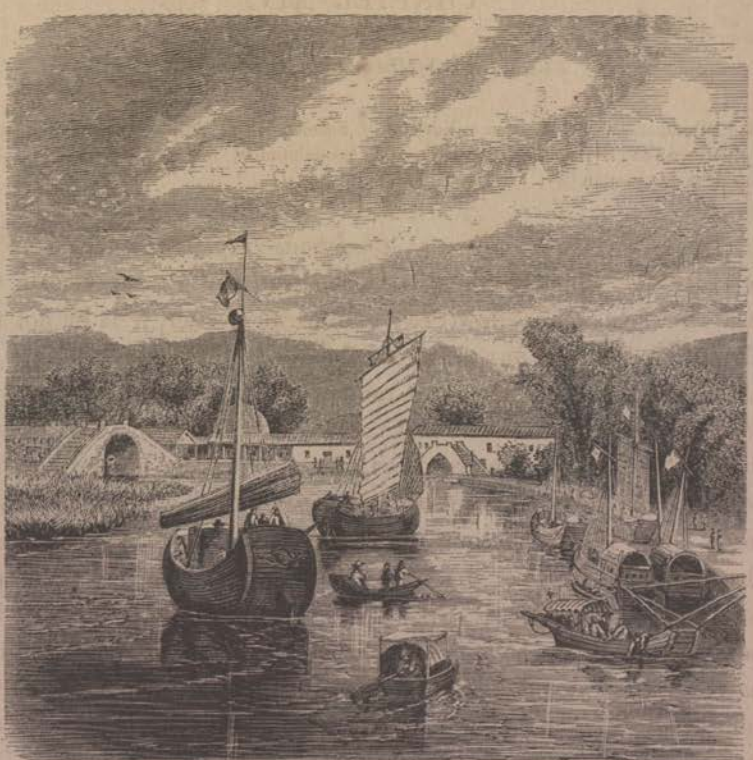
study our dresses and ornaments, as well as the furniture and articles of *vertu* in the drawing-room. When they had exhausted those on the first-floor, they desired to explore the second story. The grand stairway is broad and easy, but, as all these women have tiny feet, each required a strong arm in making the ascent, but that must not be a man's arm. The ladies, therefore, offered theirs, and "such a getting up-stairs, you never did see!" It would have been amusing, if it had not been really dangerous. After a thorough and minute inspection of the upper part of the house, they descended the staircase with much nervous apprehension. They then listened wonderingly to our music on the piano-forte. Calling, then, for their gorgeous sedan-chairs, they retired, doubtless to describe, to their small-footed and long-fingered friends, the mysteries and absurdities of Western fashions. During their entire visit, the *comprador* had directed the movements of his wives and children with all the vigilance and conscious superiority of a turkey-cock. As we assisted the women, or rather carried them in our arms, up and down the staircase, bright-eyed, gentle, and sweet-voiced indeed, but dwarfed, distorted, and enslaved, their dependence was touching. We had not before realized the depth of the abasement of women in China.

Steamer Travancore, China Sea, December 22d.—Many friends attended us to the steamer, and kindly signals were made to us from balconies, the consulate, and the shipping in the harbor.

For the first time in our travels, we are on a foreign deck. The Travancore, named from a province in British India, on the coast of Malabar, belongs to the "Peninsular and Oriental" line of steamers, usually abbreviated the "P. and O."

The familiar berth of the Colorado, at Wusung, was vacant. She had sailed, an hour before, for Nagasaki. We were still expressing our regret that we were to see her no more, when we passed the bar. Standing southerly, however, we saw the majestic flag-ship before us, at rest in the open sea, with all her flags and streamers flying, the admiral and officers on the quarter-deck, and every yard fully manned. Three hearty cheers greeted us from her

six hundred seamen, her colors dropped, officers and men saluted us, and the faithful band gave us for farewell the same old national air with which it had greeted us on coming into Chinese waters. The Travancore lowered her flags, and every officer and passenger joined us in acknowledging the kind and loyal demonstration of the Colorado.



SCENE ON THE IMPERIAL CANAL.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM SHANGHAI TO HONG-KONG.

Bad Weather.—Cold Weather.—Variety of Seamen.—The Ship's Accommodations.—Hong-Kong.—Beautiful Scenery.—Old Acquaintances renewed.—Native and Foreign Population.

On board the Travancore, Christmas-Day, 1870.—Give us no more of the China Sea; give us, instead, the Pacific Ocean, the Sea of Japan, the Yellow Sea; give us any water, if it be not the Bay of Yeddo, and any Gulf, but the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee.

A bleak northeaster, with rain, wind, and darkness, drove us to the cabin as soon as we had parted with the Colorado. When, during the day, the decks dried, the winds grew higher and the seas rougher, and we have remained prisoners below, until the morning. This cold weather, on the verge of the tropics, is a surprise; the high winds compel the native shipping to hug the coast, and equally oblige foreign vessels to keep away from it. Thus, it has happened that we have seen neither ship nor coast, although a narrow sea divides the great island of Formosa on our left from the continent. Now that we are approaching Hong-Kong, we are surrounded with native craft.

We mark a new phase in this navigation. We found the seamen, on the Pacific mail-steamer China, chiefly Chinese; so they are in the coastwise trade of the Yellow Sea. This Chinese monopoly is broken here. At the ship's muster this morning, the ranks showed many variations of physiognomy, with all shades of dark

HONG-KONG.

complexion. Of Europeans there are none; besides the light-yellow Chinese, there are the darker Malays; small but active Hindoos, almost black, with perfect Caucasian features and curling hair; and strongly-built, heavy-featured, coal-black negroes from South Africa. The languages and religions of the crew are not less diverse. There are Bramins, Buddhists, Confucians, and Mohammedans. While uniform discipline is enforced, difference of faith, as well as of diet and costume, is tolerated. The Chinese dress as on shore. The Hindoos wear a gay cotton blouse, on week-days, which they exchange on holidays for tightly-fitting cotton trousers and blouses of the same material, scarlet or crimson sashes, and turbans. The Hindoo boatswain adds to this a gilt-embroidered, scarlet vest. The Malays wear calico pantaloons, with white shirts, and the negroes, here as everywhere else, indulge in the gayest of colors.

The ship's accommodations do not compare favorably with those of the Pacific Mail Line, but here disparaging criticism must end. Though the table is frugal, the wines and provisions are of the best, and the linen is unimpeachable. The service is punctual, and the officers and seamen are courteous and watchful.

Hong-Kong, December 26th.—Hong-Kong is an island, which Great Britain has conquered, and commands the entrance of Canton. It rises more abruptly from the water than the island of St. Thomas in the West Indies.

We anchored at three o'clock yesterday. There is far less shipping here than at Shanghai. The terraces which wind around the hill-sides show distinctly in bold outline every dwelling and structure of the European town, which, as well as the foreign ships in the harbor, was yesterday gayly decorated with flags and Christmas-greens. We were received by Mr. Murray Forbes, representative here of Russell & Company, at Kee-Chung, the name of their princely house. We found fire on the hearth, the first which has been kindled this season, and the people here are rejoicing in having escaped at last the intense heat of summer. We make these memoranda, sitting in a deep window of this great, old-fashioned

dwelling, shadowed by the mountain-summit, while an unclouded morning sun brings the town below into broad relief, and beyond it the deep, blue bay dotted with diverse shipping. A high, red, rocky coast bounds the prospect. Imagine such a picture as we have tried to present, seen as we are seeing it through a framework of palmetto, banyan, camphor, and acacia trees, and you have Hong-Kong.

December 27th.—Resting, Mr. Seward has exchanged visits with the Governor of Hong-Kong, and the United States consul, Mr. Bailey. We are renewing old acquaintances with countrymen and countrywomen. Our departure for Singapore is fixed for the 3d of January. We need, therefore to improve our few remaining days in China.

The British found five thousand natives on the north end of the island. Under the rule of Great Britain, they are now a busy and prosperous community, numbering forty thousand engaged in trade and the fisheries. The foreign population is perhaps one thousand.

TRADING-JUNK.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM HONG-KONG TO CANTON.

The Chinese Coasting-Trade.—Chinese Smugglers.—Canton River-Banks.—Aspect of Canton.—The British Concession.—The American Hongs.—The Consul and the Taou-tai.—The Diet of the Cantonese.—Manufactures of Canton.—The Temples of Canton.

Canton, December 28th; Steamer Kin-San.—American side-wheel steamers carry the foreign coasting-trade between Hong-Kong and Macao westward, Hong-Kong and Canton northward, and Hong-Kong, Swatow, Amoy, Ning-po, and Foo-Choo, on the eastern coast.

We occupied, with two friends, the saloon and upper cabins of the Kin-San, while the lower deck bore four hundred Chinese, chiefly traders, who pay a fare of a Mexican dollar for a voyage of ninety miles. The purser brought us the box which contained the collection of dollars for this voyage. Many were rejected. The coins were genuine, but almost every piece had been clipped. The deficiency was made up in "cash." From the deck, we noticed a native trader, who at intervals advanced to the bulwark, and threw into the water small bunches of hay and straw. We observed that, in every case, natives rowed from the shore in small boats, and picked up this refuse. Our friends, who knew the trick, informed us that the bundles of hay and straw contained packages of opium. Another trader dropped a sealed bottle into the river. A partner, who was waiting on the bank, took it up and found in it the prices

current of opium at London. Smuggling wears only this thin covering in China.

Our course for forty-five miles—half our voyage—lay among sea-islands, giving us only occasional glimpses of the main-land. We then entered the narrow channel of the deep river, promiscuously called the North and the Canton. The banks are lined with the "Bogue" forts, before the "Opium War" regarded by the Chinese as a reliable defence. The victors stipulated that these forts shall not again be garrisoned. They are now falling into ruin. Thus Canton, the southern capital of China, is absolutely defenceless, with a British naval and military station at its very door. Might not Christian merchants in the East be content with this? Whampoa, some fifteen miles down the river, is the outpost of the foreign trade carried on at Canton. The river-banks below Whampoa are dull and monotonous. Above that place they present scenes of tropical luxuriance and beauty. The valley expands, and is covered with sugar-plantations, banana and orange groves, and the surrounding hills are crowned with pagodas. Canton stands on the right bank of the river, but projects in long suburbs over the opposite shore. Neither Nagasaki, nor Yokohama, nor Osaka, nor Han-Kow, nor Tien-Tsin, nor Shanghai, nor Hong-Kong, nor Peking, gives the stranger so effective an impression of a great city.

We moored at the wharf in the midst of a floating city of three hundred thousand souls. Canton, like the surrounding provinces, is traversed by canals, which bring to its wharves passengers in immense numbers from all parts of the empire. The inventive talent, as well as the frugality of the Chinese, is in nothing more conspicuous than in the provision which is made for these wayside travellers. There are blocks and streets of gayly-painted and decorated floating inns or taverns, shops for supplying all wants without the delay and cost of going ashore. Our passage through these winding streets and alleys gave us some odd revelations of marine life. All manner of domestic occupations are carried on without fear of annoyance, or affectation of privacy. Chins are shaven, queues are plaited, dinners are cooked and served, clothes are made, washed, and mended, children are dressed, whipped, and put to

bed, that is to say, laid on a mat and fastened with a cord around their waists, and tied to a mast to keep them from falling overboard. Even "field-sports" are not wanting. A favorite exercise of this kind is the chase of the wharf-rat. We saw one caught, skinned, spitted, and put on charcoal. This amusement is pursued chiefly by women and children. The fishing with cormorants is a vocation of a large class.

Our party had no sooner reached shore, than it broke into factions. The younger members extemporized a guide and boat, crossed the river, and were soon lost in studying carved ivory, shell, and sandal-wood boxes, pagodas and toilet-cases, and ornaments of gold, silver, jasper, and jade. Mr. Seward, more politic, visited the British Concession. If they found the fabrics of Canton more exquisite than they had imagined, he found the foreign settlement more spacious and elegant than the people of Shanghai and Hong-Kong allow it to be. There are thirty or forty spacious foreign hongs, an Episcopal church, built of white marble, and a club-house with a good library and billiard-room; on the bank, a promenade, handsomely-ornamented with gardens, which rejoices in the name of Cha-min (Sand-face).

The American houses, Russell & Company and Smith, Archer & Company, finding that the acquisition of title by Americans within the British Concession was attended with some uncertainty, have rebuilt their old factories in the Chinese city outside the Concession, and we are here the guests of those well-known hongs.

December 29th.—Archdeacon Grey is a philo-Chinese. He has resided here nineteen years, and he kindly offers us his invaluable assistance in the exploration of Canton.

Meantime, the United States consul, anticipating that Mr. Seward would esteem it an act of becoming courtesy to call on the Taou-tai of the province, addressed a note to that functionary. He remitted to the consul the following well-argued and most conclusive answer:

"In answer to your note stating that the Honorable William H. Seward, formerly Secretary of State, having visited Peking, and

called at the foreign office there, had arrived in Canton, and proposed to appoint a time to call, etc., I have to say that, considering his Honor Seward has laid aside his office, and therefore there can be no consulting upon public business, and as the foreign office has sent no notice of his coming, it is not convenient for us to see and look each other in the face.

"Please inform his Honor Seward, the great officer, that it will be of no use to come to my office. This reply with my best compliments, my name and my card."

The consul, we know not how justly, attributes this decision of the Taou-tai to a public misunderstanding between himself and that officer, which had arisen before our arrival—the Taou-tai fearing that an interview with Mr. Seward might produce some popular jealousy.

Canton is a sphinx, serenely indulging in calm recollections, and seeming to smile with equal contentment on time and change. We have interrogated it. How shall we be able to record its responses.

The city covers a very large plain. Some of the streets are ten feet wide, they average seven; all irregular and without a plan. They are travelled chiefly on foot, but almost everywhere sedan-chairs can be used. Paved with flat granite blocks, the sewerage is concealed, and in this one Chinese city there is no want of public cleanliness. An untidy person is as rarely seen in the streets here, as a tidy one in the streets of Peking or Han-Kow. Occasionally, we passed a dwelling, palatial in its dimensions and embellishment, but, generally speaking, the city presents merely a mass of shops. The floors are on a level with the streets, the houses without verandas or porches, and entirely open in front. The buildings are narrow, usually of one story, often twenty feet high, and each has an attic. It is a Chinese proverb that "ill-luck follows ridge-beams which connect with each other in a continuous line." Hence the roofs are of unequal height, and the boards which project from them over the streets, to protect travellers from the sun and rain, are irregularly placed. The material of the fragile walls is dark-brown brick. Every one knows that the Chinese write from right to left, and in downward columns. The sign-boards, painted

STREET IN CANTON.

in rich vermilion or gilded on dark blue, instead of being horizontal, hang perpendicularly, everywhere obstructing the passenger. The shops are gorgeously ornamented. Helmbold's patent-medicine shop on Broadway would not be out of place here. There are no street monuments. The streets are often short and curved, they branch at all angles, and sometimes are continued through very narrow gates or mere door-ways. It thus happens that there is no long vista, and Canton is a labyrinth, which only one who is practised therein can thread. It is divided into quarters for the accommodation of divers kinds of business more completely than any European city. Bankers have their exclusive Wall Streets; the mercantile shops are in districts removed from manufactories; embroiderers, silk-weavers, cotton-weavers, lapidaries, jewellers, and carvers, have separately their own quarters. Only vegetables, fruits, fish, meat, poultry, and game, are displayed everywhere.

The dwellers in Canton are epicureans. They have fish from the rivers and fish from the sea—veal, mutton, venison, pigs, kids, ducks, geese, grouse, pheasants, quails, and ortolans. Whatever they can serve you at the Astor-House, you can command here—ay, more than can be found on the Astor-House *carte;* for, in the midst of the tempting display in the provision-shops, are seen the carefully-dressed carcasses of infinite rats and unmistakable saddles of dogs, while here and there you notice in the shop-windows a placard which announces that "black cat is served hot, at all hours." A decoction of snakes is sold as a medicine. As we were passing a small lake, a boy in our train waded waist-deep and brought out a water-snake. We urged him to throw the unfortunate reptile back, but he declined, and, bruising its head, he put his finger to his mouth by way of informing us that it was to be his supper.

Rope is made here by the same process as among us, but a greater variety of materials is used. Besides hemp, they work bamboo, ratan, and tanned and untanned hides.

A primitive process is resorted to in bleaching. The operator takes clean water by the mouthful and spurts it over the fabric. Calendering is done as it was in Europe before the invention of

modern machinery. The cloth is passed under a stone roller which the operative rocks with his feet. The gloss produced is unequalled. We entered a flouring-mill—a blinded cow, at the end of a shaft, moves each of the seven pairs of stones. The operation is perfect, and the animals seem sound and healthy. The human foot moves the winnowing and bolting processes.

No stranger could conceive the excellence or the cheapness of artistic production. Mr. Seward, fancying a carving of sandal-wood suitable for a door-way, valued it at three hundred dollars. It was offered him at sixteen!

It can hardly be believed that the extensive manufacture of silks in China is carried on without the use of the "Jacquard" loom. The workshop is without a floor. The primitive hand-loom, with the operator's bench, is placed in an excavation. They insist here that the moisture of the ground imparts a porcelain gloss to the silk. Silk-embroidery is the most important manufacture. This toilsome and exhausting labor is performed exclusively by men, instead of being devolved on delicate women, as in European countries. We bought, at nominal prices, articles which would have a fabulous value at home.

Lacquer-ware is made, though less extensively than in Japan. This is the process: A frame of the required article is made of thin wood or veneering perfectly seasoned. This frame is covered inside and out with soft silk-paper, made to adhere smoothly by use of a glutinous solution. When the paper has perfectly dried, a coating of pulverized granite, mixed in a fine oil, is spread over the surface. This granite paste hardens in its turn, and now the process of lacquering begins. The lacquer is a vegetable juice imported from India in earthen jars, and, when fresh, is milk-white; when exposed to the air, it thickens and becomes black. It is applied with a brush and left to dry. No less than eight successive coats are put on, sometimes more. The Chinese, in speaking of a fool, use the proverb that "he wants the ninth coating of lacquer." After the lacquering is completed, the ornamentation, usually in vermilion and gold, takes place. Professional artists make the designs in perforated paper.

A large district in the city is devoted to the manufacture and sale of ornaments in jade. A Chinese gallant, speaking of a lady, says she is "as beautiful as jade." We failed to understand the secret of its value until informed of the firmness of its texture. A piece of this stone, weighing five pounds, has the dull appearance of a common pebble. It is sawed into plates of the required thickness by the use of a fine wire moved by hand. After this, turning-lathes and lapidaries' instruments are employed. With these it is shaped into finger-rings, ear-rings, bracelets, bangles, buckles, cups, vases, and the like. The best jade is that which shades from milky white to clear green.

We notice that women of the higher class wear a kind of ornament peculiar to Canton. It consists of a head-dress or cap, bracelets or finger-rings, made of filagree gold, delicately enamelled with the blue kingfisher's feathers, and heavily studded with pearls and gems.

Among temples, we visited first that of Pak-tai (the Dragon), a Taouistic deity. The dragon is one of the sacred emblems of China. Before that emblem stands a shrine, and below this a living representative of the monster in the shape of a pretty little bright-green snake, which coils in the branches of a dwarfed tree, cultivated in a small garden-vase. Incense is offered equally on the shrine of the carved dragon, and before the living representation in the tree. The offerings are such as the snake does not disdain, but such as the fabled dragon perhaps might not thank his votaries for. They consist of tea and eggs. When merchants contract partnerships, or masters and apprentices execute indentures, they bring engrossed copies of the covenants, and burn them with incense under the tree. In this way they bring the contents of the articles to the notice of the god for his approval and blessing. When the contracts have been fully performed, the parties come again to the presence of the sacred snake, and with solemn religious ceremony declare mutual acquittal and satisfaction. "Holy water" is constantly kept in vases, from which it is carried away in phials for the curing of diseases. When a second affliction falls on a bereaved family, it indicates that the grave of the deceased relation is an

unlucky one. In that case the bones are exhumed and washed in this water, and then removed to a more hospitable sepulchre. From this temple we passed into a long street in which every shop-window is filled with bars of bullion, fans, hats, shoes, and garments of every pattern cut from fancy-colored paper, and put up in packages with a prayer impressed on each packet. These parcels are sold to mourners, who burn them in incense before the shrine, believing that in this way they convey to the departed friends the material substances of which the paper articles are the imitation.

Of the Buddhist temples, the most celebrated is the Honan. It is, with its extensive monastery, called also the Temple of the "Ocean Banner;" but why the "Ocean Banner," we cannot conjecture. Spacious areas here are occupied by "sacred" pigs, goats,

ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF HONAN.

sheep, chickens, ducks, and geese. Notwithstanding the reverential devotion which the monks show to these animals, the idle boys who followed us into the temple took a wicked delight in "stirring up" the fat, holy swine with pike-staves, and making them grunt for our entertainment. The monks have separate cloisters, and, besides these, one spacious and common hall, which, having undergone some special form of consecration, is regarded as an auspicious chamber for the departure of the soul in death. When a brother's last hour is supposed to be near, he is brought to this chamber, possibly with the unintentional effect of hastening his entrance to anticipated bliss. Not far from this happy death-chamber is a sanctified and auspicious charnel-house. The body deposited in this lucky vault remains here in waiting until Buddha, being consulted, indicates a lucky day for the ceremony of cremation. Beyond the charnel-house is a furnace in which the process is conducted. The ashes are gathered in a vase, and are deposited with others in a temporary mausoleum. When the fulness of time has arrived, and an auspicious day has come, the vase is emptied into a common sarcophagus, and so the funeral-rites are at last ended.

Leaving the "Ocean Banner," we visited the Temple of the "Flowery Forest." Its pantheon contains images not only of gods of whom the Greeks or Romans never dreamed, but of more gods than they ever worshipped: Think of five hundred colossal wooden figures, of all complexions, black, white, and red, with distorted features and limbs, and dressed in purple, crimson, and gold, sitting in close order around the walls of a saloon, equal to the largest in the British Museum. These are the guardian genii of China. Each is a deified apostle or saint of the religion. These figures were presented to the monastery by one of the emperors, and perhaps all were carved by one artist. If he failed to impart a natural human expression to any among them, it must be admitted in his favor that, in their hideous distortions, no two are alike. We were kindly received by the monks. The abbot, a man of reverend mien, wears purple, a cap which might be mistaken for a mitre, and a staff in the shape of a crozier. As we came in advance of the evening service, they entertained us in the spacious court with

delicious tea and dried fruits. The brethren showed by their conversation a vague knowledge of foreign countries. They feared that the disasters which have befallen France may encourage Russian aggression against China. They understand something of the great civil war in the United States, and rejoice in its results. While we were thus engaged, a group of ladies exquisitely dressed, and having the least of all feet, came into the court accompanied by many children. This party was followed by a retinue of well-dressed servants, bearing large ornamented paper boxes, filled with votive offerings, paper shoes, fans, and hats, as before described. They were waiting until the midnight hour, to burn these offerings in incense for the repose and cheer of deceased ancestors. Although the women made no mirthful demonstration, they were animated and cheerful, seeming to regard the ceremony in which they were engaged rather as a festal than a funereal one. They made no advances to us, but showed much delight with the caresses we bestowed on their pretty children.

At the service, the monks kindly seated Mr. Seward on a wooden bench, the only thing of the kind in the temple, in a good position to see the ceremony. The hall of worship is sixty feet square, with a lofty ceiling. In its centre, a gigantic, triple-carved statue, in a sitting posture, representing Buddha in his three "states"—the face looking to the left, symbolic of oblivion, or the *past;* that looking forward, expressive of activity, the *present;* the third, looking to the right, contemplation, or the *future.* The "Flowery Forest," then, is a temple dedicated to a religion, older than our own, which presents, in a vague, misty way, two of the principles of the Christian Church: one, the incarnation of the Supreme; the other, His presentation in three persons, one and indivisible. Are these analogies merely accidental coincidences, or are they different outgrowths of the same innate ideas, or are they shadowy forms of a common revelation? The service consisted in a solemn, measured, and devotional intonation of a long and varied liturgy. Occasionally, a bell tinkled, to indicate a change in the order of the prayers. At this sound, the monks prostrated themselves, and brought their foreheads to the ground. At other times, they changed their pos-

tures toward the triune image, or walked in solemn procession around it, keeping time to a muffled drum and gong. Offerings are made of wheat, rice, and millet. These being deemed now consecrated, they were, at the conclusion of the ceremony, conveyed in a tripod, and scattered over the paved court of the temple, that they might be gathered by the fowls of the air, and so be saved from human profanation. The temple contains a very fine dagoba of white marble, built over a relic of a former incarnate Buddha. Its pedestal, a lower story, is ornamented with various allegorical tablets, on which Buddha is represented riding here on a dragon, there on a lion, and elsewhere on other animals. Heathen deities, as we come among them, seem to us to be rather impersonations of ideal conditions of human existence, than spiritual conceptions of a superior order of beings.

There is a temple dedicated to "Longevity." The idol, a colossal figure, badly carved in wood, and painted very red and very brown, represents an obese, contented, and lazy old man. This temple has a monastery of extraordinary character. Instead of cloisters of masonry, the cells are trees; and, instead of shaven monks, the brotherhood is a family of storks, which, daily fed by the attendants, live out their long-appointed days, objects of reverence and affection. The stork which has the luck to be dedicated to "Longevity" is a happy bird. What a contrast is his to the case of the gold-fish, only bred and fattened, in the ponds of the temple of the same god, to become the food of the "holy" stork!

Whatever doubts there may be about the justice of the Chinese claim to the invention of printing, it is pleasant to record that they have done honor to the art of arts by dedicating to it shrines, tablets, and vases of incense.

Our survey of the religious institutions closed with a visit to a convent of Buddhist nuns, devoted to the care of the sick. The superior and the sisterhood received us kindly. Although illiterate, they are industrious, tidy, gentle, and prepossessing. They showed us not only the meagre hospital wards, but their own very humble cells. After all, charity is an essential element of every religion, and woman is its truest minister throughout the world.

CHAPTER XVI.

CANTON (Continued).

A Chinese Villa.—The Hall of Ancestors.—A Chinese School-Room.—Another Villa.—An Opium-Den.—Extent of Opium-Smoking.—The Chinese Chronometer.—The Street of Malefactors.—The Place of Execution.—A City of the Dead.—Canton at Night.

Cantòn, December 30th.—This morning, without previous invitation or notice, our reverend guide ushered us into the villa of a Chinese gentleman, Poon-ting-gua. It covers several acres, enclosed with a solid granite wall. Chinese ladies with their children received us graciously. The mansion has a spacious theatre, tastefully arranged, for private entertainments, many pretty boudoirs, and a spacious banqueting-hall. After this, we visited the still more ambitious dwelling of the mandarin Lee, now exercising the office of Taou-tai in the province of Chin-Kiang. This residence contains a noble Hall of Ancestors, which, although it opens on one side to the sky, resembles very much the old Representative Hall in the Capitol at Washington. The Ancestral Hall is the chapel used for daily family worship of the gods, as well as of the ancestors. The hall is purely Confucian in idea. A shrine in the centre supports a tablet on which the names of the ancestors are inscribed. Large crimson banners are suspended from the walls, which contain, in embroidery, their likenesses, as well as those of the family, with heraldic insignia or emblems. The Ancestral Hall, moreover, is the judgment-chamber or tribunal in which family courts are held. At these courts all births are recorded,

marriage-contracts celebrated, and all disputes are adjusted. In anticipation of his last hour, the head of the house is brought to the Ancestral Hall to die, expecting an unobstructed passage thence

POON-TING-QUA'S VILLA.

to the realms above. After his death, his will is published in the same chamber. This hall is brilliantly furnished with European lamps, clocks, and mirrors. On the present occasion, the altar or tablet was graced with a porcelain salver, on which rested a cold roast-pig, weighing fifteen or twenty pounds. The dish was flanked with conserves, cakes, and flowers. A daughter of the house, married three days ago, comes in procession to-day, to pay her parting visit to her family, and these were the offerings to ancestors provided for the celebration of this important domestic event. At the conclusion of the ceremony, in such cases, the oblations are distributed among the servants of the family.

We were particularly interested in the school-room, where the boys are educated; the girls are not educated at all. With its arrangement of tables, desks, black-board, books, and slates, the apartment might be mistaken for a school-room at home. All the pupils read the lessons of every sort aloud, and all at once, and commit them to memory. The pedagogue differs but little, except in dress, from the school-master the world over. The master in this present school is an ingenuous as well as a spirited man. The instrument of his discipline laid on his desk, and he did not hesitate to admit that he frequently employs it, believing probably in Solomon's instruction, "he that spareth his rod, hateth his son." The Chinese boys have all the natural manner and modesty of well-bred children. One bright-eyed little lad of eight years, with great reverence, asked Mr. Seward's "honorable age."

We were received by another family, in a very spacious villa near the Honan. We noticed, with some surprise, here, the *impluvium*, rendered so famous by the descriptions of Pompeii. Is it likely that the Chinese have preserved a feature of villa architecture which the Western nations have lost? The proprietor and the ladies of his family conducted us through their sumptuous abode, with perfect refinement of manner, betraying not the least shyness or curiosity.

The tea-house in Canton holds the place of the ale-house, *café*, or restaurant, in European cities. Rich and poor promiscuously gather there, and are served without respect of persons.

In returning from the villa, we opened a narrow door and made our way through a dark passage to a suite of small rooms, faintly lighted from the roof. The seclusion, darkness, and silence of the place, indicated that something furtive was going on there. On either side of a long chamber was a dais divided into sections, in each section two men reclining *vis-à-vis*—between them a miniature table six inches high. We were in an opium-den, and these persons were the victims. Before each of the smokers, on the table, rested a pipe, a tiny opium-pot, and a burning lamp. Here, as in the tea-house, there is no respect of rank or wealth. The poor and the rich lie down together. Each assists the other in the

delicate task of igniting the opium, and filling the bowl of the pipe. We spoke to two or three of the smokers, who were only at the beginning of the siesta, and received from them respectful and gentle answers. We tried in vain to rouse others to consciousness, who were in the stage of blissful revery, although their eyes were

OPIUM-SMOKERS.

open, and they were sadly smiling. When the smoker recovers from the inebriation, if he has sufficient strength he repairs home; otherwise, he is removed to another apartment, and remains there perhaps twenty-four hours, recovering strength to depart. Was it

an imagination of ours that the keeper of this hell wore a base and sinister look as he stood behind his counter in a dark closet, surrounded by packages of the pernicious drug, which he weighed out to his customers a pennyweight of opium against a pennyweight of silver?

The books we have read at home, and the discussions we have heard here as well as there, have prepared us to see the disastrous effect of opium-smoking on every side in China. The denunciation of the practice is justified by all-sufficient proof that it is destructive of physical and intellectual energy. Statistics show a vast increase of the consumption of the drug, since its free importation has been allowed. The Chinese Government has given its sanction to the wide-spread denunciation by its persistent and earnest opposition to the opium-trade. We are agreeably disappointed, however, by the absence of evidence of the evil fruits of the practice which we had anticipated. Except in this den where we purposely went to seek the vice and its victims, we have not met, in any part of the country, a person of either sex, or of any age, whose appearance, conversation or conduct, indicated an excessive indulgence. Europeans and Americans here agree in representing the practice as wide-spread and pernicious, but, when interrogated concerning their observation, they assure you that they know of a coolie, a house-servant, a mechanic, a clerk, perhaps a trader, who has become inefficient or unreliable by the indulgence. But the best-informed persons agree that cases of this kind are neither more frequent nor more extensive than those of habitual alcoholic intemperance in the United States. Moreover, we are inclined to think that the cost of the drug, when balanced against the low wages of labor, lifts the abuse beyond the reach of the working-classes.

In the matter of the regulation of time, the Chinese do not keep up with Western science. There is a tower here devoted to that purpose. Each hour is announced in a printed placard posted on the outer wall. The chronometer, however, which is used in the tower, is a water-clock, the clumsy *clepsydra* of ancient Greece.

A branch staircase from the Time-Tower brought us to the government printing-office, which publishes all official documents,

including a copy of the *Peking Gazette.* None of our modern improvements are used. The carving of the wooden type, the spreading of the India-ink over them, the taking of the impression, all are done by hand.

The Chinese Government is based on two fictions: first, that the emperor is the Son of Heaven; second, that he is the parent of the Chinese people. In harmony with these principles, loyalty to the state is inculcated not only as a religious but as a filial duty. But all sentimental fictions are liable to abuse, equally in politics and religion. The code of Draco was not more cruel than the parental discipline of the Chinese empire. Passing by the palace of the Taou-tai, with its ostentatious imperial banners, we turned a sharp corner, and entered a long, narrow, cheerless street. Here, no gay sign-boards or banners relieved the night. The shops are sombre, and there are few travellers. It is the malefactor road—the street through which the condemned convicts pass, from the palace to the place of execution. It was almost night when we were admitted, under a strong but low gateway, to a close area a hundred feet long, scarcely more than twenty feet wide; on one side low stone-buildings; on the other a high blind wall; a walk paved with large flat stones in the middle of the court. A potter was noiselessly at work shaping vessels, some to be used for receiving the blood, others the hands and feet, and others the heads of the victims. Sometimes only a single execution takes place, but usually short delays are made for the convenience of bringing several executions together. They vary in number from two to fifty, and, in times of political disturbance or flagrant piracy, fifty and even a hundred executions take place at once. Dr. Grey, who has studied Chinese history carefully, is of opinion that no field of battle ancient or modern has witnessed so much violent destruction of human life as this Aceldama. The customary form is decapitation. When the condemned come within the gate, they march up the paved walk and take their places, kneeling inward on either side. An imperial officer at the upper end of the court reads, in a distinct voice, a rescript of their names, crimes, and sentences. A practised executioner, with a long sword which he wields with both

hands, proceeds down the line. The culprits stretching their necks forward, the executioner, swinging the instrument in continued circles, completely severs a head at every blow. The heads fall into vases filled with lime; nevertheless the pavement is besmeared with blood, and the effluvia rising from this horrible place taint the atmosphere of the most distant parts of the city. We saw crosses leaning against the wall, prepared for inflicting punishment in that form, and many baskets, each of which contained a head ready to be transported to the city gates, and to distant parts of the empire.

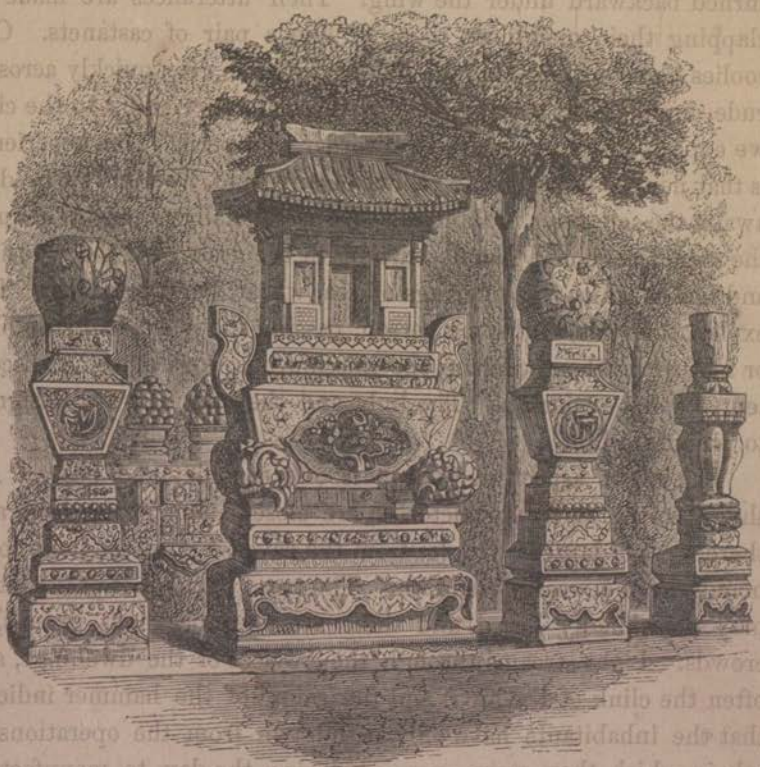
The scene we next visited is one which, although sad and solemn, is touching and beautiful. This is an extensive plain, ornamented with gardens and lakes, fragrant with flowers, and musical with the songs of birds. It is the temporary resting-place of the dead while awaiting—a day or many days, a month or many months, a year or many years—an auspicious time and place for final interment. This city of the dead is divided into blocks, and traversed by rectilinear paved streets. Instead of dwellings, the squares are covered with charnel-houses, and these are already numbered by thousands. They are built of stone, and kept with perfect cleanliness and order. The charnel-houses, one story high, are divided into two apartments—the front, a reception-hall with tablets and an altar, before which a lamp continually burns, and on which offerings of tea, fruit, and flowers are daily renewed. This room is occupied by the relations of the deceased, generally sons or daughters, who console the dead not only by day, but through the long watches of the night. A couch or divan along the wall serves for their repose. In the inner chamber rest the unburied, or the exhumed remains enclosed in a costly carved coffin, covered with a magnificent purple or scarlet pall. Around the coffin are figures or statues, either carved, or of porcelain, which, gayly dressed and bearings fans or cups, are ministering to the wants of the sleeping dead. When a stranger dies in Canton, information is conveyed to his friends, however distant. His remains rest here until preparations for his interment have been made, in the part of the empire where he lived. The "city of the dead," like our cemeteries,

is under the care of an association, and its expenses are defrayed by charges regulated by tariff.

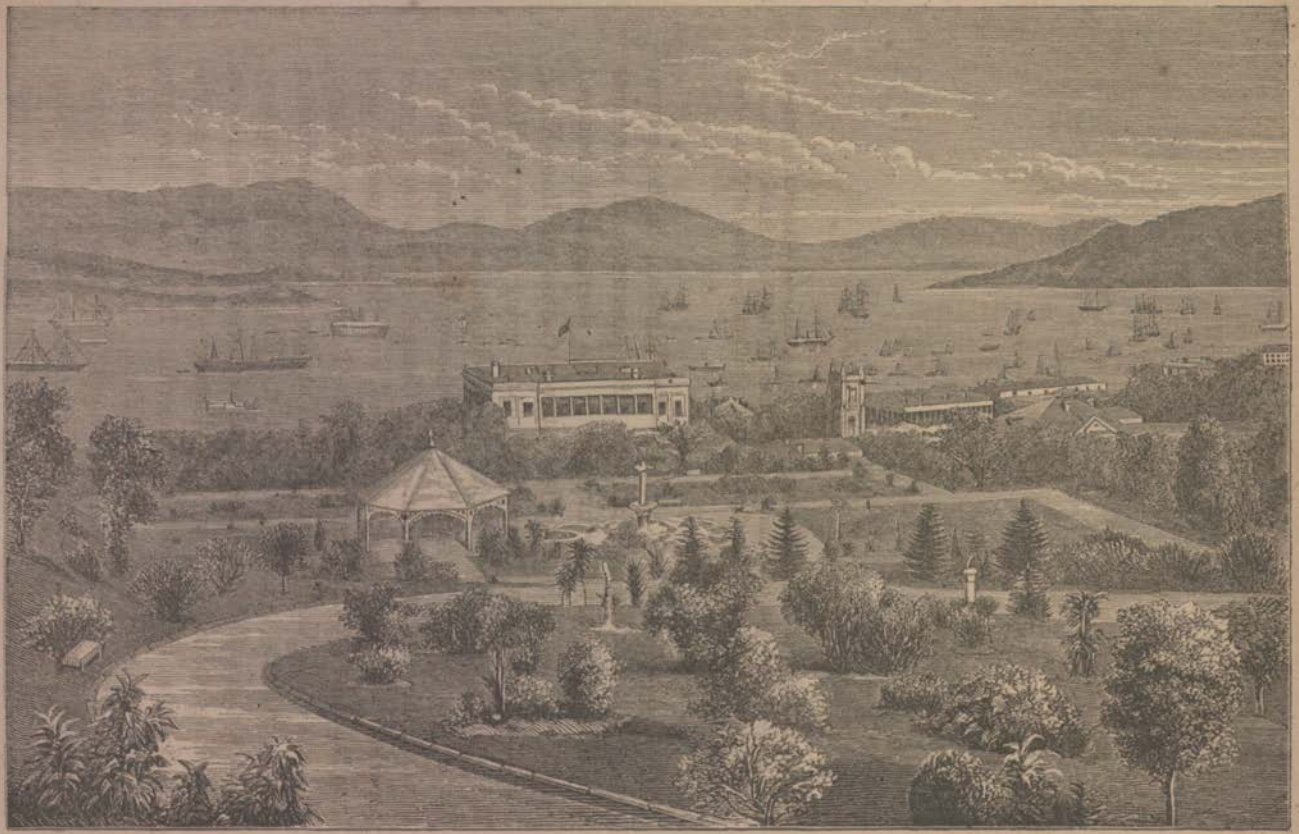
It was quite nine o'clock, a star-lit night, when we emerged from this silent, mysterious place—the only one we have ever seen in which, though it is devoted to the dead, cheerfulness and hope prevail over gloom and despondency. We passed through a series of graves which surround it, starting a thousand storks, which kept watch and ward over the cemetery. These birds have a peculiar adaptation to sacred places. They rest always on one leg, the head turned backward under the wing. Their utterances are made by clapping their mandibles together like a pair of castanets. Our coolies bore burning lamps. They carried us very quickly across a rude, uninhabited plain, which, by reason of its vicinity to the city, we expected to find a scene of disorder and peril. Our experience is that neither assassin nor robber of any kind, by night or by day, awaits the sojourner in Canton. We occasionally stopped to inquire the significance of a candle burning in the grass near the roadside, and before which lay offerings of tea, wheat, fruit, or millet. The explanation was, that some person, passing the place, had stumbled or met with other accident, the mischievous work of some discontented spirit or demon. The light and the offerings are designed to propitiate him.

The night aspect of Canton is one of quiet and peace. All shops, stores, and manufactories, are closely shut; only here and there a paper lantern dangles from the eaves, before the house of a mandarin or a wealthy denizen. The tread of the foot-passenger is only occasionally heard, and there are no processions, groups, or crowds. Light streams through the crevices of the dwellings, and often the clink of the anvil and the sound of the hammer indicate that the inhabitants have only withdrawn from the operations of sale in which they were engaged during the day, to manufacture new articles to sell to-morrow. Rarely, very rarely, one may hear the mellow tones of a flute, but never in any part of the city does there arise the sound of debauch or revelry. A gentle rap by our conductor brought to the postern the keeper of each of the numerous gates through which we had to pass. A kind word assured us

that he was prepared for our coming, and was interested for our safety. Moving on so quietly in our chairs, we had fallen into the dreamy state of contemplation ascribed to Buddha, when the last of the city-gates, the gate of "Everlasting Peace," lifted its head and allowed us to pass under the door of hospitable "Kee-Chung."



CHINESE TOMBS.



VIEW IN HONG-KONG.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT HONG-KONG AGAIN.

Chinese Emigration to the United States.—The Canton Fisheries.—American Houses in China.—A Combination of Gamblers.—A Dinner at the United States Consulate.—Mr. Seward's Speech.—Oriental and Eastern Civilization.—Policy of China.—Prospects of China.

Hong-Kong, January 1, 1871.—The Kin-San, on her return-voyage, besides ourselves, had three cabin-passengers, all merchants of Macao. She had four hundred in the steerage: one hundred and fifty of them Chinese traders between Canton and Hong-Kong; the others, voluntary Chinese emigrants going to ship at Hong-Kong for San Francisco. The Chinese emigration to the United States goes exclusively from the province of Quan-Tong (Canton) through the port of Canton. The Chinese emigration to other American countries, the West Indies, and South America, goes from the same province, but through the Portuguese port of Macao. The laws of the United States, which require consular examination and a certificate in each case that the emigration is voluntary, and made on sufficient guarantee, have proved entirely effective in preventing abduction, fraud, and violence. The emigrant to the United States is contented and cheerful. It is not so, however, with the emigrant who embarks at Macao. The system of abduction prevailing there is an abomination scarcely less execrable than the African slave-trade. The emigrants are promiscuously taken by fraud and force; ignorant of their destination, and without secu-

rity for their labor or their freedom, they are hurried on board sailing-craft. These vessels are built in the United States, and they appear at Macao under the United States flag, promising to convey the emigrants to our country. So soon as they have cleared the port, they hoist the colors of Peru, San Salvador, or some other Spanish-American state. It is when this fraud is discovered that scenes of mutiny and murder occur, of which we have such frequent and frightful accounts. It shall not be our fault if, in the cause of humanity, the United States Government is not informed of this great outrage against our national honor.

Chinese versatility has a fine illustration in the Canton fisheries. On either side of our steamer, as we came down the river, was a tub or cistern holding five hundred gallons of water. The water contained great quantities of living fish produced in ponds in the vicinity of Canton. Arriving at the wharf here, a sluice was opened at the bottom of each cistern, and the fish, rushing out with the rapid current, dropped into smaller tubs, and were conveyed either to market, or to ships going to sea.

January 2d.—We are pleased with the reassurance we receive here from home, that a semi-monthly line of steamers is to be established by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. This line is a development of enterprise which, though noiseless, is extending the American name and influence in the East.

The American houses in China are as follows:

Russell & Company, with establishments at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, Foo-Choo, Kiu-Kiang, Han-Kow, and Tien-Tsin.
Augustine Heard & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Foo-Choo.
Oliphant & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Foo-Choo.
Bull, Pardon & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Foo-Choo.
Smith, Archer, & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Canton.
Silas E. Burrows & Company, at Hong-Kong.
E. J. Sage & Company, at Hong-Kong.
H. Fogg & Company, at Shanghai.
A. C. Farnham & Company, at Shanghai.

To all these houses our grateful acknowlegments—to Russell

& Company, the most full, because they have claimed us as their guests, in their several agencies throughout the empire.

Hong-Kong has a social grievance unknown in the United States, except in the new States and Territories—a villanous combination of gamblers, like the pests of the same kind whose atrocities stain the history of Vicksburg and San Francisco. The judicial officers confess themselves powerless to suppress these criminals.

To-day the United States consul, Mr. Bailey, entertained Mr. Seward, with the large party gathered to meet him, at the consulate. To Mr. Bailey's speech of welcome, Mr. Seward replied as follows:

"The questions which engaged the American people, in the period to which you have so kindly referred, were, the elimination of slavery from the United States, and the saving of the republic from dissolution. Both these questions were at last decided for the right, in a fearful civil war. I think there is not now living, on this round earth, a man who, even though he was then a sympathizer with the rebellion, now regrets that beneficent adjustment.

"Our distinguished statesman, Daniel Webster, foresaw only the struggle. His utmost confidence in the happy end was in the expression of his earnest hope that his dying eyes might not close on a dismembered, a disunited, a belligerent republic. On us, however, who have survived both him and the convulsion, there opens a bright and glorious prospect—it is the spread of republican institutions over the whole American Continent, involving by absolute necessity a regeneration of civilization in the East. The United States have assumed the lead in this great work, happily with the free consent and approbation of all the European nations.

"The first Emperor of the French, copying from Julius Cæsar, introduced, in our time, the military empire, as an agency for conquest. The second emperor dedicated it to peace and progress. Fortunately for mankind, the innovation has failed for both purposes. The world is coming to realize, on the contrary, that 'the *republic*,' that is to say, not the republic of former ages, but the modern republic of our own experience, is always favorable to prosperity and progress, and is everywhere 'on earth peace, good-will toward men.'

"I have been long engaged studying the great problem of modern civilization. In doing so, I have travelled largely on the North American Continent, and, with the same object, I am now observing Asiatic countries. In this connection, I may make two or three observations, without disloyalty to my own country, or to China, and without offence to any foreign nation represented here. I do not undervalue missionary labors in the East, but the Christian religion, for its acceptance, involves some intellectual and social advancement which can only be effected through international commerce. I look, therefore, chiefly to commerce for the regeneration of China—that commerce to come across the American Continent and the Pacific Ocean. I lament to find, in every part of China that I visit, despondency concerning that commerce, which, I am sure, is not entertained in the United States, or in any other of the Western nations. I think that despondency without foundation. On the other hand, a foreign commerce, which penetrates the northern, the central, and the southern regions of China, is firmly established and secured. Not one of the footholds which have been gained can ever be lost. The continuance and increase of that commerce are guaranteed by the material, moral, social, and political necessities of both continents.

"Say what men may, human progress is compelled by the laws of Providence. Obstacles, indeed, must occur, and will multiply resistance here, and discussions and jealousies in the West; but there is a subtle moral opinion which pervades mankind, before which, sooner or later, all such obstacles disappear. There is no assignable measure to the future expansions of this intercontinental and regenerating commerce. Although its movements seem to us very slow, yet there are abundant evidences that it is neither dying out nor retrograding. The daily increasing emigration from southern China to America, and to the Malay Peninsula, and the Oriental Archipelago, is a guarantee of its continuance. That emigration works beneficially in three ways: the navigation employed in it sustains commerce; it relieves an overcrowded population of surplus labor; returning emigrants bring back not only wealth, but arts, knowledge, and morals, to renovate their native country. Let

it be our task, therefore, to stimulate this emigration. It is essential to the growth of international commerce, that the Western states practise equal justice toward China. True commerce involves reciprocity, not exclusive gain on either side, and it flourishes just in proportion to the good faith and equality with which it is conducted.

"Six or seven years ago, the Western nations, relinquishing individual designs of aggrandizement or advantage in China, were represented by enlightened men, among whom were the late Mr. Burlingame, Sir Frederick Bruce, and M. Berthémy. They agreed in recommending to their several states the policy of bringing China into equal political relations with all the Western states. The 'Burlingame' treaty was the fruit of these counsels. They have only to be pursued in good faith, to work the best results. No one now doubts of the renovation of Japan; but China, with its four hundred millions, exhibits more signs of progress to-day than Japan, with its thirty or forty millions, did twenty years ago. I am often asked: 'But what of this ancient Chinese Imperial Government, its extortions, its timidity, its effeteness, and of this national prejudice, the fruit of thousands of years of isolation?' I answer: 'I do not know—no one knows. I only know that imbecility and effeteness always give way before vigor and energy, and that dotage and prejudice must give way to truth, justice, and reason. I know not what political changes may occur here, but, on the other hand, I know it is an error to suppose that revolutions, with whatever design they are inaugurated, retard human progress.' I used all the influence I had to prevent the late revolution in Japan, because I thought it was a retrograde movement; I little dreamed that the restored Mikado would excel the dethroned Tycoon in emulating Western civilization.

"But I must not enlarge. Gentlemen, you have dedicated your fortunes and your lives to the regeneration of China. I pray God that you may individually enjoy the rich rewards of that devotion!

"This day, with its pleasing incidents, will be forever fresh in my memory."

January 4th.—The Chinese, though not of the Caucasian race, have all its political, moral, and social capabilities. Long ago, they reached a higher plane of civilization than most of the European states attained until a much later period. The Western nations have since risen above that plane. The whole world is anxiously inquiring whether China is to retrieve the advantages she has lost, and if she is to come within the family of modern civilized states. Mr. Burlingame's sanguine temperament and charitable disposition led him to form too favorable an opinion of the present condition of China. In his anxiety to secure a more liberal policy on the part of the Western nations toward the ancient empire, he gave us to understand, especially in his speeches, that, while China has much to learn from the Western nations, she is not without some peculiar institutions which they may advantageously adopt. This is not quite true. Although China is far from being a barbarous state, yet every system and institution there is inferior to its corresponding one in the West. Whether it be the abstract sciences, such as philosophy and psychology, or whether it be the practical forms of natural science, astronomy, geology, geography, natural history, and chemistry, or the concrete ideas of government and laws, morals and manners; whether it be in the æsthetic arts or mechanics, every thing in China is effete. Chinese education rejects science; Chinese industry proscribes invention; Chinese morals appeal not to conscience, but to convenience; Chinese architecture and navigation eschew all improvements; Chinese government maintains itself by extortion and terror; Chinese religion is materialistic—not even mystic, much less spiritual. If we ask how this inferiority has come about, among a people who have achieved so much in the past, and have capacities for greater achievement in the future, we must conclude that, owing to some error in their ancient social system, the faculty of invention has been arrested in its exercise and impaired.

China first became known to the Western world by the discoveries of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. At that period and until after the explorations of Vasco de Gama, China appears to have been not comparatively great, prosperous, and enlightened,

but absolutely so. An empire extending from the snows of Siberia to the tropics, and from the Pacific to the mountain sources of the great rivers of Continental Asia, its population constituted one-fourth of the human race. Diversified climate and soil afforded all the resources of public and private wealth. Science and art developed those resources. Thus, when European nations came upon the shores of China, in the sixteenth century, they found the empire independent and self-sustaining. The Mantchoos on the north had invaded the empire and substituted a Tartar dynasty at Peking for a native dynasty at Nanking, but the conquerors and the conquered were still Chinese, and the change was a revolution and not a subjugation. China having thus attained all the objects of national life, came to indulge a sentiment of supercilious pride, under the influence of which she isolated herself from all other nations. Her government from its earliest period was in the hands of a scholastic and pedantic class, a class which elsewhere has been found incapable of practical rule. Since the isolation took place, that class has effectively exercised all the powers of the state, in repressing inquiry and stifling invention, through fear that change in any direction would result in their own overthrow. The long isolation of the empire, and the extirpation of native invention, have ended in reversing the position of China. From being self-sustaining and independent, as she was when found by the European states, she has become imbecile, dependent, and helpless. Without military science and art, she is at the mercy of Western nations. Without the science of political economy, the Government is incapable of maintaining an adequate system of revenue; and, without the science of Western laws and morals, it is equally incapable of maintaining an impartial and effective administration of justice. Having refused to adopt Western arts and sciences, the Government is incapable of establishing and maintaining a beneficial domestic administration. Insurrections and revolutions are therefore unavoidable, nor can the Government repress them without the aid of the Western powers. She pays the European nations for making the clothing for her people, and the arms with which they must defend themselves. She imports not only

the precious metals, but coal and iron, instead of allowing her own mines to be opened. She forbids the employment of steam and animal power in mechanics, and so largely excludes her fabrics from foreign markets.

Though China would now willingly leave all the world alone, other nations cannot afford to leave her alone. Great Britain must send her cotton fabrics and iron manufactures. The United States must send her steam-engines and agricultural implements, and bring away her coolies. Italy, France, and Belgium, must have her silks, and all the world must have her teas, and send her their religions. All these operations cannot go on without steam-engines, stationary as well as marine, Hoe's printing-press, and the electric telegraph.

Now for the question of the prospects of China. Before attempting to answer this, it will be best to define intelligently the present political condition of China. Certainly it is no longer an absolutely sovereign and independent empire, nor has it yet become a protectorate of any other empire. It is, in short, a state under the constant and active surveillance of the Western maritime nations. This surveillance is exercised by their diplomatic representatives, and by their naval forces backed by the menace of military intervention. In determining whether this precarious condition of China is likely to continue, and whether its endurance is desirable, it would be well to consider what are the possible alternatives. There are only three: First, absolute subjugation by some foreign state; second, the establishment of a protectorate by some foreign state; third, a complete popular revolution, overthrowing not only the present dynasty, but the present form of government, and establishing one which shall be in harmony with the interests of China and the spirit of the age. The Chinese people, inflated with national pride, and contempt for Western sciences, arts, religions, morals, and manners, are not prepared to accept the latter alternative. The rivalry of the Western nations, with the fluctuations of the balance of their political powers, render it dangerous for any foreign state to assume a protectorate. The second alternative is, therefore, out of the question. We have already expressed the

opinion that mankind have outlived the theory of universal empire, and certainly the absolute subjugation of China by any Western state would be a nearer approach to universal empire than Greek, or Roman, or Corsican, or Cossack, ever dreamed of. The exercise of sovereignty in China by a national dynasty, under the surveillance and protection of the maritime powers, is the condition most favorable to the country and most desirable. The maintenance of it seems practicable so far as it depends upon the consent of the maritime surveillant powers. But how long the four hundred millions of people within the empire will submit to its continuance is a question which baffles all penetration. The present Government favors and does all it can to maintain it. Prince Kung and Wan-Siang are progressive and renovating statesmen, but a year or two hence a new emperor will come to the throne. The *literati*, no less bigoted now than heretofore, have an unshaken prestige among the people, and, for aught any one can judge, the first decree of the new emperor may be the appointment of a reactionary ministry, with the decapitation of the present advisers of the throne. Let it, then, be the policy of the Western nations to encourage and sustain the sagacious reformers of China, and in dealing with that extraordinary people to practise in all things justice, moderation, kindness, and sympathy. Of course, it is not to be expected or desired that the foreign surveillance which is now practised will retain its present obnoxious and oppressive character. The habit of intervention, and the habit of acquiescence in it once fixed, surveillance will assume the forms of protective tutorship. The interests of both parties will require that this tutorship be exercised with leniency; gradual amelioration of the political and social condition of China will produce mutual sympathy and respect between the protectors and the protected, the instructors and the pupil. Something of this kind has already happened in the relations between the Western states and the Ottoman powers.

It has been no easy task to set down these hurried reflections in the midst of festivities, only brought to an end by the parting with so many kind friends. The signal is hoisted, and we go on board the Provence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GLANCE AT COCHIN CHINA.

The Steamer Provence.—Island of Hainan.—Our Fellow-Passengers.—The Mouth of the Saigon River.—The City of Saigon.—French Aptitude for Colonization.—French Photographs.—The Queen of Cambodia.

Steamer Provence, South China Sea, January 6th.—Wearied with our long wanderings over China, which, though interesting, were attended with much fatigue, and with the hospitalities which, however delightful, were nevertheless exhausting, we resumed our onward voyage with a feeling of relief.

We are now running down the coast of the large and prosperous island of Hainan, which is separated from the main-land of China by the Gulf of Tonquin. They speak of aborigines on the island, but, from what we learn of its subdivision into Chinese provinces, and its confessedly great trade, we are inclined to believe that its civilization does not differ materially from that of the province of Quan-Tong.

Our steamer, recently L'Impératrice, of the "Messageries Impériales," is now La Provence, of the "Messageries Nationales," changes of name which illustrate the political versatility of the French people. The *tout ensemble* of passengers and crew is scarcely less indicative of social movements in the East.

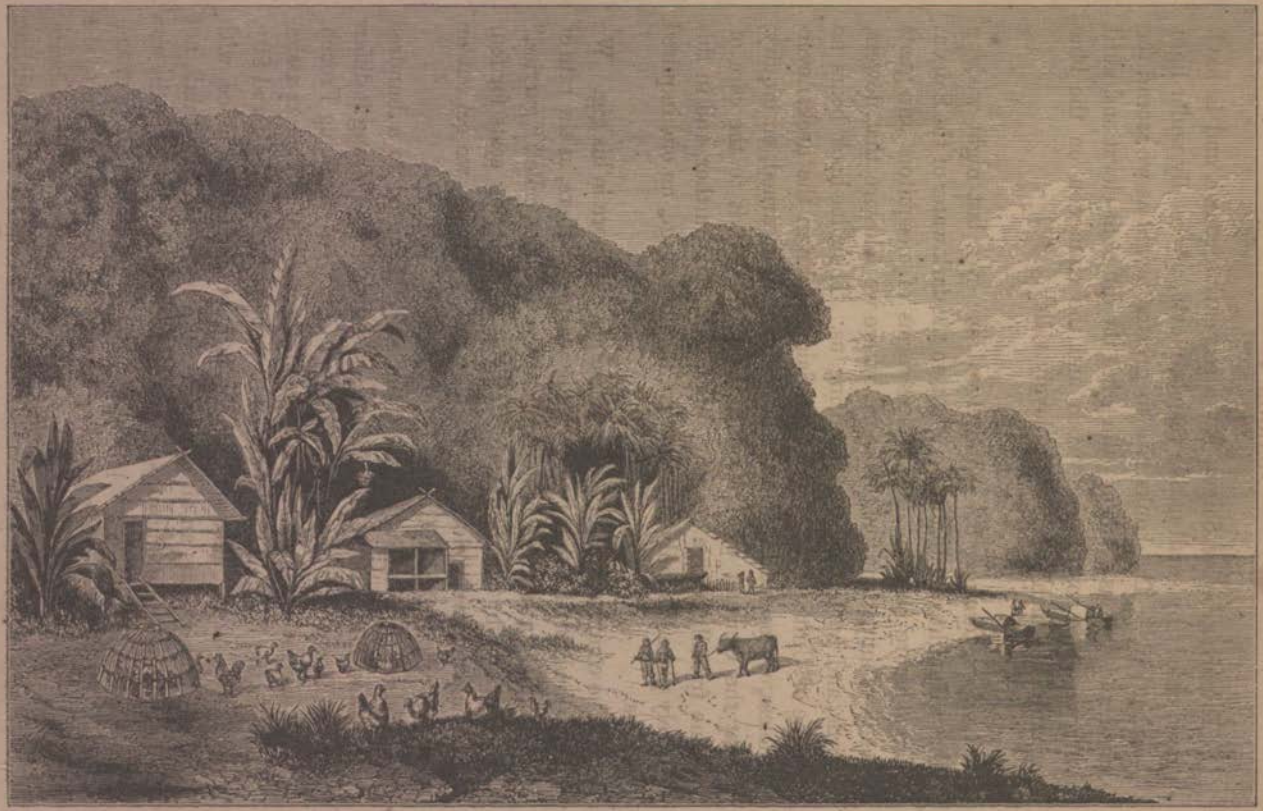
There are eleven young men, sons of Japanese daimios, travelling under the care of a Prussian, who has been their tutor for five years. They are now going to finish their studies; some in England, some in France, some in Germany—the larger number in the

United States. It was only when they embarked that they changed their native flowing silken dresses, two swords, and wooden shoes, for the Western costume. The tawny lads seem to enjoy the change prodigiously, for they make during the day as many changes of toilet as a Saratoga belle.

There is, next, an intelligent American merchant of Shanghai, on his way to London, as agent of the Chinese Government, to purchase two "American" merchant-steamers, to be built in England, and steam-engines for two "American" ships-of-war, which are now on the stocks at Shanghai. Also a Spanish tobacco-merchant with his family, going from Manila to visit his early home in Catalonia.

Two young Americans, just out of Harvard, are making the tour around the world. They are now going to Bangkok, a journey which we had purposed making, but were obliged to forego. On reaching Saigon, they intend crossing the mountains of Cambodia to Siam by elephant-train.

January 7th.—When you are travelling in a foreign country by road or river, how provoking it is to pass a capital, historic battle-field, ancient university, cathedral, or ruined castle, on the right and on the left, without stopping to examine them! It is just so in going around the world. We are now passing the empire of Anam, and entering the Saigon River, only eight degrees north of the equator. Fahrenheit 83°. The river-water is clear and pure. A white light-house, built by the French, rises above the forest on the high northern promontory; the southern bank is a plain covered with cocoa-nut groves. The luxuriant beauty of the scene is bewildering. While we write, the ocean is left behind us, and the broad, dark river shrinks within the width of forty rods. The banks are covered with impenetrable jungle of mangoes, bananas, bamboos, and a thousand creepers twisting their shrubbery into all manner of entanglement, and covering it with flowers. We are told that the wild-boar takes refuge here from the tiger on the uplands, and we see parrots rearing their chattering broods, while the monkeys hold perpetual revel.



SAIGON, AT THE MOUTH.

The river below Saigon has a serpentine course, and is navigated chiefly by small native vessels, moving gracefully under light bamboo sails. The banks rise to greater height as we ascend the river, and various kinds of palm grace the different elevations, until all give place to the eagle-wood and the cinnamon on the blue mountains which overlook the lovely valley.

Saigon, January 8th.—We closed our eyes last night wishing that we might remain forever afloat on the dark water of the Saigon. Long before morning, however, swarms of mosquitoes and gnats made us impatient for the shore, where we felt sure that flowers, birds, and butterflies, were awaiting us. The Blue-book bears no name of United States consul at Saigon. From the deck, nevertheless, we espied the United States flag, and learned, on inquiry, that the German who raised it there had left it to the care of some friendly native keeper. We inquired no further, and in this lonely place, the only one thus far in our voyage, no one inquired for us.

The commandant of La Provence put us ashore in his gig. We bargained for the first two carriages we found there, at the rate of one dollar an hour for each, and in these vehicles, called "garries," each drawn by a rough Chinese pony, and having seats for four passengers (a very close fit), a guide, and a servant, we set out on our travels in Cochin China.

Saigon is a native city of from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand inhabitants. The European settlement adjoining it differs from those we have seen in Japan and China, only in being French. This is a matter of no special moment, because all foreigners assimilate in the East. The population is perhaps two hundred and fifty, exclusive of the garrison. There is a public garden filled with plants, but it wears an air of neglect, in consequence, we think, not of declining trade, but of political insecurity growing out of the war in Europe. All Eastern potentates and nobles maintain menageries. The garden at Saigon proclaims itself an appendage to the French republic, by a meagre collection of leopards, tigers, bears, monkeys, birds, and reptiles. The French Government is building

a large palace for the residence of the admiral commanding the forces in Eastern waters.

The native city consists of two towns, standing on two rivers, distant two miles from each other, and connected by a firm road.

NATIVE OF SAIGON.

The population is by no means homogeneous. The merchants and traders are not Cochin Chinese, but chiefly Chinese, and all classes speak, to some extent, the French language. A happy accord seems to exist between them and the French. All show the pleasing impress of French manners. We alighted from our vehicles whenever we found any thing noticeable, and invariably were waited upon by polite and assiduous attendants. We entered and inspected a Buddhist temple. The bonzes, with great courtesy, showed us every thing it contained. Whenever we stopped, tea, fruit, and sherbet, were offered us. The smallest payment was thankfully received, and, when we declined, the refreshments were urged upon us without cost. In short, Saigon is the only place we have found thus far, in the wide world, where everybody seemed

pleased with us, with themselves, and we had reason to be pleased with everybody.

The French have a peculiar facility in effecting colonial assimilation to their national ways and manners. One experiences the same gentle and kind welcome on the banks of the lower St. Lawrence that he finds here on the banks of the Saigon. It is almost enough to make us wish that the French nation might be more successful in extending their foreign dominion. The whole field of French empire in Cochin China, which figures so largely in the ambitious manifestoes of the Government in Paris, is hardly more than forty miles square. But France, by means of that possession, has acquired a protectorate over the province of Cambodia, which is adjacent, and nominally belongs to the empire of Anam. The sovereign of that empire concedes to France this protectorate over Cambodia, in consideration of the French guarantee of the integrity of his empire. This great potentate, like the ostentatious fiddler, has two strings to his bow; for, while he thus enjoys this alliance with France, he at the same time, as titular vassal, claims protection from the Emperor of China. It would be long to tell how, after European discoveries in the East Indies, France energetically attempted to secure positions advantageous for trade and conquest in Madagascar, Ceylon, and Bengal; how unsuccessful and vain those attempts were, until the great Colbert found in the ambitious Louis XIV. a monarch wise enough to accept the project of a French East India Company; how successfully that company established factories at Mauritius, at Surat, and Pondichéry, and other places in India. It would be sad to tell how, in the great war in which France lost nearly all her American possessions, she also lost nearly all her acquisitions in the East; how the French Jesuit missionaries in Cochin China cunningly secured from the native emperor the concession of Saigon to Louis XVI.; how the French nation exulted in a gain of this position in the rear of Hindostan, from which they might hope to assail and overthrow British dominion on the Asiatic Continent; how this ambition of France died, with all ambition of colonial aggrandizement, in the great Revolution of *ninety-three;* how that ambition, in

regard to the East, revived in 1861, in the period of the Second Empire, and Admiral Charner enforced the concession which had so long before been made to Louis XVI.

Saigon is by no means valueless as a seat of commerce. The earth has no more fertile fields than those of Cochin China. Among its products are luxuries the most desired by civilized nations. While rice is an abundant staple, Saigon exports the gum of lacquer, cinnamon, and many useful and precious woods. It is not,

ARTISAN'S HOUSE AT SAIGON.

however, chiefly for local trade that France values Saigon. It is a convenient station for commercial and postal steam-lines, by which she has expected to maintain her prestige as a maritime power of the first rank. Her experience has demonstrated the truth of two political axioms: First, that the possession of extensive foreign colonies adds immeasurably to the credit and prestige of a nation; secondly, that a nation which cannot maintain peace at home, cannot permanently hold foreign possessions.

As our habit is, we take away from Saigon many photographic

illustrations of manners, dress, and scenery. They are French, and admirably executed. We are puzzled, however, in our efforts to determine the truthfulness of one of them, notwithstanding its official verification. It represents the Queen of Cambodia, *protégée* of the French Empire, with naked feet and ankles, encircled by costly gold bangles and jewels, while her head is covered with a Parisian bonnet of the year 1862, presented to her, with other articles of European fashion, by the French emperor.

QUEEN OF CAMBODIA.

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